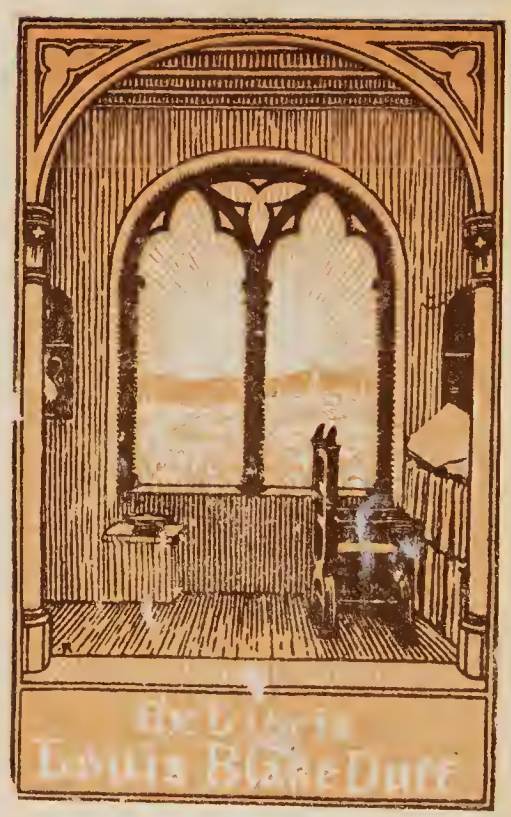
NEERS *of the* CROSS
IN CANADA

DEAN HARRIS



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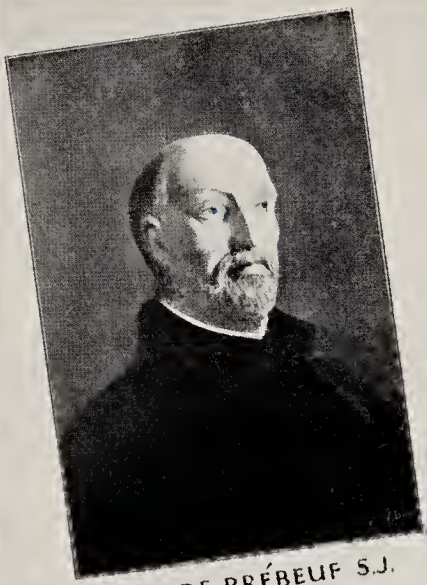

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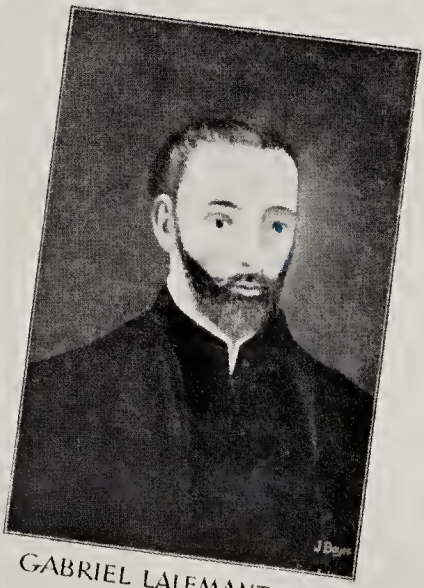

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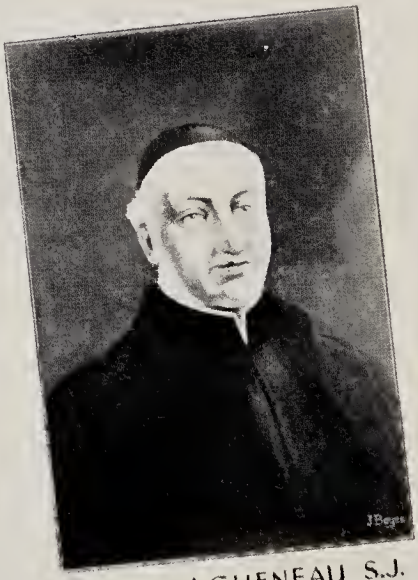

PAUL RAGUENEAU S.J.

PIONEERS OF THE CROSS IN CANADA

BY

DEAN HARRIS

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INTRODUCTION.

In 1893 the late Dean Harris, well known for many years in the historical and archaeological circles of Canada, then parish priest of the Catholic Church in St. Catharines, Ontario, published his first historical work, *A History of the Early Missions in Western Canada.*

In 1912 the Dean brought out a revised and enlarged edition of this volume, bearing the title, *Pioneers of the Cross in Canada.* Needless to say, this second edition has long since been exhausted.

The field which the Dean had chosen for special research and study was, indeed, one that had been already traversed by such eminent historians as Parkman, Bancroft, and Gilmary Shea. Yet, as a Christian epic lighting up the pages of Canadian history, in its day-dawn of civilization and spiritual emprise, with the heroism, suffering and martyrdom of these "Pioneer Priests of the Cross in Canada," it still offered to the author a fruitful and alluring theme.

As between the edition of 1893 and that of 1912, the latter, in its revised and enlarged form, reveals a much finer grasp of the subject than the Dean's first historical essay. His introductory chapters on "The Religious Orders of the Catholic Church," and "The Native Tribes of Indians," greatly facilitate the proper understanding and appreciation of the graphic and dramatic chapters which follow.

Nor is his brief sketch of the foundation of the Jesuits of less interest and value. Fitting it was, indeed, that the great founder of the Order, Ignatius Loyola, a Spanish soldier wounded, at the defence of Pampeluna, in 1521, when fighting against the French, should impart, through his

29267

suffering, the unflinching spirit and heroism of a soldier, when he was founding his Order.

In a few years the Company of Jesus, as the new foundation was known, multiplied and spread; and its Soldiers of the Cross were soon in spiritual action, in distant India and China; in the Land of the Southern Cross, and where the great lakes of the North echo the storied legends of the Canadian "forests primeval."

In this introduction, we are primarily concerned with the revised volume, *Pioneers of the Cross in Canada,* a new edition of which is now being given to Canadian readers. The publication is assuredly timely; for the eight Jesuit martyrs: John de Brébeuf, Isaac Jogues, Gabriel Lalemant, Noel Chabanel, Charles Garnier, Anthony Daniel, John de la Lande and René Goupil, around whose heroic deeds and saintly lives, history has built its many tomes and fascinating chapters, are soon to be canonized by the Catholic Church; the beatification of whom the writer was privileged to witness, in St. Peter's Basilica, Rome, in June, 1925.

Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., in his admirable work, *The Jesuit Martyrs of North America,* devotes a chapter, bearing the title, "Martyrs in Formation," to the early life and education of the Jesuit martyrs, in the various centres and seats of Jesuit training, in France. It is a chapter of great value and is singularly illuminating. This together with the chapter in *Pioneers of the Cross in Canada,* dealing with the spirit and foundation of the Jesuit Order, is a very key to a proper understanding and appreciation of the great drama enacted nearly three hundred years ago, in our Canadian wilds, when these Jesuit martyrs for the salvation of souls offered up their lives to God.

This thought is well set forth in a poem, read at the dedication, on December 11th, 1902, of Ste. Anne's Memorial Church, Penetanguishene, Ontario, commemorative of the martyrdom of the Jesuit Fathers, Brébeuf and Lalemant:

Well nigh three hundred years have sped
And sentinell'd the saintly dead,
Since from their homes, in sunny France,
From Norman vale with its romance,
There came that strong, heroic band,
With cross of faith to bless our land;

Following God's finger through the wild
To snatch from death each savage child.
Their arms the breviary and the Cross;
Aught else but faith they count as dross;
And kneeling seek God's will on high,
Within Ste. Mary's on the Wye.

The seed of faith has blazed within—
The triumphs of the cross begin;
Where death and darkness filled the land,
The rays of truth showered from God's hand
Blot out the stain of sin and shame
And leave the perfume of God's name;
Through dark Huronia's forests wild
The savage chief becomes a child.

The late Dean Harris was a good generalizer; so into this volume the author has compressed a wide knowledge of the times, through which these heroic and martyred apostles of faith moved. He had made, for many years, too, a study of the early Indian tribes of Canada his own; and therefore ethnologically his chapter on the Indian tribes, with their character, customs and morals, is of more than ordinary value.

Many historians, while paying generous tribute to the self abnegation, sacrifice, and heroic character of these Jesuit martyrs who have written in blood the most glorious epic in the annals of America, see in it all nothing but the human; thus losing sight of the great supernatural motive which led the Jesuit missionary, in every land, to seek a martyr's crown for the salvation of souls and the glory of God.

Referring to this, in the Preface to his edition of 1912, Dean Harris writes:

"The brilliant stylist Parkman while giving us in a fascinating and, on the whole, a very accurate narrative of the missions fails in his appreciation of the piety of the priests. He meant to be fair and just, but his New England training unfitted him for an accurate appreciation of the disinterestedness and divine lives of these saintly men. The self-denial of the fathers, their religious zeal, their painful fasts and vigils, their entire abnegation and their asceticism amid the horrors of their surroundings evoked the pity and almost the contempt of the Harvard historian."

This great gift of the soul, nourished by penances, fasts and spiritual exaltation, with something in it almost of the miraculous, is touched upon in the opening lines of the poem, "The Twilight of the Cross," read at the dedication of the Memorial Church, in Penetanguishene, to which we have already referred:

> Build high to God, and not to fame
> The shaft that marks a sainted name;
> For fame is but the dust of earth—
> A meteor blaze of sudden birth;
> But faith hath root in heavenly things
> And bears God's world upon its wings;
> It fears not death nor Cæsar's frown—
> Its test and truth a martyr's crown.

If you would truly appraise the things of the soul your point of view must be spiritual. The suffering, heroism and final martyrdom of Brébeuf and Jogues, at the hands of the Iroquois, are but the fruit of the virtues inculcated, in the "Spiritual Exercises" of their great founder, and the character of the teaching that obtained in the Jesuit Colleges of the time. The future martyr had been already fashioned and moulded by the discipline of heaven.

A contemporary sense of history teaches us what a glorious chapter, the story of these pioneer priests, armed with naught but the breviary and the Cross, is, in the history of our great Northland! Canadians of every race and creed are, indeed, heirs to the splendor of this chapter; and feel

a just pride when they turn the pages of the great American historian, Bancroft and read, in the annals of French America that "not a cape was turned nor a river entered but a Jesuit led the way."

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

PREFACE.

The narrative of the lives and experiences of the Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries with the tribes of Canada in the seventeenth century is a Christian epic of tragic fascination. Of the many missions organized in this memorable century and among those which in a special manner invite our admiration, the missions to the Hurons of the Georgian and Nottawasaga Bays occupy a unique position.

The predatory and sanguinary raids of the Iroquois, with their accumulated horrors, which practically annihilated the Hurons; the devotion of the priests to their fugitive converts and the heroic courage of the noble band of priestly martyrs have given to the Huron nation and the Huron region a prominent place in our history. In this land and among the tribes which peopled its forests were witnessed the most perfect examples of faith and charity and a self-effacement and abnegation which invite the respect and admiration of even disinterested men.

The sources of information on the condition of the tribes and the devotion of the French missionaries are pure and undefiled. From the letters written by the missionaries and martyred priests we obtain a most accurate information on the habits, manners, and customs of the Canadian tribes.

These edifying letters—The Relations of the Jesuits—are translated into English by the scholarly Reuben G. Thwaites and the Burrows' edition is now within

reach of all students of the early missions and of the history of aboriginal Canada. However, for the average reader, this great work is too expensive and voluminous. Father Martin's admirable translation of Bressani's "Relation Abrégée" and Camille de Rochemonteix's excellent volumes—"Les Jesuites et la Nouvelle France"—are in French and almost unknown to the English reader. My own effort published twenty years ago was brief and incomplete and the edition long ago sold out.

The brilliant stylist Parkman while giving us a fascinating and, on the whole, a very accurate narrative of the missions fails in his appreciation of the piety of the priests. He meant to be fair and just, but his New England training unfitted him for an accurate appreciation of the disinterestedness and divine lives of these saintly men. The self-denial of the fathers, their religious zeal, their painful fasts and vigils, their entire abnegation and their asceticism amid the horrors of their surroundings evoked the pity and almost the contempt of the Harvard historian.

Having but an imperfect knowledge of the supernatural or spiritual life and "perceiving not the things that are of the Spirit of God," the penances, fasts and spiritual exhaltation of the missionaries were "foolishness" to him, and "he could not understand."—I Cor., ii, 14. Because of this want of understanding, his superb "Jesuits in North America" fails to accredit itself to Catholic readers.

It appeared to me useful and opportune at this memorable period of our history to record in partial fullness and in a popular form the lives and missionary work of these brave and saintly men.

I have tried in this essay to be historically accurate; have arranged and put together the bits of information

PREFACE

I found scattered here and there among the old and, comparatively unknown, writers; have brushed the dust and mildew from valuable leaves of ancient chronicle and I now submit the work for the instruction and I trust the edification of my readers.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Preliminary Discourse	1
II.	The Native Tribes	15
III.	The Récollets or Franciscans	23
IV.	The Récollets in New France	28
V.	The Jesuits	35
VI.	The Hurons	43
VII.	De La Roche Daillon	51
VIII.	The Lone Priest	55
IX.	Return to the Hurons	60
X.	Warning of the "Clear Call"	66
XI.	"Feast of the Dead"	76
XII.	The Tobacco Nation—The Scourge	82
XIII.	The Attiwandarons	90
XIV.	Mission to the Neutrals	97
XV.	With the Beasts at Ephesus—I Cor. xv, 32	103
XVI.	A Campaign of Heroism	112
XVII.	The Algonquins	118
XVIII.	The Bedouins of the Forest	124
XIX.	The Martyr of the Mohawks	131
XX.	Martyrdom of Brébeuf and Lalemant	144
XXI.	The Exodus	156
XXII.	A Hero of the Cross	168
XXIII.	The Law of Retaliation	178
XXIV.	Flight of the Petuns	186
XXV.	In the Den of the Lions	191
XXVI.	"Chaumonot"	202
XXVII.	The Sulpicians	218
XXVIII.	Voyage of Dollier De Casson and Galiné	232

PIONEERS OF THE CROSS IN CANADA

CHAPTER I

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE

The history of the missions organized by the Catholic Church for the conversion of the heathen and the savage is one of the most tragic and fascinating narratives ever penned by the hand of man.

When, after the contests and conquests of the early ages, the reign of terror, prescription and persecution ended in the triumph of the Cross, the Church at once began to train her missionary forces to conquer the world for Christ.

Emerging from centuries of persecution and the slaughter of her members—from the seemingly endless night of the Catacombs—the Church, after she became familiar with the light of day, established her Hierarchy, her orders of men and women, devoted to God in celibacy, poverty, mortification, and obedience, entered at once upon a career of civilization and missionary conquest unparalleled in the annals of the human race.

It is well to remember that at the time the Apostles entered upon their divine mission the whole inhabited earth had been for ages covered with accumulated abominations of every kind, and that the human race was buried in a profound religious, moral, and intellectual debasement. Even in the heart of the Roman Empire contempt for human life and the degradation and slavery of human beings had assumed the form of

a colossal iniquity. Take, as an instance, this extract from the papyrus "Acta Diurna" of the city of Pompeii, preserved in the Museum of Naples:

"Marcus Tullius Servius gave a magnificent spectacle last night to the members of the Roman aristocracy now visiting Pompeii. The Circus Maximus was hired for the occasion. Marcus Tullius appeared in a magnificent quadriga (four-horsed chariot) followed by his friends in other chariots. Naked bacchantes with garlands on their heads and wine jugs in their hands waited upon the guests. There followed mortal combats between a hundred gladiators, *the burning of a hundred dancing girls who had previously been steeped in wine,* and *the feeding of one hundred choice slaves to lions and other wild beasts recently imported from Africa.* All the guests joined wildly in the revelry."

Slavery was universal and was the natural state of imminence among numbers of human beings until the Christian Church became a controlling power over the consciences and moral actions of men and women. The number of free men in the world at the time of the Redemption was much less than the number of slaves. In the city of Rome the census reported, in the last days of the republic, a population of one million two hundred thousand inhabitants and of these there were, according to Cicero, only two thousand free men or proprietors. In Athens there were twenty thousand citizens and forty thousand slaves. Tacitus informs us that on one day there were executed four hundred slaves of one household, in conformity with a savage law of Rome which proclaimed that when a Roman citizen was murdered in his own house all the slaves living under the same roof were to suffer death.

The whole world, until the establishment of

Christianity, was filled with slaves and, from the sages, philosophers, and rhetoricians, no voice was ever heard condemning the atrocious system. With Lucan, the sages affirmed that slavery was the natural state of the masses and that: "The human race existed only for the good of a few men."

To understand the immensity of the degradation into which the human race had fallen before the Redemption it is imperative to know the conditions which prevailed upon the earth when the Christian Church began to organize her forces for a new civilization and a supernatural religion.

The writings of Juvenal, Plato, Tacitus, Suetonius and the works of the Christian writers, Origen, Tertullian and others, frighten us with the horrors of Paganism; the bestiality of the slaves, the depravity and sensuality of the masses, the indifference, the hard-heartedness of the classes, and the putrescence of civilization itself. The world, civilized and barbarian, was a huge slave plantation. The merchants of Rome, the doctors, the mechanics, artisans and skilled workers —male and female—were slaves, owning no property and having no rights. The slave could not contract marriage, his soul was not immortal, his nature was an inferior nature, it was something between that of a free citizen and the beasts and cattle for sale in the markets.

When man or woman became a slave, hope died. Over the slave the master held the power of life and death. When the monster Pedanius Secundus was killed by one of his slaves in a moment of despair, all his human chattel, men, women and children, to the number of fifteen hundred, were ruthlessly slaughtered.

Crassus, the friend of Cæsar, crucified ten thousand slaves on one day and lined the way from Capua to

Rome with crosses supporting the bodies of the dead. Even Trajan, whom men say was the best of the Roman emperors, gave to the bloody games of the Amphitheater ten thousand slaves and eleven thousand wild beasts raised by wealthy citizens of Rome for the devouring of men.

The bloody spectacle lasted one hundred and twenty days. At the time of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ the masses were held in contempt and prisoners taken in battle were slaughtered or sold into slavery. Titus when celebrating at Cesarea his father's birthday strangled and burnt to death, according to Josephus, two thousand five hundred Jews taken after the fall of Jerusalem.

The poor were utterly despised, and the old, deformed children, the insane and helplessly weak were destroyed as nuisances.

The privileged few, the patrician, the wealthy, the senator reveled in vice and infamy. This is history.

Human life had ceased to be a sacred thing. There was no regard for it.

Even the sages, philosophers, their gods and poets encouraged inhumanity, sexual indecency and marital infidelity. The great Seneca, the companion of Nero, taught that "mercy is a vice of the heart, the true sage should know no pity."

"No one," speaks the eloquent Cicero, "no one is compassionate unless he be a fool or one that does not think."

Marcus Aurelius, whose "Thoughts" are so much admired, held it a weakness to pity the unfortunate. Children had no rights, and the overwhelming masses of women were practically all slaves or harlots. Mercy, tenderness, honor and personal morality were as if they were not. Divorce and remarriage were so

common that marriage became a target for the shafts of ridicule and laughter.

Society was gangrened from its own putrescence, for mercy, peace, pure love and truth were crucified and thrown on the dung-hill. It was as if foul fiends had demonized our race and cried for blood and anarchy. The Statue of Liberty erected by Augustus Cæsar after shutting the doors of the Temple of Janus in token of universal peace was a lie in marble, for freedom and peace bled at every pore.

This, then, was the state of society when the Christian Church with her missionaries entered upon the tragic stage and, amid the welter of murder, corruption and universal immorality, began the reformation of the human race and the establishment of Christian civilization.

It was a tremendous undertaking begun by framing an indictment against the Roman Empire and its tottering civilization. It was a contest between the natural and the supernatural in society, a war between two civilizations, ending—if it is ever to end—with the triumph of the Cross at the engagement of Lepanto or at the siege of Vienna when in 1683 John Sobieski defeated the invading hordes of heathenism.

While contending for the sanctity of human life and the mitigation and final abolishment of slavery in Europe the Catholic Church, through her missionaries, was carrying civilization and Christianity into the remotest corners of the known earth.

Beginning early in the morning of the fifth century the Church despatched St. Severinus into Noricum—now Austria and Bavaria—and apostolic laborers to the Iberian peninsula to preach the gospel to the Spaniards.

At about the same time Scotland and Ireland hear

the message of salvation from the lips of St. Palladius and St. Patrick. St. Gregory the Great in the sixth century sends St. Augustine to England. Early in the seventh century St. Kilian carries the Cross among the Franks of the Danube, and St. Amandus preaches to the Carinthians, the Sclavs and the barbarians who dwelt in the Danubian forests. St. Boniface, St. Swidbert, St. Willibrand and Elwulf de Verden in the eighth century teach the doctrines of the Christian Church in Germany, Saxony, and to the tribes of Friesland. The ninth century, with, perhaps, the single exception of the thirteenth, was the most wonderful in the history of Christianity. In the time of this century St. Siffory converted the Swedes; Ancharius of Hamburgh preached to the Sclavonians and Vandals; Sts. Cyril and Methodius, Rembertus de Brème, and other apostolic men brought Christianity to the Magyars, the Bulgarians, to the Turks of the Danube, to the Moravians, to the Chazares, to the Bohemians, and the Slavi of Russia and Poland.

The zeal and piety of the missionaries who preached the gospel in China and the Indies, in Paraguay and to the tribes of Brazil are a part of the history of these countries and are so eloquently recorded by Marshal and other writers that it would be superfluous to dwell upon them here.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS OF THE CHURCH

The *practice* of pious men and women to adopt a religious life, to live and serve God in harmony with religious discipline and an established rule began years before the Church was free to practice her ministry in the Roman Empire openly. Interesting accounts of

the pious men and women called cenobites and solitaires—the predecessors of monks and nuns—may be found in the writings of the early fathers of Church history, Thodonet and Palladius, and in the "Life of St. Anthony" by Athanasius. Montalembert, in his great work, "The Monks of the West," describes the origin and diffusion of monastic institutions so accurately and completely that nothing remains for those who come after him but to admire his industry and laud his zeal and scholarship.

Before we are confronted with the religious phenomena of the thirteenth century, the birth of the Friars, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, and, at a later period of time, the establishment of the great Jesuit Order, let us endeavor to understand the cleavage separating those cohorts of the Catholic Church, the religious and secular clergy.

The secular priest, that is, the priest who is not a member of a religious order, takes, when he enters the holy priesthood, a vow to lead until death a life of chastity and a vow of obedience to his ecclesiastical superior—his bishop or his deputy—a vow which does not and cannot bind to anything contrary to right reason and an informed conscience. To the secular clergy, bishops and parish priests belong the ordinary government of the Church within their jurisdiction, the ordinary care of the flock, the instruction of the faithful, the oversight of temporalities and the administration of the Sacraments.

The member of a religious order, community or congregation, be he priest or layman, takes, in addition to the two vows of the secular priest, a vow of poverty. So that the evangelical counsels of voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity and rational obedience enter into the foundations of the life which every

member of a religious order is expected to follow. The Church assigns to the Religious orders the work of propagating the Faith among heathens, bearing the Cross among barbarous and savage tribes, giving missions in organized parishes, advancing the cause of Sacred Science, promoting and sustaining works of charity.

Religious orders are of the Church but not an essential part of it. They are human institutions, human societies established by saintly but still fallible men. Like other human institutions, they may be defective, may fall into decay and doctrinal error, be condemned by the Church and disappear completely, or they may reform themselves and take on a new life. But the motive of all religious orders from their inception is a supernatural motive, their aim in life is the fulfillment of the "Evangelical counsels," to conform their lives with our Lord's precept: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart and thy whole soul and thy neighbour as thyself."

There are orders in which practically all the members are priests; there are others, such as the Brothers of Christian Schools, popularly known as "Christian Brothers," of which no priest is a member. Again these orders or communities are distinguished as "contemplative" and "active" and "mixed." The contemplatives are devoted to silence, prayer, meditation and manual work; the actives to preaching, giving missions, hearing confessions, and the "mixed" to preaching, teaching and to science and sacred literature. Most of the orders in the early ages of the Church were contemplative, but nearly all that have been established in the Church since the morning of the thirteenth century were, and are, known as active.

The religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church,

and of the Greek and Russian, have this in common: a code of laws and of discipline for the government of the institution or monastery and solemn vows which, with his eyes open and a knowledge of his responsibility, every one admitted to the community voluntarily takes. These vows, codes of laws and discipline are intended as helps and reminders for such members to follow faithfully the counsel which our Saviour gave to the young Pharisee: "Go sell what thou hast, give to the poor and come follow me."

The most intellectual and conspicuously prominent order in ecclesiastical annals and in the development of civilization is the Benedictine, founded in the fifth century by St. Benedict. It is the great order around which the intellectual orb of European civilization revolved for centuries; the order which gave birth to much of the learning and piety of the Middle Ages between the Fall of the Roman Empire and the revival of letters or the Renaissance. To the Benedictine order Europe is indebted for the preservation of its Greek and Roman literature and, it is no exaggeration to add, for its libraries, its universities and much of its civilization. The members of this order in its respectve branches—the Cassinese, the Camaldolese, the Carthusian or Chartreuse, the Cistercian, the Trappist—are in reality the only subjects of any religious order that may be accurately called "Monks"—Latin *Monachi*—in the Catholic Church. The term "Monks" may not correctly be applied to any other body of men bound by vows than to that of the Benedictine order. Even well known Catholic writers, at times, fail to remember this and classify the Passionists, the Franciscans and Dominicans as Monks. The application of the word to the members of all religious communities of men began early in the sixteenth cen-

tury, with those two scoffing enemies of religion and morality, the French libertine Rabelais and the German satirist Ulrich von Hutten.

THE COMING OF THE FRIARS

Early in the thirteenth century a singular social and religious awakening occurred in many countries of Europe. Bodies of priests and laymen bound by vows and dressed not unlike monks appeared in the towns and cities, built churches and monasteries, gathered the people into these churches or summoned them to the open field or the city square and began to preach to them with an eloquence, a fervor and an enthusiasm unheard and unknown for centuries before. When these priests were not preaching they were hearing the confessions of the vast multitude moved to contrition by their fervent appeals and, when time permitted, they gave themselves to prayer, study and mortification. They became like St. Paul "Servants to all that they might gain all for Christ" and in the lowliness of their humility they called themselves "Friars —Brothers."

St. Dominic—Dominic Gusman—founded the Friar Preachers to preach the doctrines of Jesus Christ to the people, to refute the heresies of the times to "meet zeal by zeal, lowliness by lowliness, false sanctity by real sanctity, to overcome preaching lies by preaching truth."

His ardor in the pulpit and his rigid orthodoxy were supplemented by the mystical piety and the fiery zeal of St. Francis of Assisi, who organized his community, the "Poor Friars," to call the people to repentance, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and console the wretched. The lives of these two saintly men were

brilliant luminaries redeeming the darkness of their times. The simple but eloquent preaching of these extraordinary and saintly men startled the conscience of Europe. They revolutionized the pulpit which had fattened on verbosity, and brought sacred eloquence within the comprehension of the common people. Never before had the people listened to such eloquent exhortations delivered in the simple language of daily life. The profound impression they made everywhere they were heard, the sanctity of their lives and their love for the common people attracted the attention of all Europe and from every part of Christian Europe there came appeals for the Friars. And the Friars answered the summons. Their numbers increased and multiplied and in thirty years after their foundation the Dominicans and Franciscans appeared in nearly all the cities and towns of Western Europe. In time the missionaries of these orders penetrated the uncivilized regions of Eastern Europe, entered Asia and converted the tribes of portions of Africa. Jordan, the Beatified of Saxony, the immediate successor of St. Dominic, founded four hundred establishments of his order and enrolled a thousand young men under the banner of the Dominicans.

The success and increase in numbers of the Franciscans was astounding, for early in the fourteenth century they counted sixty thousand men devoted to preaching and works of charity. These spiritual sons of St. Francis preached everywhere; they gave themselves to the common people, to the poor, the sick and the miserable, built hospitals, opened infirmaries and nurseries for foundlings and abandoned children, and took under their special care men and women decomposing under the loathsome scourge of leprosy.

The Franciscans and Dominicans opened institutions

of their orders in Abyssinia, Morocco, Lybia, and the Holy Land. They penetrated into Persia, Cilicia, Thibet, Tartary, Armenia, Central Asia, and the lands around the Caspian and Black Seas. In those barbarous and remote lands many of them won the martyr's crown. At the universities many of the subjects of these orders won distinguished honor and molded the intellectual thought of their time. St. Dominic indeed established a number of his houses in university cities and enrolled among his members university professors and scholars. The Dominicans and Franciscans gave to the Church an able body of men eminent in dogmatic theology, ecclesiastical history, in Canon law and exegetics. In the twelfth century Europe was afflicted by the Black Death, a dreadful plague which swept off one half its population and thinned the ranks of the priesthood. At the same time the Church was imperiled by the Great Schism of the West, which for a period of seventy years divided the allegiance of her subjects between rival pontiffs. As a result of these calamities a decline in discipline and fervor followed in the monasteries and religious houses and a deplorable laxity in religious life ensued. But, as Montalembert remarks, orders and communities enjoy a wonderful power of recovery, and in the thirteenth century a most marked revival of fervor took place among the clergy and the people.

That great saint, Vincent Ferrer, with an army of penitents, traversed Southern and Western Europe, preaching Death, the General Judgment and the Eternity of Punishment for sins committed in the flesh. At about the same time appeared the wonderful Franciscan preachers, St. Bernardine of Siena and St. John Capistrino, who recalled millions to a higher moral life.

Then came the discovery of the New World and the opening of the Indies and, almost immediately, after Europe received the astounding news, the Dominicans and Franciscans followed in the wake of the explorers and, amid dangers, incredible hardships and martyrdom, carried Christianity to the natives of these distant lands. The Portuguese discoveries in India and along the coast of Africa opened up new regions to the faith and zeal of the Friars till the whole earth promised to be bound with a chain of Catholic missions.

On their long and trying march for Christianity and civilization in North and South America; through the jungles of Africa and among the fanatical hordes of Asia, China and the islands of the sea, these soldiers of the Cross acquitted themselves as valiant men. It is the inevitable doom of men of action, of apostolic men, of men of the militant orders of the Church to encounter, in their campaigns for decency and clean living, organized opposition. But in the barbarous lands which they now fearlessly entered, among men and women reduced to savagery, these saintly men from civilized homes were forced by the exigency of circumstances to endure hunger, thirst continuously and hourly insult; to live the savage life, to conform to many savage customs, to bear patiently the frosts of winter or desert heat and the end—death in prolific agony.

Early in the sixteenth century St. Ignatius Loyola established the "Society of Jesus"—The Jesuits—which expanded into an army of heroes and saintly men:—"An army," writes Thackeray in "Henry Esmond," "which numbered in its troops the greatest heroes the world ever knew, to dare or endure anything, to encounter any odds, to die any death;—sol-

diers that have won triumphs a thousand times more brilliant than those of the greatest generals; that have brought nations on their knees to their sacred banner, the cross; that have achieved glories and palms incomparably brighter than those awarded to the most splendid earthly conquerors—crowns of immortal light, and seats in the high places of heaven."

The heroism and devotion of the soldiers of this army of the Lord who early in the seventeenth century dared the wilderness of New France form the contents of this volume. It has appeared to me opportune, at this memorable time when anarchy and socialism threaten the foundations of Christian society, to resurrect the dead and introduce them to our own generation.

We are living at a time when every Christian is bound, if it be in his power, to contribute his share to the support of the Christian edifice. None ought to be deterred by mediocrity of talents. This at least has not dismayed me. The widow's mite was an acceptable gift to the temple and the poor Israelite who offered to God portions if his *mint, anise* and *cummin,* the first fruits of his little patch of ground, received an equal reward with the opulent owner of vast fields, who poured in abundance into the temple of God *"the strength of bread and the blood of the wine."*

CHAPTER II

THE NATIVE TRIBES

Before entering upon the narrative of the heroism and self-denial of the missionaries of the Catholic Church who attempted the conversion and reclamation of the nomadic and sedentary tribes of the Canadian wilderness, let us rapidly survey the tribal divisions, subdivisions, and general moral condition of the courageous and crafty race of men who roamed the forests of Canada or dwelt near the shores of its great lakes.

Of the eight formidable divisions of Indians who hunted the vast prairies and desolation of wilderness of the old Hudson Bay lands and from the Rocky Mountains to the Appalachian Range, three claimed the exclusive privilege of calling the waters and hunting grounds of this great dominion their own. These were the Algonquin, the Huron-Iroquois and the Sioux or Indians of the Plains.

These nations had generic languages, were divided into tribes which were separated into clans or tribal families. The Huron-Iroquois nation was made up of eleven or twelve separate tribes speaking a common root language, differing, however, in patois or dialect. The Erie or tribe of the Racoon, which gave its name to Lake Erie; the Attiwandaron or Neutrals of the Niagara Peninsula; the Tinnontates or Petuns of the Nottawasaga lands, and the Andastes of the Susque-

hanna were all of the Huron or Wyandot nation that, in the fifteenth century broke away from the Iroquois and formed an independent body.

The nations, tribes and clans were known and distinguished by symbolic signs or emblems called *totems*. There was the totem of the nation like unto the Lion of England; the tribal totem similar to that of a Celtic sept and the clan totem akin to the heraldic bearing of a noble House of England or France. The wolf, bear, deer, beaver, heron, hawk, turtle or snake, painted on the sides of their cabins or *wigwams,* made known to what tribe or clan the head of the family belonged.

A remarkable fact which proves that the American Indian knew from experience the disastrous effects of marriage between blood-relatives was that no warrior married into a clan which carried his own totem. This law of exogamy was common to all the North American tribes preventing marriage between cousins and making the crime of incest almost unknown.

The moral debasement of the tribes was, by inheritance and the force of circumstances, necessarily deplorable. A melancholy heirloom of entailed and indefeasible accursedness, in association with senseless superstition, ignorance and unchangeable custom, was the only inheritance to which they could look forward. All their lives the victims of unrestrained desire, and abandoned to a passionate license that opened wide the door to every species of self-indulgence, their regeneration from within themselves was an impossibility and could only be accomplished by civilized men dowered with extraordinary faith and supernatural patience. The insatiable desire for sensual gratification, the love for absolute freedom of action and the hideous superstitions which overshadowed the land and

its people were *calculated* to awe the bravest heart that dared their redemption.

If, to-day when we pass over the sites of their obliterated towns, or with curious and sympathetic eye inspect their simple trinkets and their only treasures—the stone-pipe, the war club, the arrow-head, and the *wampum*—the soft sadness of pity steals over us, we must not forget that their inhuman cruelty to their foes was unparalleled in the history of our fallen humanity. "They are not men," moaned an unfortunate woman whose child the Iroquois had torn from her arms, roasted and devoured in her presence, "they are wolves." Father Hennepin believed that "the Neros and the Maximins never invented greater cruelty to exercise the patience of the martyrs than the torment which these savages inflict upon their enemies."

There is a subtle affinity between cruelty and unbridled lust which no metaphysical inquiry has satisfactorily explained, and we are not then surprised to learn that the Indian had no conception of morality even in the abstract. The Jesuit Father Paul Ragueneau tells us in his letter that morality, as a virtue, was unknown to the tribes and that a shocking freedom of unrestrained intercourse prevailed among many of them. "They live in common, without marriage, but if any of them have wives," writes Megapolensis, in his "Short Account of the Mohawk Indians, 1664," "the marriage continues no longer than they think proper and then each takes another partner."

Among a people who had no regard for morality it was not to be expected that much respect would be shown to woman or for the sanctity of a woman's nature. Woman was everywhere treated with a cal-

lous contempt for the weakness of her sex. Affrighted man recoils with horror from the perusal of woman's degradation as penned by the eloquent Le Jeune. All the menial work of the camp, the heavy burdens of the chase, the labors of the cornfield were her allotted portion. Her infirmities and her sex invited no pity or commiseration, and—with the crippled, the maimed and the weak—she was more often a victim of abuse than an object of sympathy. Ought we then to wonder that aboriginal woman became so utterly shameless, hard-hearted and cruel that, in vindictiveness and fierceness, she surpassed, as Chaumonot informs us, the savagery of man?

The crowning infamy of all the inhuman abominations of the American Indian was his pitiless treatment of and savagery to his enemy. Affrighted man recoils with horror from the spectacle of his merciless and refined cruelty. Savage as he was by inheritance and indifferent, by custom, to the suffering and pains of others, it was still to be hoped that the call of our common humanity, or the feeling of pity natural to man, would have moved the man of the forest to slay his kind and have it over. That, amid the wreck and ruin of his perverted nature, there yet remained the sweet odor of the breath which a merciful God breathed into the first man, Adam. But, victorious, aboriginal man was a fiend; yet conqueror or conquered he was a man of iron will.

The most trivial excuse or an insatiable thirst for blood at times led to a war which often ended in the dispersion or annihilation of a tribe. Frequently, and for no other end than acquiring renown and scalps, the Indian warrior gathered his braves around him, and after haranguing them on the great deeds of their ancestors, and their own past and prospective exploits,

raised the familiar war-whoop and moved out to a mission of bloodshed and pillage. With the cunning of the fox and the ferocity of the tiger, they fell upon their prey in the darkness of night or in the dawning morning, and indiscriminately slaughtered men, women and children. "They approached like foxes," writes one of the missionaries, "attacked like lions, and disappeared like birds." "I crept around them like a wolf," said a Chippewa Chief, telling of an attack he made on a Sioux family. "I crawled up to them like a snake; I fell upon them like lightning; I cut down two men and scalped them." Their prisoners were treated with unparalleled cruelty. Some were mutilated inch by inch until they expired from extremity of suffering, others were reserved to be tortured by fire, and by a refinement of cruelty surpassing belief, their agonies were often prolonged from sunset to sunrise. There was a tradition among the Mohawks that the night after a great battle between the Iroquois and the Eries, the forest was lighted by a thousand fires, at each of which an Erie was roasting alive. Others of their captives they cut to pieces, boiled and devoured with unspeakable relish. "I saw the Iroquois," writes Father Bressani, "tear out the heart from a Huron captive whom they had killed, and in the presence of the other prisoners roast and devour it." "In a word," writes Charles Lalemant, "they eat human flesh with as much appetite and more relish than hunters eat the meat of the deer."

It would appear that they attached no value to the attributes of nature which made them superior to the animals around them. Ferocity, strength, activity and endurance alone excited their admiration, and, as a result, when on the war trail, they approached, as near as it was possible for human beings, to the condition

of the wild beasts in which these qualities predominate. To make a hero of the American Indian, as is often done by writers of fiction, is to raise a monument to cruelty on a pedestal of lust. Their religious conceptions were no higher than their moral actions. They believed all things to be animated with good or bad spirits; and when on a campaign of slaughter, they often sacrificed human beings to propitiate the *Okis* or *Manitous* that influenced the future of the tribes. "On the third day after my arrival among the Iroquois," writes Father Jogues, "they sacrificed an Algonquin woman to *Areskoui,* their war-god, inviting the grim demon, as if he were present, to feast with them, on the murdered woman's flesh."

In their domestic and village lives there were, however, many redeeming features. The members of tribe, clan and family were always on very friendly terms. They were true to one another in their friendships, and held eloquence in high repute; they were very hospitable and, in times of famine, divided with each other the morsel that chance or the fortune of the hunt cast in their way.

They were a courageous people, but their valor was disgraced by its ferocity, and no form of vice, however loathsome, or cruelty to an enemy, however fiendish, met with condemnation or, indeed, attracted attention.

The members of the Sedentary tribes were not "savages" in the sense of living a nomadic lawless life, outside all the usages and conventions of domestic and social intercourse. They belonged in the state of middle or secondary barbarism. They believed in a Supreme Being—in God—the *Great Manitou*—and in the immortality of the soul; and in an intangible, invisible immaterial world all around them which mys-

teriously influenced their lives and fortunes. The sighing of the winds, the melancholy moan of the midnight forest, the peal of thunder, the gleam of lightning were the voices of the dead or manifestations of invisible phantoms which dwelt in the heavens, in the woods or in the air around them.

These spirits were known as *Okis* or *Manitous* and, when angry, visited upon the tribe diseases, plagues, famine and death. Briefly, the American Indians, particularly the sedentaries, maintained the family life intact as a social center and preserved racial integrity and racial purity by prohibiting marriages between cousins and blood relatives. They believed in mysterious and evil spirits, in beings of another world hostile to man whom they placated by appeals, gifts and offerings. They believed in the soul and its survival after death; they knew the distinction between the visible and invisible world. They had a universal moral sense founded on the difference between good and evil; had instincts of justice, duty, liberty, responsibility and modesty of a certain kind, with an unquestioned recognition of a conscience. The American Indian approached, as near as it was possible, to Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Ideal Man" of nature. He was untainted by the vices of civilization, was moved only by natural impulses and was not depraved by meditation. *"L'homme qui mèditate est un animal depravè."* The Indian was a living example of the French infidel's false philosophy.

His origin is a mystery. His remote forbears, as they moved away from their cradle lands, lost the best part of their civilization, just as we would lose it now if forced by circumstances to experience the same fate and travel the same route.

The course of his family's history originating in an

unknown region and at a definite time has flowed outward and onward to the limits of North and South America. His history has resembled more a turbulent sea surging and swelling in all directions than the fated sameness of the dumb animal, with its instincts moving in a fixed channel and the expression of its life as rigid as a scientific formula. His nature free and self-willed was a restless body of vitality kept within bounds of time and space and eternal laws by the will of God till he had fulfilled his mission. And now wasted with desolation he is fading from off the face of the earth, and, in time, will be as if he were not.

CHAPTER III

THE RÉCOLLETS OR FRANCISCANS

What manner of men were they who conceived and under accumulated sufferings and opposition achieved the magnificent resolution of carrying Christianity and decency to these uncivilized hordes! The men chosen by the Church for the missions of New France were cast in heroic mold. Many of them had graduated from the best schools of continental Europe and then taught in the universities. Some of them—like Galinèe, the Sulpician—had a reputation for scholarship; others had specialized in departments of science and philosophy and many of them have added very much to the historic wealth of our country. They were all educated and accomplished, were animated with an ardent zeal for the salvation of souls and a supreme courage which compelled the admiration of savage fighters, men of reckless courage and untiring endurance.

To the northeast of Rome and on a fine day visible to the unaided eye rise the famous Umbrian hills and beyond them tower the majestic Apennines.

Near the base of one of these hills, known as Mount Subiaco, nestles the little village of Assisi, whose picturesque situation and venerable little homes are the delight of artists. Around its church of the Portiuncula and its ancient shrines linger many pious memories and a thousand holy associations. In this quaint

little town, many years ago and centuries before Jacques Cartier's ship entered the St. Lawrence, a young man, one summer's morning, received the rites of his Church in anticipation of death. His name was John Bernardon—called Francis by his friends from his familiarity with the language of the Franks—was the son of wealthy parents and, at the time he received the last sacraments, had entered his twenty-fourth year. How long he lay on his sick-bed his biographers have not told us, but we do know that when he regained his health he was not the same man.

Reflections came to him during the weary weeks of his recovery; reflections that wrought an extraordinary, a supernatural change in the man. Before his illness he was merry-hearted and careless, was given to fine clothes and the fashionable amusements of his day. But now he held these things in strange contempt, his love of amusement and worldly display went out from him, and there came in to take their place in his soul, love of poverty, commiseration for the poor, and sympathy for all kinds of human suffering. Ringing in his ears, as if with metallic clearness, were the words of the gospel, "Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purses." They came to him as winged messengers from another world, and his heart answered with a pledge of obedience. Then, casting from him his purse and golden ornaments, he took off his shoes, threw aside his fashionable raiment, clothed himself in a rough tunic girded with a rope, and entered on a career of self-denial and penitential preaching that has won for him an exalted place among the saints of the Catholic Church. Gnawing at his heart, not merely buzzing in his brain, the words kept smiting him:—"Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, neither scrip for your journey,

neither two coats, nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat."

Once before beggars had changed the face of the world with no other equipment than faith and God's grace. And why not again? Taking poverty for his bride he invites his brother the *Wind* and his sister the *Water* to witness his nuptials. Long after his death Dante immortalized the marriage in verse and Giotto in fresco.

Francis of Assisi, the tender ascetic, went out into the world with no doubt for his mission, with no fear for the morrow, for did not God provide for the young ravens whom Francis loved and spoke to in ecstasy of joy? To bring the world again within the pale of the Church he began, barefooted and corded, his journey to Rome. Passing through the Imperial City, he crossed the Tiber, and knelt at the feet of the great Pope, Innocent III, asking his blessing and recognition for the Charter of the Order he was about to institute. The Pontiff was walking in the garden of the Lateran when Francis entered. Startled by the sudden apparition of the young man, thinned to emaciation, shoeless, bare-headed, half-clad, withal, a beggar of gentleness and visible refinement. Francis, invited by the Pontiff to speak, presents his request for permission to establish his community and the confirmation of the charter he offered to his Holiness.

"Such a request is unusual at the Court of Rome," answered the Pontiff.

"I do not ask it in my own name," pleaded Francis, "but in the name of Jesus Christ who has sent me."

The Pope's eyes penetrated through the rags of the beggar and dwelt upon a saint. Innocent approved of his project and Francis returned to Assisi bearing with

him the Pontifical blessing and the approbation of his now famous "Rule."

Gathering to himself twelve others, all young, all aglow with the same divine fire, he entered upon his wonderful career. Nearly all of knightly rank and gentle blood they surrendered their right of succession, and following their great leader's example, stripped themselves of all worldly possessions and became beggars for Jesus Christ. Barefooted beggars they were, and as money was the root of all evil, they would not touch even with the tips of their fingers the accursed thing, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," Francis said, in Christ's own words. These apostles of poverty, of pity, of devouring love for their fellow creatures, went forth two by two to preach the gospel anew to the poor. Called to live among the people, to subsist upon alms, to bear the hardest toil, their mission was to reconcile the people with faith, to give a living example of Christian patience, devoted self-sacrifice and self-denial. If ever men preached Christ, these men did. They had no system, no views, they combated no opinions, they took no side. Discussion, controversy, and theological dispute they left to the rhetoricians and the schoolmen. That Christ had died, had risen again and was alive for evermore was an indisputable but awful fact. Francis and his companions in their day were known as Fratres Minores, but future generations, out of love and admiration for this wonderful saint, insist on calling them Franciscans.

Their mission was to the poor, to those masses sweltering in foul hovels with never a roof to cover them, huddling in groups, alive with vermin, covered with ghastly wens; lepers too shocking for the people to gaze upon, and driven outside the walls to rot in the

lazar houses. To these came Francis with a message of hope and consolation. To these outcasts, wherever found, came those other twelve to whom the saint had communicated his love for the poor and sublime self-surrender, "We are come," they said affectionately, "as your friends, nay even as your servants to live among you, to wash your sores and to help you to bear the burden of disease and wretchedness. Our Lord sends us to you. We too are beggars, and have not whereon to lay our heads. Christ died for you as well as for us, and there is hope beyond the grave." As they spoke so they lived, and as it was said of Him of old, that He had not whereon to lay His head, neither had those who were now walking in His footsteps. In the presence of these stupendous acts of charity and sacrifice the cynic held his speech and the skeptic dismissed his doubts. Clad in their coarse gowns of serge with hempen cords around their waists the Friars wandered barefooted from town to village, exhorting, pleading, starving and praying.

When their numbers began to increase the "Begging Friars" invaded France, Germany, Spain and England; they battled with heresy wherever found, invaded the universities, preached and labored among the poor.

In 1605 some of the French Franciscans, believing that relaxation threatened the membership in France, formed within the order a community known as the "Récollets or Fathers of the Strict Observance." When Champlain returned to France from his voyage to Canada in 1608, he waited upon Bernard du Verger, the Superior of the Récollets, and asked for missionaries for the roving hordes of savages that filled the forests of Canada from Quebec to the shores of the "Chinese Sea."

CHAPTER IV

THE RÉCOLLETS IN NEW FRANCE

In compliance with his wish, and with the authority of the Pope, there sailed with him—24th April, 1615—on his return to New France, four members of the Franciscan Order: Joseph Le Caron, John D'olbeau, Denis Jamay and Pacifique Duplessis, a lay brother. Father D'olbeau immediately began his mission to the Montagnais of the Saugenay region, with whom he passed a winter of great suffering and affliction. Never did man endure a ruder or more severe apprenticeship. Unacquainted with their language, which presented almost insurmountable difficulties of pronunciation and construction, unseasoned to the hardships of a Canadian winter, and untrained to the use of the snowshoe, the pious missionary almost succumbed to the horrors of a tribal encampment. Still, he bent to his work with an admirable fortitude, and patiently sustained the burden of his position till he conquered the language and compiled his "Dictionary of the Montagnais Language." He was a man of eminent piety, virtue and zeal, and has left his name indelibly stamped on the early records of our ecclesiastical history.

Fathers Le Caron and D'olbeau started, in company with a band of Hurons and Algonquins of the Ottawa, on a wondrous voyage of seven hundred miles to the shores of the great Lake of the Hurons. Sailing up

the St. Lawrence amid a silence broken only by the splash of the paddle, they entered the Ottawa whose dark brownish waters and towering hills formed a striking contrast with the light blue flow and level banks of the St. Lawrence. Day after day, silently and sullenly, the Indians bent to the paddle while the fathers read their breviaries or discussed the prospects of success for the Huron mission. They portaged the Caribou and the Golots, rounded the islands of Alumette, and, at length, reached the tributary waters of the Mattawan. For forty miles or more they continued their journey. Bearing the canoes on their shoulders, they crossed a seven mile portage, and, through an opening in the forest, Le Caron, first of white men, looked out upon the placid waters of Lake Nipissing. Skirting along its picturesque shores, they entered French River, whose pleasant current bore them to the great Lake of the Hurons a few days before Champlain's canoes shot into its waters. For more than a hundred miles they sailed through the tortuous channels of the Georgian Bay. Around them on every side, as if floating on the waters, arose a thousand islands, thickly wooded, green with emerald moss, and rank with luxuriant vegetation. The great Manitoulin lay directly on their front, they hugged the eastern shore, sailed by Byng Inlet, Point au Barile and Shawanga Bay, coasted the picturesque shores of Parry Sound, and, sweeping on past the Seven Miles Narrows, Moose Point and Midland, beached their canoes at the entrance to the Bay of Matchedash, to the east of the Harbor of Penetanguishene. Following through woods and thickets an Indian trail, they passed broad meadows, fields of maize, beds of vegetables and entered the palisaded Huron town of Otoucha.

Here, in what is now the northern and western portion of Simcoe County, embracing the peninsula formed by the Nottawasaga and Matchedash Bays, the River Severn and Lake Simcoe, were the fishing and hunting grounds of the great nation of the Wyandots or Hurons, comprising a population, according to Champlain, of twenty or thirty thousand souls, a confederacy of four distinct tribes, afterwards increased to five by the addition of the Tinnontates. Perhaps of all the races of red men, the Hurons, "living like brute beasts, without law, without religion, without God," were the least liable to be attracted by, or become attached to, the practices of a Christian life. They were given over completely to sensuality, feasting and pleasure. "Their every inclination," writes the good missionary, "is brutal. They are naturally gluttonous, having their farewell feasts, their complimentary feasts, war, peace, death, health, and marriage feasts." Father Le Caron, bound by his vow to the life of a beggar, was, however, received hospitably by them. A wigwam was built for his convenience in the town of Caragouha, near Nottawasaga Bay, where he offered his first mass. He was joined nine days afterwards by Champlain, mass was again chanted, a "Te Deum" sung, and the cross, the emblem of man's salvation, planted on the shores of Lake Huron. Thus, three centuries ago—August 12th, 1615—with solemn mass, with holy blessing and the "Te Deum," the standard of the cross was elevated, the law of the gospel proclaimed, and the work of Christianizing the Huron tribes begun.

For six months this great Franciscan missionary, amid the hardships and perils of his solitary life, continued to study the language of the tribe, and, with a patience and zeal truly heroic, endeavored to make

known the great saving truths of Christianity. On February 1st, 1616, he visited the Tinnontates or Tobacco Nation, who occupied lands in what are included now within the limits of Collingwood, Nottawasaga and Sunnidale townships, but, being received with fear and suspicion, he was cruelly treated and compelled to return to Caragouha, where he spent the winter instructing the Wyandot tribes and preparing the first dictionary of the Huron language. On the 20th May, 1616, in company with a band of Hurons who were going down to Three Rivers to barter their furs and peltries, he left for Montreal, and, in the spring of 1623, accompanied by Father Nicholas Viel and Brother Gabriel Sagard, the historian of the Hurons, he returned to the tribes, who received him with open arms, built him a chapel at Ossasanee, where he said mass every day and gave instructions in the faith. This chapel he dedicated to St. Joseph, whom he chose as patron of the country.

The mission now took on a definite character, and the labors of the Fathers began in earnest. "It would be difficult to tell you," writes Father Le Caron, "the fatigue I suffer, being obliged to have my paddle in hand all day long, and run with all my strength with the Indians. I have more than a hundred times walked in the rivers over the sharp rocks which cut my feet, in the mud, in the woods, where I carried the canoe and my little baggage in order to avoid the rapids and frightful water falls. I say nothing of the painful fast which beset us, having only a little sagamite, which is a kind of pulmentum composed of water and the meal of the Indian corn, a small quantity of which is dealt out to us morning and evening; yet I must avow that amid my pains I felt much consolation. For, alas! when we see such a great number of

infidels perishing in their sins one feels an ardor, which I cannot express, to labor for their conversion and to sacrifice for it one's repose and life." "Meat was so rare with us," adds Sagard, "that we often passed six weeks or two whole months without tasting a bit, unless a small piece of dog, bear, or fowl, given to us at banquets." Father Viel, having by heroic patience and perseverance acquired a fair knowledge of the language, began giving the Indians instructions and teaching them the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," and the "Creed." His success, however, was not encouraging. He sent a letter to Father Le Caron, who had again returned to Quebec on business of the mission, that more help was wanted. Le Caron, with characteristic disinterestedness wrote to France, inviting the Jesuit Fathers to come to their assistance. Here, virtually, end the labors of the Récollet or Franciscan Fathers in northern Canada. Their dream of evangelizing the tribes from the ocean to the Mississippi, from the Ohio to the frozen lands of the Esquimaux, ended in disappointment. Still they will live in history as examples of undaunted courage, as men who conquered in a few years the incredible difficulties presented by the Algonquin and Huron languages.

In spite of the zeal, disinterestedness and self-sacrifice of these heroic and generous men, circumstances did not permit of their mission assuming a permanent form. Father Le Caron never again visited the Hurons. He returned to France—re-visiting Quebec with Champlain in 1626—and after a short stay sailed again for France where, on the 29th of March, 1632, worn out with labor, he died in the odor of sanctity. He spoke the Huron, Montagnais and Algonquin languages fluently, and wrote interesting essays on the

tribes which he dedicated to the King of France. Father Nicholas Viel, if not a martyr, had a martyr's will. His death was a "*martyrium sine sanguine*—a bloodless martyrdom." He was on his way to Quebec to procure some necessary articles for the mission of St. Joseph, when, according to the historian Le Clercq, he was hurled by his Indian companion into the last rapid of the River Des Prairies, known to this day as the "Sault Au Récollet." Father Viel added many words to Le Caron's dictionary of the Huron language, and left at the mission interesting and valuable notes of his labors. Sagard, who returned to France, also wrote a dictionary of the Huron language, and a series of narratives that to this day furnish a source of ethnological, geographic, and historic data for all writers on early Canadian history. The Récollets or Franciscans established missions at Tadousac and Gaspé for the Montagnais Indians; at Miscou for the Micmacs; at Three Rivers, and at Georgian Bay for the Hurons. The missions of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Gaspé were under the care of Father John D'olbeau, with three assistants, one of whom, Father Sebastian, perished of starvation on his way to a mission on the St. John's River. The others, despairing of softening the hardened hearts of the Micmacs and Montagnais, returned to Quebec. One of them, Father William Poullain, was afterwards captured by the Iroquois, who striped him for the torture, when he was providentially saved from the horrors of mutilation by the arrival of a message from the French with an offer of exchange. In 1628, Fathers Daniel Boursier and Francis Girard sailed from France with a fleet commanded by De Rouquemont, but the vessels were captured in the St. Lawrence River by Admiral Kirke, and the Récollet Fathers were brought prisoners to Eng-

land, without ever having touched the soil of the land they were coming to evangelize.*

The Récollets returned to Canada in 1670, but confined their labors chiefly to Montreal and Quebec. When Canada was ceded to Great Britain, a royal edict permitted: "The Jesuits and Récollets to remain in Canada and die where they are, but they must not add to their numbers." The Bishop of Quebec, by right of office, secularized those who received the "habit" in 1784 and the old members of the community he dispensed from the observance of conventual rule. The last Récollet priest, Father Louis Derners, died in Montreal in 1813, at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

"The country," writes the historian Kingsford, "owes the order (the Franciscans) a debt of gratitude, which history has only imperfectly paid; any mention of their name has been merely perfunctory without acknowledgment or sympathy."

*The historian Le Clercq, who invented the Micmac hieroglyphics, says there was a Récollet mission established among the Micmacs of Nova Scotia in 1614, and that the Fathers had published a short history of their labors among them. It would appear that the Relation is lost, for it is not given by any Canadian or American historian. The last representative of the Récollets on the missions of this country, Father Constantine, was killed in 1706, in the attack made by the Miamis on the Ottawas at Detroit.

CHAPTER V

THE JESUITS

The Franciscan Fathers had but retired from the field of action when the Catholic Church sent another detachment of her soldiers to take up anew the positions vacated by the Récollets. True to the imperishable principle of their institute, "for the greater glory of God," the Jesuits had been the fearless champions of the cross in almost every region of the earth. Towards the close of the sixteenth century all Europe heard, and with amazement, the tale of the heroism of these mortified men who, under the shadow of Vishnu's temple, were teaching theology to the Brahmins of India, instructing the Bonzes of Japan, at the base of Shacca's statue, and scattering the seed of the gospel amongst the people of Cathay.

"India repaired half Europe's loss;
O'er a new hemisphere the Cross
Shone in the azure sky;
And from the isles of fair Japan
To the broad Andes, won o'er man
A bloodless victory."

The Catholic Church is like unto a great army. It is commanded by its Sovereign Pontiff, directed by its thousand bishops, flanked by a division of priests and a hundred Orders of *Religious,* among whom

stand in the very front ranks the members of the Society of Jesus.

Born in an age of struggle and religious upheaval the Jesuits were intellectually and spiritually organized for battle and may not inaptly be honored with the title—The Imperial Guard of the Catholic Church. Don Iñigo Lopez—Ignatius Loyola—the founder of the Jesuits, was the youngest son of the noble Spanish house of Loyola. As brave in spirit as his sword was sharp in action, Ignatius rose from the position of a page of King Ferdinand, the Catholic, to a captaincy of a regiment. At the defence of Pampeluna, against the French in 1521, he was desperately wounded and carried to the hospital. While recovering from his wounds, he relieved the monotony of his confinement by reading the lives of the saints and martyrs, beginning with the history of the Passion of our Lord. As he read on an extraordinary change, like unto that experienced by St. Francis, was gradually taking place in his great soul and, when he left his room, Ignatius Loyola, bidding good-bye for ever to the army of Spain, entered the militia of Jesus Christ. He began his resolution of voluntary detachment from all earthly things, by distributing his goods to the poor and entering a monastery at Montserrat, in Catalonia. Here he unbuckled his sword and suspended it from a pillar in the church. The next day he gave away his knightly dress, and put on the coarse frock of the hermits whose lonely caves were scooped out from the naked rocks. He now entered upon a spiritual retreat, made a general confession, and after receiving Holy Communion began the framework of his famous "Exercises" and to draw up the plan of his constitution. We again hear of him as a barefooted pilgrim journeying to the Holy Land, when, after venerating its sa-

cred places, he returned to Europe, and entered as a student, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, the college of St. Barbara. His extraordinary piety, his great zeal, and his wonderful strength of character, made a strong impression upon many of his companions. Joining to himself Francis Xavier, a Navarrein of a noble family, James Laynez, Antonio Salmeron, Alphonso of Bobadilla, the Portuguese Rodriquez Arzevedo and James Léfévre, he laid the foundations of the now famous Society of Jesus.

On the fifteenth of August, 1534, the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, these seven, after having fasted and prayed in common, met together in the chapel of Montmartre, Paris, and received Holy Communion in a body. They bound themselves by vow to perpetual poverty, to live chastely, and to be obedient in all spiritual things to the Sovereign Pontiff. As time went on, they associated with themselves Francis Borgia, Duke of Candia and other pious and self-sacrificing men, till in the year 1540 Pope Paul the III. at their request, instituted them an order under the style and title of the Society of Jesus. This was all. The now famous and historic society of Jesuits entered the field for Christ, and for almost four hundred years has formed the vanguard of the great army of the Catholic Church. Of these were the men who are now about to attempt the conversion and reclamation of the Hurons. It is no compliment to the honesty and intelligence of our age that even to-day, with the imperishable parchment of their heroic deeds unrolled before us, there are to be found those whose partiality is so pronounced, that they cannot think of a Jesuit without associating with him blood, poison and daggers. The repeated and time-worn calumnies of secrecy, unscrupulous agencies, conspiracies and the

like make up the religious and literary rubbish that too often passes for delectable reading at many a rural fireside. The conventional Jesuit is a familiar figure and a terrible one. He is as grotesque as he is unreliable and intangible. But we of the Household of the Faith have known the Jesuits from the day that Ignatius Loyola, in the grotto of Manreza, threw himself heart and soul into the militia of Jesus Christ. We have witnessed their sublime virtue, their undaunted courage, their magnificent sacrifices on behalf of the cross, and we challenge all history to show us their peers.

"They were the first," writes Spaulding, "to put the forest brambles aside, they were the first to cross the threshold of the wigwams of every native tribe, the first to plant the cross of Christ in the wilderness and shed their blood cheerfully at its base." We have studied their lives from the hour that Francis Xavier asked himself the portentous question, "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul?" down to the present day, and our hearts go out in love and reverence towards them. From the halls of their institutes came men whose names are beads of gold worthy to be filed on the Rosary of Fame; men of saintly lives and of a transcendent greatness that raises them high above the level even of good men, and whose sacrifices for Christ and humanity challenge the admiration of the brave, and stagger faith itself. Of these were the men who, breaking with the fondest ties, forsaking the teeming fields and pleasant vineyards of sunny France, faced the storms of northern climates and buried themselves in the revolting companionship of fierce and inhospitable hordes. "Away from the amenities of life," writes Bancroft, "away from the temptation of vain-

glory, they became dead to the world, and possessed their souls in unalterable peace. The few who lived to grow old, though by the toils of a long mission, were still kindled with the fervor of Apostolic zeal. The history of their labors is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French America. Not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way." "Maligners may taunt the Jesuits if they will," says the industrious and learned Parkman, "with credulity, superstition and blind enthusiasm, but slander itself cannot accuse them of hypocrisy or ambition."

With those who came to Canada in the sixteenth century were many who were influenced by motives of avarice and ambition. Among them was the high-spirited cavalier, bound on romantic enterprise; the fearless sea rover, in quest of new laurels in unsailed seas; the restless adventurer, wooing the charm of novelty in unexplored lands, and the disgraced courtier, resolved by reckless daring to wipe out the memory of his humiliation. With them sailed the dark-robed soldier of the Catholic Church, brave as the bravest among them, fearless and undaunted in the shadow of the land but yesterday pressed by the boot of civilization. To-day, dispassionately and calmly examining the historical and documentary evidence of the zeal, courage, and piety of the great Missionary Orders of the 17th century in Canada, it is difficult to know to which of the three speculatively, the Franciscans, the Sulpicians, or the Jesuits, belongs the palm of excellence. The "Great Jesuit Order," as Lord Macaulay called the Society, bathed the country with the blood of its members; but the indomitable courage and self-denial of the Franciscans, and the Christian Willingness with which the Sulpicians fearlessly en-

tered upon the most dangerous missions assigned them, are conclusive evidence that, if circumstances demanded it, they also were prepared to furnish for the faith and the salvation of souls, a bead-roll of martyrs.

On the 19th of June, 1625, Fathers Charles Lalemant, Enemond Masse and Jean de Brébeuf, members of the Jesuit Order, in answer to the invitation of the Franciscans, arrived at Quebec. With them came as an escort Joseph de la Roche Daillon, a Franciscan priest of a noble family, "as illustrious," wrote Champlain, "for his zeal and energy as for his birth." Their first act on reaching shore was to kneel down and kiss the earth, the scene of their future labors; then they thanked the Holy Trinity for having chosen them for the work of the mission, saluted the guardian angels of the land and rose to their feet, prepared to spend and be spent in the service of their Master. Father Masse had already passed some time with the Micmacs of Nova Scotia, and was, in a measure, inured to the hardships of Indian life. Father Charles Lalemant remained at Quebec, and in the following year wrote the first letter of the now famous "Relations of the Jesuits." Jean de Brébeuf was selected for the Huron Mission. He passed the autumn and winter with a roving band of Montagnais Indians, enduring for five months the hardships of their wandering life, and all the penalties of filth, vermin and smoke—the inevitable abominations of a savage camp. During these months he acquired a fair knowledge of their language, and when spring opened it found him prepared to start, July, 1626, in company with Father De Noue who, with Father Noirot, had just arrived from France, and the Franciscan priest Joseph de la Roche Daillon, for the shores of the great lake of the Hurons.

In company with a band of Indians, who had come down from the Georgian Bay to the French settlements, and were now returning, after bartering to advantage their furs and peltries, the three priests bade good-bye to their friends and embarked with their swarthy companions, whose canoes were headed for the Huron hunting grounds in northern forests. Brébeuf was a man of broad frame and commanding mien, endowed with giant strength and tireless endurance. His stay among the Montagnais taught him that physical superiority invited the respect of the savage, when Christian virtues often provoked his ridicule. Stroke for stroke with the strongest Hurons, he dipped his paddle from morning till night, and, to the amazement of his savage companions, showed no sign of fatigue. Thirty-five times in that weary journey of seven hundred miles, Brébeuf and his associates bore their share of the heavy burdens across the portages. Through pestilent swamp and stagnant pool they waded, across the stony beds of shallow streams, over fallen trees and prostrate trunks, they made their devious way; descending, climbing, clambering over sharp and jagged rocks, till their clothes hung around them in shreds, these soldiers of the cross kept pace with the stubborn march of their legginged and moccasined companions. Now and then the comparatively feeble and aged De Noue, worn out with the hardships of the journey, weakened under his load. In spite of his indomitable will, his strength would fail him, and his manly but feeble attempts to hold the pace of his red companions—whose every fiber and muscle were hardened by years of hunting and canoeing—but provoked their laughter and ridicule. The heroic Brébeuf, flying to his assistance, would then relieve him of his burden, and, to the astonishment of

the band, continue for hours bearing his double load. The Hurons themselves were often spent with fatigue, and marvelled at an endurance that distance could not tire nor fatigue conquer. After a weary and trying journey of three weeks, they at last reached the Huron country, and entered upon their great work of the conversion and civilization of the tribes.

CHAPTER VI

THE HURONS

The great nation of the Hurons, occupied, as we have already seen, the northern and western portion of Simcoe county, Ontario, or, to be more accurate, the present townships of Flos, Medonté, Orillia, Tay and Tiny. The Huron league was composed of the four following nations: the Attigouantans, Attigonenons, Arendorons and the Tohontaenrats, and known to the French as the clans of the Rock, Cord, Deer and White Lodge. They derived the modern title of Huron from the French, but their proper name was *Owendat* or Wyandot. Their towns were not rude collections of bark huts, as popularly supposed, but were formed of fairly well constructed buildings, and were, many of them, especially on the frontier, fortified with rows of cedar pickets and flanking bastions. Unlike the Algonquin hordes, that roamed the forests to the north of them, they were a sedentary people, cultivating patches of ground, in which they sowed Indian corn, beans, pumpkins, tobacco and Indian hemp, stores of which they laid by for the winter. They developed considerable skill in building canoes, curing the skins of animals, which they wore as covering in winter, and in manufacturing the buck and doe skin into shoes familiarly known as moccasins. Their houses were comfortably and commodiously built, many of them indeed sixty or eighty feet in length, in which eight or ten

families in friendly amity took up their abode. The fires were on the ground on a line drawn through the center with an opening in the roof, which in winter served for chimney and window. Here, grizzled warriors, shriveled squaws, young boys aspiring to become braves, and girls ripening into maturity, noisy children, and dogs that could not bark mingled indiscriminately together.

There was no modesty to be shocked, no decency to be insulted, no refinement of feeling to be wounded, for modesty, decency and refinement of feeling were dead centuries before the missionary lifted the cross in the Huron forests. They had no religion, having neither altars, priests, temples or oblations; still, they believed in a Supreme Being and life beyond the grave. They also believed in the existence of good and bad spirits, and to appease the one and merit the favor of the other offered sacrifices on the slightest provocation. Tobacco was thrown into the fire with the hope that its smoke would be pleasing to an *Oki,* and oil poured upon the water when a storm threatened, with an appeal to the *Manitou* to have pity on them. There is no evidence to prove that they adored the sun, but they appealed to it to confirm the truth of their statements, and as proof of their innocence when charged with crime. In the absence of religion or any fixed belief, it was but natural that they should surrender themselves to the grossest superstitions. Every act of their lives, their dreams, feasts, games, diseases, their hunting, fishing and travelling, were always and inextricably interwoven with forms of superstition.

The whole nation was under its malign and baneful influence, and the chain of superstitious error which bound them was almost too strong for Christianity itself to break. To throw into the fire any part of

the fishes they had caught, or to cast to the dogs the bones of certain animals they had killed, would expose them, they firmly believed, to bad luck in their future expeditions after game. The social and political organization of the Hurons had about it certain elements of a civilized character. Whatever public authority existed resided in the chiefs, who were generally chosen for their bravery in war, or in recognition of services bestowed upon the tribe. To the war chiefs were intrusted all affairs that made for the protection or extension of the nation. The tribal affairs and treaties with neighboring nations were committed to chiefs selected for that purpose. Every canton had a legislature composed of chiefs and old men, but, when questions affecting the interests of the nation were to be debated, each village commissioned its deputies to attend the general council and speak for them. The authority of a chief rested upon the esteem and affection entertained by his people for him, and, losing these, he might at any time be deposed. The mode of criminal procedure was individual and arbitrary rather than judicial. Without appealing to any court, each man protected his own interests and those of his family. When a man was robbed, and afterwards discovered his goods in the possession of another, he had the right not only to take what belonged to him, but all that the robber owned. If, however, a murder was committed, the whole village took up the cause of the murdered man and compelled the murderer to make restitution by the presentation of gifts to the family of the victim.

The Hurons held sorcerers or witches in detestation, and when a sorcerer was accused of practising his malign art, any member of the tribe had a right to kill him. Nowhere were the laws of hospitality more

honorably and sacredly observed than among the Hurons. The moment a stranger entered a Huron wigwam he was greeted with "*sha*—welcome" and was treated as a member of the family.

The condition of woman among the Hurons was like unto that of nearly all savage tribes. She was regarded as the inferior of man, and upon her devolved not only all household duties, but also the cultivation of the gardens, planting, seeding and hoeing. With her stone hatchet she chopped and brought home the wood for the winter fires, frequently went after the game when her husband killed it, and in fact performed all the menial duties of camp and village life. No warrior ever dreamed of assisting her in these occupations. The men considered labor not merely as an evil, but a disgrace, and their pride resented doing what they believed to be a woman's work. The lowest of the men had a lofty idea of his personal worth and as a result the woman was deemed a menial and an inferior by father, husband and son. She was the wife, but not the companion of her husband, and was always his servant. Whatever of beauty an Indian maiden possessed before she reached the age of seventeen was soon destroyed by hardship and exposure, or the intolerable smoke of the cabin in which she was compelled to pass many a dreary week in winter. A Huron woman at twenty-five began to shrivel up and wither, and when she reached her fiftieth year was in appearance an old hag. The men were generally of good height, of wiry and sinewy frames, well knitted and able to endure great hardships. They were active and agile, fast runners, and able to hold the pace for a long time. They were not, however, equal in strength to the whites, and when the French *coureurs de bois* became accustomed to the

Indian mode of living, they not only excelled him in strength, but indeed very often in swiftness and endurance. Their wants were few; knowing nothing of condiments, of pepper, salt, tea, coffee, bread or relishes. In their migrations in remote times they lost the secret of distilling alcohol from fruits, plants and vegetables and were content with water from the spring or river. Their clothes in winter were the skins of animals killed in the chase, whose flesh gave them food.

The men devoted themselves to hunting and fishing, trading with other nations, making bows and arrows, stone tomahawks, canoes, paddles and snow shoes. They had reached such proficiency in the manufacture of these articles that Champlain was surprised when he saw them, and Father Bressani remarked, that intelligent Europeans could contrive nothing superior. When about to set out on the war trail they tattooed themselves with charcoal, oiled their bodies with bear's grease or the oil of the sun-flower, and spent the night before their departure in feasting and dancing. They brought no provisions with them, depending for sustenance upon the game they killed on the way. Armed with bow and quivers, the stone axe, and the scalping knife, a Huron warrior was indeed a formidable enemy. In spite of their vanity and frivolity, they were a kindly and humane people, possessing many admirable domestic traits, were attached to their children, and as neighbors were very friendly with each other. It was only when they went to war that the demon of brutality and ferociousness took possession of them and called into action all their savage passions.

When it became a question of revenging themselves on their enemies, cruelty itself assumed a ferociousness that was frightful in the extreme. In the relations of

1636 it is recorded that an Iroquois who was taken prisoner in war was subjected to a torture surpassing in deviltry anything pictured by Dante in his Inferno. His punishment began the moment he was taken, when one of his hands was crushed and torn with jagged stones, several fingers cut off and gashes made all over his body. When the victim was brought into the village they clothed him as if for a triumphal ceremony. Over his mutilated and bleeding shoulders a beaver robe was thrown, a collar of wampum placed around his neck, and his forehead encircled with a crown. Thus apparelled he was led through the village, chanting in the meantime his war-song and defying them to do their worst. He gloried in his Iroquois origin, lauded his kinsmen as a race of unconquered warriors, and, taunting the Hurons with cowardice and poltroonery, challenged them to wreak their vengeance on him, and see how bravely an Iroquois could die.

This defiance of death at the hands of an enemy was common to both Huron and Iroquois, and was supposed to prepare for him a hospitable welcome among his dead kinsmen, and to reflect honor upon the bravery of his nation. The unfortunate prisoner was accompanied by a shouting and jeering mob, mad with the spirit of vengeance, and filled with the expectation of the pleasure that would be theirs when they saw the Mohawk roasting in the flames. He was then led to the torture cabin and immediately entered on a night of agony. In a straight line, from end to end of the wigwam, fires were burning, and on either side squatted the crowd of expectant Hurons, frenzied with cruelty and drunk with blood. When the Iroquois entered, his hands tied behind his back, he glanced defiantly around, when every Huron rose to his feet, snatched each a burning brand, and stood as bronze statues,

while the Chief harangued them, and appealed to them to acquit themselves as men. The scene of cruel torture begins, the victim is now pushed into the nearest fire, driven thence he is forced to run to the next, and as he passes from fire to fire he is struck and beaten with burning torches, while the whoops and shouts of exultation fill the cabin, and, floating out upon the air, re-echo in the woods around. Taken out of the flames, the torches are applied to every part of his body, they gash him with knives, being careful to touch no vital part, while his war-cry and shouts of defiance are smothered in the frightful turmoil of the yelping crowd. His fingers are broken one after another, burning hatchets applied to his feet, his shoulders and his sides. Seven times the unconquerable Iroquois passed through the fires, till at length overcome with exhaustion he fell to the ground. The Hurons hurried to revive him, hoping to prolong his tortures until daylight, for it was a tradition among them that a prisoner ought not to succumb to his wounds until the rising of the sun. A squaw approached and administered a little nourishment, appealing to him with the tenderness of a mother to try and eat something. The chief who condemned him to death offered him his own pipe to smoke, wiped the clotted blood, the ashes and sweat from his face, and fanned him repeatedly that he might regain some strength. When he was able to stand up, the horrible tragedy began anew, and with refinement of cruelty surpassing belief his torturers covered him with insults and opprobrium, "Uncle," said one of them, "you have done well to come and die among the Hurons."

"Look at this hatchet," said another, as he applied the burning iron to his quivering flesh, "it is pleasant for you to be caressed by us." The cabin was a living

hell; all night they taxed their ingenuity to add to his sufferings, and amid fiendish yells and jeers covered him with their mockery. Day dawned, the sun rose upon the village and the Iroquois was still living. He was then led out, lifted on to a scaffold and tied to a post, but free to turn at his will. Then followed an awful scene, burning brands were applied to his eyes and ears, his mouth forced open and a flaming torch thrust down his throat.

The eyes of the Iroquois are closing forever in death and, as he sinks to the platform they fling themselves upon him, cut off his feet and hands and sever the head from the body. His sufferings were at an end, but the vengeance of his ruthless tormentors was not yet satiated. They cut up the body, boiled the pieces and devoured them, and all that night the entire population passed scaring away his ghost by beating with sticks against the bark sides of their lodges. Such was the land and such the men who confronted the Pioneers of the Cross in Canada—The Jesuits.

CHAPTER VII

DE LA ROCHE DAILLON

When the fathers came to the mission of St. Joseph, Toanche, they found Father Viel's bark cabin as the good missionary had left it. Brébeuf and de Noue decided to remain here and dwell with the tribe of the Rock while Father Daillon went to the *Bears* to open the mission of the Conception. Returning in a few months, the Franciscan, bold to temerity, plunged into the forests to the east to preach to the Attiwandarons, a fierce, dissolute and a grossly superstitious people. Their hunting grounds stretched from the Genessee Falls to Sarnia and south of a line drawn from Toronto to Goderich. Of the life of the brave priest only a few fragmentary notices are to be found among the early writers. He is first referred to in "Les Voyages de Champlain" as an exemplary priest who came to Canada in the same ship with Sieur de Caen, and it is also recorded that he was of the aristocratic family of the du Ludes and that he abandoned all hopes of worldly honors, the pleasures of a domestic or a military life with its prospects of promotion, for the career of a missionary and the probability of martyrdom.

When Champlain's colony at Quebec ran short of provisions and was threatened with famine, he "waited on Father Joseph de la Roche Daillon to know if I could obtain provisions from the fathers, if they had any to spare."

"So far as is in my power," answered the priest, "I am ready to give every assistance, and I will at once see Father Le Caron and speak to him about it."

He is honorably mentioned in the Relation of 1641, and Pierre Margary in his first volume tells us: "One of our fathers was the first to visit the Neutral—Attiwandaron—nation, a tribe occupying a large extent of country and, until his visit, comparatively unknown. One of the Jesuit Fathers (Brébeuf) who was dwelling with the Hurons, having heard that his life was in danger, sent two Frenchmen and a Huron Indian to bring him back." The brave priest sailed in the autumn of 1629 for France where, as we read in the "Liste Chronologique" of Noisseau, he died July 16, 1656. On his expedition to the Neutrals he was accompanied by Grenole and Lavallée, two Frenchmen, who carried his baggage filled with trinkets and gifts for the Indians. These men returned to Huronia when Daillon, after passing through the Petum nation, entered the first Neutral town. Here he was hospitably received and, thinking his mission was already half accomplished, passed on to other villages: "All were astonished," he writes in his letter given us by Le Clercq, "to see me dressed as I was, and to see that I desired nothing of theirs, except that I invited them (by signs) to lift their eyes to heaven, make the sign of the cross, and receive the faith of Jesus Christ. What filled them with wonder was to see me retire at certain hours in the day to pray to God and attend to my spiritual affairs, for they had never seen religious, except towards the Petuneux and Hurons, their neighbors. At last we arrived at the sixth village, where I had been advised to remain. I called a council. Remark by the way, if you please, they call every assembly a council. They hold them as

often as it pleases the chiefs. They sit on the ground, in a cabin, or the open field, in profound (very strict) silence, while the chief harangues, and they are inviolable observers of what has once been concluded and resolved."

He passed from village to village, preaching, exhorting and pleading but, though early in his mission he was made welcome, he made no impression on their hardened hearts.

His precepts of self-denial and chastity were mockeries and his insistence upon one wife for a warrior was an attack upon their tribal rights and privileges.

Living an independent life in the freedom of the forest, the Neutrals were contented with their state, believed themselves superior to the priest and the French, resented his interference with their customs and their traditional practices. It was interfering with their personal freedom and was an infringement on their old traditions and their old ways. The Neutral was a hunter and warrior and led a restless and adventurous life filled with an insurmountable disgust for rule and regularity. His life was a life of adventure beset with hardship and danger, but filled with proud emotions and ambitions, and to expect him to submit to the restraints imposed by the priests' religion was to expect him to change his habits of life, his liberty and, indeed, his very nature. The traditions of his race protested against it and he laughed at the folly of the missionary.

To make Christians of a people who are abandoned to their passions, wedded to their traditions and who live by the chase is to achieve a miracle like unto that afterwards accomplished by the Jesuits among the Hurons. In time the jeers and ribald laughter of the Neutrals deepened to hostility. They said he was a

malignant sorcerer who poisoned their streams, drove away the game and brought disease and death to their families. After stealing his writing-desk, blanket, breviary and bag of trinkets, they refused to admit him to their wigwams and threatened him with death. Reports of his dire distress reached Ossassane of the Hurons, and Father Brébeuf, fearing the Neutrals would in time murder the priest, sent Grenole and a Huron runner to escort him back. Despairing of his mission he returned with Grenole.

In his letter, written from Toanchain of the Hurons, July 18, 1627, to a friend in France, Father Daillon gives a valuable account of the Neutral country. He reports on the climatic conditions of the land, names the animals roaming the forests, the crops garnered, and the wealth of fish in river, lake and stream. With the memory of his failure and his rough treatment fresh within him, he yet holds out hopes for the conversion of the people, though "they are lazy and impure"; ending his very interesting letter with expressions of resignation to the will of God: "Let pain and toil come bravely then; all hardships and death itself will be welcomed by me, if God's grace be with me." In the fall of 1628 he left Huronia and never returned. Early in the same year Father de Noue, unable to master the Huron gutturals and a victim of poor health, went to Quebec with a Huron flotilla of twenty-one canoes, leaving John de Brébeuf in the forest, alone with God and the Hurons.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LONE PRIEST

There is something strangely touching and pathetic in the spectacle of this wonderful man buried in the isolation of forest life and choosing to remain with a savage people whose language he could not speak, to whom he was a stranger and, perhaps, an unwelcome guest. Born March 25, 1593, near the city of Bayeux, France, of an ancient and illustrious family, John de Brébeuf inherited the traditions of a chivalric race. Many of his forbears died in honorable combat. One of his ancestors fought at the battle of Hastings by the side of William the Conqueror and another accompanied King Louis of France on the second Crusade to the Holy Land and led the Chivalry of Normandy at the siege of Damatia. One offshoot from this ducal house took root in England and from it sprang the noble families of the Norfolks and the Arundels. When, at the stake of fire, in the years to come he rose superior to the torture of the Iroquois, his great soul was fortified for the ordeal not only by the Faith of Jesus Christ but even by the *noblesse oblige* of honorable descent.

Reared from childhood to mature years in the refined society of cultivated men, and trained in the best schools of his Order, John de Brébeuf had leisure in his frightful solitude to call back the memories of the past, and dwell with pardonable complacency on the prospects which he had brushed aside as if they were

trifles, and the generous friends on whom forever he had turned his back, that henceforth he might be a "leper among the lepers." Limitless forests and a wide expanse of waters stretched around or before him; his companions, an ignorant and grossly superstitious people; his food, pounded maize, and his drink, the water from the brook. It is doubtful if at any period of his life he enjoyed a more sublime repose. This soldier of the Cross was a man who rose superior to his surroundings, and if ever the temptation to recede from his voluntary post found a momentary lodgment in his heart, it was banished once and forever. When he landed in Huronia he prostrated himself and exclaimed: "*Haec requies mea: hie habitabo quoniam elegi eam*"—"This is my rest forever: here will I dwell for I have made choice of this place for my habitation," and he was faithful to his promise. After he had formed the resolution of abiding in the land there grew upon him the desire to welcome suffering and, if it was God's will, martyrdom itself.

His intimate friend, Father Chaumonot, tells us that one night when he was praying in his lonely cabin he cried aloud in the words of St. Paul: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and he heard a voice answering:

"Take the book and read."

When day dawned he opened the book, "The Imitation of Jesus Christ," at Chapter xii, Book ii, "The Royal Road of the Holy Cross." He paused, put down the book and, believing that the Holy Cross meant continued sacrifice on his part, made a vow to bear patiently with insults, injuries and with all that could in any way contribute to the glory of God. This solemn promise he renewed every morning till absolved by his glorious death. There came to him daily and

often hourly the temptation and the occasion to test the sincerity of his resolution and to try the strength of the will which registered the vow.

He visited the Hurons in their cabins, associated on friendly terms of familiarity with them, and won their esteem and affection, but could not break the chain of superstition which bound them, nor stagger their indifference, if not their contempt for his teachings. In many ways he reached their ideal of a man. He was well built, capable of enduring great hardships, and fearless in danger or in the discharge of his duty. With a savage courtesy characteristic of their meetings, they gave him a respectful hearing, but no sign of encouragement or indication of a change. "Echon," said a warrior to him one afternoon, "your customs are not ours; our people are so different from yours that it is not possible for them to have the same God." The Father was quick to perceive that a well-concealed pride and an attachment to a licentious life, wedded to superstitious practices and national prejudices, operated most powerfully in fixing them in their obstinacy. He knew that until they began to show signs of believing he told the truth there was very little hope of a great change taking place. Time, however, and the grace of God would work wonders. He continued to labor and to hope, toiling in solitude and in the straits of poverty, he visited the sick, and stayed with them until they recovered their health; the little children loved him, and all entertained a kindly feeling for him. When in time he began to master the Huron language, he walked through the village ringing a bell and summoning young and old to meet him in conference. When the Indians assembled, he explained to them the doctrines of the Church, exhorted them to repentance for their sins, and pictured the awful suf-

ferings of hell, till their hardened hearts trembled in the contemplation of what might happen after death.

"Echon," spoke a chief to him one morning, in the presence of a large assemblage, "you want us to love the Iroquois, to take only one wife and to keep her for all time, and that we must not eat the flesh of our enemies; you ask us to give up our medicine feasts and many other things. I tell you, you are asking something which we cannot do, unless your God will change us from what we are." Brébeuf replied that the grace of God was all-powerful, and He would soon give them the strength to do great things. One of his first converts was a famous war chief named Ahasistari, who, it would appear, embraced the faith under the influence of a supernatural impulse. "Before you came to this country," he said to the great missionary, "I escaped from many perils when all around me perished, and I often said to myself some powerful spirit protects me, and now I believe you were sent to me for some good end." Ahasistari was instructed and baptized, and as he was a man respected for his honesty and great courage, his example had a beneficial effect upon the others. About this time Father Brébeuf began his dictionary and grammar of the Huron language which he brought with him to the Jesuit College at Rennes. Although the priest failed to make much impression on the hardened hearts of the Hurons, he succeeded admirably in winning their affection and esteem, and when, in 1629, he was summoned to Quebec, his departure was regarded as a tribal calamity by the people with whom he had already passed two years. "Must you then leave us, Echon?" they said to him. "For the two years that you dwelt with us you have learned our language, and taught us to know the Master of Life. Already you speak our language as well

as we do, but we do not yet understand how to adore and pray to your God as you do." The priest was singularly touched by these manifestations of affection, and promised that he would again return to them.

Amid the privations and solitude of his lonely life he translated into Huron Ledesma's "Catechism of Christian Doctrine," which Champlain incorporated with the history of his voyages.

A flotilla of canoes, loaded with furs, escorted the brave priest to Quebec, which surrendered, July 20, 1629, to an English fleet, commanded by Admiral Kirke, who brought Champlain and Brébeuf with him to England, from whence they sailed for France, arriving home October 29, 1629.

CHAPTER IX

RETURN TO THE HURONS

On the 29th of March, 1632, by the terms of the treaty entered into between England and France, Canada was receded to the latter country. Emery de Caen handed to Louis Kirke the letters patent of Charles I of England, commanding Kirke to evacuate the Fort, and on the 13th July, 1632, Caen, accompanied by Fathers Paul Le Jeune and De Noue,* who sailed with him from Honfleur, entered upon possession of the city. The following year, May 23rd, Fathers Brébeuf and Masse † arrived with Champlain,

* Father De Noue, before entering the Society of Jesus, was a page at the French Court. On the 30th January, 1646, he left Three Rivers to hear the confessions of the French soldiers guarding the Fort at the mouth of the Richelieu, accompanied by two soldiers and an Indian. As the St. Lawrence was frozen solid and covered with snow, they started on snow shoes, and after traveling eighteen miles camped for the night on the shores of Lake St. Peter. Father De Noue awoke about two o'clock in the morning, and as the French soldiers with him, unaccustomed to snow shoes, were greatly fatigued, he thought, in the generosity of his nature, that he would strike out alone for the Fort and send men to assist them in carrying their baggage. He lost his way and perished from exposure. When his body was found, his hat and snow shoes lay at his side. He was in kneeling posture, his eyes open and looking up to Heaven, and his hands clasped on his breast. His body was frozen solid, and rested against the bank of snow which surrounded a circular excavation he had made. "Thus," adds Parkman, "in an act of kindness and charity died the first martyr of the Canadian Mission."

† Father Enemonde Masse, in company with Father Biard, founded in 1611 the Acadian Mission among the Micmacs. This was his second voyage to Canada. He was twenty years on the missions, and

and the Fathers began anew to cast hopeful looks to the land of the Hurons. Owing to the opposition of the Algonquins of the Ottawa, who refused passage through their country to the French traders, the missionaries were detained for some time at Quebec. The French finally purchased "right of way" through the Algonquin forests, and on July the 6th, 1634, Fathers Daniel, Davost,* and Brébeuf embarked with a party of Hurons, and, after weeks of incredible hardships, at length reached their destination. To Davost and Daniel the journey furnished a foretaste of the rude experience of their future lives among the tribes. Father Davost was abandoned among the Ottawas of Allumette after he was robbed of his baggage. Daniel was subjected to frequent volleys of brutal jest and obscene joke, which, fortunately for his peace of mind, he did not understand. Brébeuf's companions, landing near Toanché, Thunder Bay, hid their canoes in a tamarack swamp, and, plunging into the forest, left him solitary and alone in the gloom of approaching night. "After they had left me," he writes, "I fell upon my knees to thank the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph for the favors and blessings accorded me on our long voyage. I saluted the Guardian Angel of this land, and I commended myself to our Saviour, feeling sure that he would not now abandon me, since he had preserved me to the present."

died at Sillery, near Quebec, in 1646, well advanced in years. His grave was discovered in 1869, and over his sanctified remains the people of Quebec erected an imposing monument to his memory.

* Father Ambrose Davost came to Canada in 1632, with Father Daniel, and was at first appointed to the mission of St. Ann, on the Island of Cape Breton, at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We find his name also associated with Quebec and Montreal. Threatened with scurvy, he sailed for France in 1643, but died on shipboard and was buried at sea.

In the darkling woods,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Almighty solemn thanks
And supplications.

Rising from his devotions, he hid his baggage in the woods, found, after some difficulty, indications of a trail, and, after following its windings for a time, he came upon the ruins of the village of Toanché. Night was falling, and the solitary priest stood for a moment to gaze upon the few posts that were left of the rude chapel, where he had so often said mass. After some moments of meditation, he took up the trail, which led him to the village of Ihonatiria. When his arrival was made known, his former neophytes and his friends of the village rushed to welcome him. "So you have come again, Echon, my nephew, my brother, my cousin, you are with us once more. For a long time we have expected you; Echon is come again; our crops will now flourish, for he will protect them." Brébeuf was kindly entertained by Awandoay, a man of much importance in the village, with whom he remained some weeks, awaiting nervously the arrival of his priestly companions. At last they came; Father Daniel worn out with hunger and spent with fatigue; Davost famished and thin to emaciation. Awandoay received them as his guests, mass was again offered up, a "Te Deum" chanted, and for the third time the "Mission of the Hurons" was begun, never again to be interrupted till the last of the Hurons succumbed to Iroquois torture or fled for refuge to the habitations of the friendly French.

Barely taking time to recover from the fatigue of their trying experience, the Fathers began the erection of a log building to serve for chapel and residence. Then came that noble band of auxiliaries: Paul Ragueneau

neau, Pierre Chastelain, Charles Garnier, Isaac Jogues, Simon Le Moyne, Pierre Pijart, François du Peron and Joseph Le Mercier; immortal names written on the walls of the Pantheon raised to Confessors and Martyrs.

Day by day for many a weary month, in the frost of winter and the burning heat of summer, these men of God went from village to village, from hut to hut, censuring vice, correcting abuses, and, by the influence of their daily lives of charity and self-denial, subduing the savage lives of these untamed men.

Satisfied that their undeveloped minds could not understand the truth of Christianity by preaching alone the fathers supplemented authoritative teaching by pictorial representations, by music and singing, by solemn rites and by everything that would help to show what religion was without discussion. Nothing could be more apostolic than the daily lives of the missionaries.

"All their moments," writes Charlevoix, "were marked by some heroic action, by conversions or by sufferings, which they considered as a real indemnity when their labors had not produced all the fruit which they had hoped for. From the hour of four in the morning, when they rose, till eight, they generally remained within; this was the time for prayer, and the only part of the day which they had for their private exercises of devotion. At eight each went whithersoever his duty called him; some visited the sick, others walked into the fields to see those who were cultivating the earth, others repaired to the neighboring villages which were destitute of pastors. These excursions answered many good purposes, for in the first place no children, or least very few, died without baptism; even adults, who had refused to receive instruction while in health, asked to be baptized when on

their death beds. They were not proof against the ingenious and indefatigable charity of their physicians."

The missionaries lived with their spiritual children, adopted their mode of life, in so far as it was possible, shared their privations, accompanied them in their fishing and hunting expeditions, and became all to all that they might gain all for Christ. In the minds of the simple Indians many of the articles which the Fathers brought with them from Quebec excited wonder and delight. There was the compass whose needle was animated by a spirit that was never happy but when looking to the north. They addressed it in endearing terms, and puffed tobacco smoke upon it to invoke its good-will in their behalf. The mill for grinding corn they turned unceasingly, patting it the while lovingly on the sides. There was the magnifying glass that, to their astonishment, enlarged a bug till it assumed the size of a caribou. The multiplying lense which possessed the mysterious power of changing a single bead into a wampum belt, and the magnet that when breathing drew to itself a neighboring needle. But the clock which stood on the shelf in the priests' wigwam was to them an insoluble mystery, and the greatest spirit of them all. In crowds they gathered around it—warriors, chiefs, squaws, children and old men. They listened to its ticking, the beating of its heart, asked what it fed on, and did it ever sleep; and when it struck, they started in terror, as if its spirit was about to stalk through their midst. The Fathers had finally to establish regulations for the Indians, so dense became the crowd. At twelve they feasted their visitors on sagamite, and at four the doors of their wigwam were closed. When the "Captain," as they began to call the clock, struck twelve, he ordered the missionaries to "bring out the sagamite,"

and when it struck four it told the Indians "to get up and go home," a hint they were sometimes reluctant to understand. The Fathers availed themselves of these curiosities to attract the Indians, and every day for months instructed the crowds that came from far and near to see the prodigious wonders.

CHAPTER X

WARNING OF THE "CLEAR CALL"

Towards the end of the year 1635 Fathers Daniel and Davost returned to Quebec, bringing with them three boys whom they proposed to place in a Huron school, soon to be established, that some of the young Hurons might be trained in religion and the arts of life. On the Ottawa river they met Fathers Garnier and Chastelain, who had left Quebec a few days before in company with Amons, a chief of the Hurons, and embarked for the Northern missions. When the priests reached Three Rivers, Father Jogues, who had a few months before arrived from France, was there to receive them. He was amazed at the poverty and outward wretchedness of the missionaries. "They were," said he, in a letter to his mother, "barefooted and exhausted, their underclothes worn out, and their cassocks hanging in rags on their emaciated bodies; yet their faces were expressive of content and satisfaction with the life which they led, and excited in me, both by their looks and conversation, a desire to go and share with them the crosses to which the Lord attached such unction." The desire of the illustrious priest, the future martyr of the Mohawks, was soon to be gratified. A party of Huron braves, on their departure from Quebec for their forest homes, asked Jogues to accompany them; and having received per-

mission of Father Le Jeune,* Superior of the Missions of Canada, he prepared for the voyage.

It was not without a deep feeling of emotion that barefooted he took his place in the birch canoe, and with his swarthy companions began the ascent of the great river. Father Jogues, in a sense, was familiar with the difficulties of his perilous voyage, from the instructions and wise counsels addressed by Brébeuf to the Fathers at Quebec. "Easy as the journey may appear," writes this model of missionaries, "it will, however, present difficulties of a formidable nature to the heart that is not strengthened by self-denial and mortification. The activity of his Indian companions will neither shorten the portages, make smooth the rocks, nor banish danger. The voyage will take at least three or four weeks, with companions whom he perhaps never before met; he will be confined within the limit of a bark canoe, and in a position so painful and inconvenient that he will not be free to change it without exposing the canoe to the danger of being capsized, or injured on the rocks. During the day the sun will scorch him, and at night the mosquitoes will allow him no repose. After ascending six or seven rapids his only meal will be of Indian corn steeped in water, his bed will be the earth, or a jagged or uneven rock. At times the stars will be his blanket, and around him, night and day, perpetual silence."

On the eleventh of September, 1636, Jogues arrived in the village of Ihonateria, where the mission of

* Father Paul Le Jeune arrived at Quebec on the 5th of July, 1632. He was a convert from Calvinism and took an active part in the establishment of the Canadian missions. He was Superior of the Order in this country for fifteen years, and was the author of the "Relations" appearing from 1632 to 1642. It was Father Le Jeune who preached the funeral oration of Champlain. He died at the age of 72 in 1664.

St. Joseph and the residence of the Fathers. Needless to say that he was received with open arms. The summer of 1636 was an exceptionally dry one. The drought extended far and near, but seemed to have been felt more keenly in the village in which the Fathers were living and in the adjoining lands. The Indians had recourse without success to their customary expedients to invite the rain. At length a "Medicine Man" famous for his invocations was appealed to to bring down the showers; he replied that he could not, that the thunder-bird was frightened away by the flaming color of the cross planted before the "Blackgowns' " cabin. The chief of the village waited upon Brébeuf, and thus addressed him: "My nephew, we will die of famine if the rain does not come, you surely do not wish our death; take down the red cross and hide it in your cabin or sink it in the lake so that the thunder-bird will not be frightened away." The priest replied that the Author of life had died upon the cross, and that he would not remove it, adding that the cross and its color had nothing to do with the rain; he yielded so far, however, as to paint the cross white, and, the rain still holding off, the Hurons were convinced that the color of the cross had nothing to do with the drought. Father Brébeuf then called the chiefs and people together, asked them to go down upon their knees and join with him in a prayer to the Author of rain and sunshine. That evening copious showers fell, continuing the whole night, and when morning broke the effect was greater than all the sermons the Fathers had delivered during their stay among the Hurons.

Appearances were now assuming a fair complexion, and, while the Jesuits had made comparatively few converts they were permitted to baptize the dying chil-

dren, and to their discourses a more patient hearing was given, when there happened an event which proved almost disastrous to them and their mission. A contagious and mysterious epidemic attacked the tribes and swept off large numbers, and the Hurons, who were of an inconstant and fickle nature, began again to charge the Fathers with being the authors of their misfortune. They claimed that in the cabin of the priests was hidden a dead body which was the cause of all their misery, and that the great number of children, warriors and women who were attacked and died every day was the awful effect of the sorceries of the priests. The missionaries, they said, stabbed a child to death in the woods with awls. Others believed that a hideous serpent or some other animal, whose breath spread pestilence, was hidden in a barrel in the priests' cabin. They ordered the clock to be stopped, saying that every time it struck it marked the death of a Huron. Even the weather vane on the house of the priests excited their suspicion, for to whatever direction it pointed it meant death to the sick. A painting in the chapel, representing the suffering of the damned, alarmed them; the flames were the burning fever which devoured their dying, and the demons, monsters that held them in the throes of disease until they were dead. If similar accusations were brought against one of their own "Medicine Men," a blow of a hatchet would have emphasized the charge, but the fear of offending the French in Quebec stayed the hand of the assassin. Moreover, the missionaries were to them extraordinary men, and even after death might revenge themselves upon the tribe. The alarm deepened in intensity every day, and Brébeuf, dreading that these accusations and calumnies would end disastrously to the mission, entered on a bold course. He summoned a meet-

ing of the chiefs, declaring that he had an important communication to lay before them.

The chiefs and warriors assembled in the open, and Father Brébeuf entering presented each with a gift of tobacco. Then, when the customary formalities were over, he rose to speak, and with Huron gestures and eloquence unfolded before them a picture of the daily lives of the priests, their disinterestedness, and their reasons for dwelling with them.

"Have we not left our country, our friends and relations, in order to dwell with you, to instruct you, to teach you to love and serve the Great Spirit, so that you may escape the punishment of the damned, and merit the reward of eternal happiness?" He recalled to their memories the sacrifices the priests had made in their behalf, their zeal for their welfare and their devotion to their sick during the contagion. He was heard with attention, and was gaining their sympathy when suddenly a warrior broke in and invited the chiefs to a feast. A Huron was never yet known to resist an invitation to a meal, and before Brébeuf could finish his discourse they were all gone.

The plague continued, and as it threatened to become a national calamity, a general council was summoned, to which Brébeuf was invited. He was advised by a friend that things had assumed a very threatening complexion. Twenty-eight towns were represented at this council, at which the priests were publicly charged with sorcery and the authors of the calamity that had fallen upon the nation. No one had the courage or the will to speak in their behalf. Brébeuf rose, claiming his right to be heard as an invited guest, and began to reply to their charges. Above the commotion, the discordant noises and protestations caused by his hardihood, Brébeuf's voice rose, brand-

ing their accusations as calumnies. "You are a liar," said one, "a sorcerer, and you ought to be killed." "If you do not believe me," said the man of God with characteristic coolness, "send some one to our cabin, search it throughout, and if you think I am deceiving you, take our things and throw them into the lake."

He then explained to them that the pest was a contagious disease, and spread itself according to the laws of nature. Then, with a hardihood bordering on temerity, he claimed that God was punishing them for their sins. The meeting lasted until midnight and broke up without taking any action. Upon leaving the tent, an old warrior shouted out, "If some one would split your head, none of us would regret it." Night was settling on the land, and already darkness was slowly shrouding tent and cabin when Brébeuf moved out into the open. From the festal lodge came the croaking gutturals of the host boasting his valorous deeds to the applauding "hos!—bravos" of his gluttonous guests. The priest passed on through a noisy crowd of men and squaws, screeching children and chattering old hags. Knots of young warriors, their faces dark with dejection and terror, shot hatred at him from under scowling brows. Whispering groups of Huron maidens gazed after him as a man doomed to death. Brébeuf, buried in serious thought, strode onward when, as he passed a lodge on the outskirts of the village, a moan, as of a man in agony, awoke him from his reveries. He stopped to listen, and, as he did so, to his feet there rolled a trunkless head—as cleanly severed from the body as if by the knife of the guillotine. The priest turned, and was confronted by a tall, lanky savage, coolly wiping with his thumb and finger the blood from his hatchet. Believing the savage had taken another for himself, Brébeuf, with char-

acteristic intrepidity, addressed him, "Did you intend that blow for me?" he calmly asked. "No," answered the other, "you may pass on, this man was a miserable sorcerer and I thought it was time for him to leave the country." Brébeuf returned to his priestly companions, doubting the truth of the Wyandot's speech. The storm, however, had not passed over.

An attempt was made to burn the cabin of the missionaries, and a band of young warriors of the Bear tribe, in secret session, determined to kill them as soon as the elders would leave for the autumn fishing. Late in the month of October the missionaries received orders to appear in person before another council, hastily called. "Come quickly," said the messenger, "for you are dead men."

The Fathers had already prepared for the summons. They knew the temper of the Hurons, who might at any hour open graves for them, and the night before the messenger darkened their door they passed in prayer and salutary council. Believing their martyrdom was near, Father Brébeuf, on behalf of all present, addressed to Paul Le Jeune, the Superior of the Order residing in Quebec, the letter we insert as a testimony of their great faith and heroic courage:

"We are, perhaps, on the point of shedding our blood and sacrificing our lives in the service of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. It seems that in His goodness He wishes to accept the sacrifice from me in expiation of my great and innumerable sins, and to crown from this hour my past services and the great and glorious deeds of all our Fathers who are here. What makes me think that this will not take place is on account of my innumerable sins, which render me altogether unworthy of so wonderful a favor, and, more-

over, I do not believe that God will permit His laborers to be killed, since, by His grace, there are here some good souls who ardently accept the seed of the gospel, notwithstanding the slanders and persecutions of those around us. But, also, I fear that Divine justice, seeing the obstinacy with which these savages adhere to their follies, will not permit them to murder us who, with all our hearts, wish to secure for them the life of their souls. Be that as it may, I will say that all our Fathers await the result with great peace and calmness of mind. Thus with all sincerity, I can say to your Reverence, that not one among us has any fear of death. Nevertheless, we all feel keenly for these unfortunate savages, who have deliberately closed against themselves the door of grace and instruction. No matter how they may deal with us, we will try, with God's grace, to accept our sufferings patiently for His sake. It is, indeed, a singular favor to be permitted to suffer anything or endure pain for love of Him. We now, indeed, appreciate the honor He has conferred upon us, in choosing us for His disciples. When, from among hundreds of others, He selected us to come to this country and bear with Him His cross, He conferred a great blessing upon us. May His holy will in all things be done. If it be His will that we should die, the hour of our death will be a blessed one for us. But, if He should preserve us to labor in His service, we are satisfied, since we know that it is His will. If you should hear that God has crowned our labors, or rather our desires with martyrdom, return thanks to Him, for it is for Him we wish to live and die, for from Him comes all grace. I have given instructions what to do in case any of us should survive. I have advised our Fathers and our assistants to return home if they believe it to be for the best. I have ordered that the

things which belong to the altar be left in the care of Peter, our first convert, and that particular care be taken to preserve the dictionary and whatever writings remain on the Huron Language. As for me, if God will grant me the grace to enter heaven, I will pray to Him for those poor Hurons, and will not forget your Reverence. Finally, we beg of you and of the other Fathers to remember us in your prayers, and, particularly, when offering the holy sacrifice, so that, in life and death, God will have mercy upon us.

"We remain, in time and in eternity,

"Your very humble and affectionate servants in J. C.,

"Jean de Brébeuf,
"Francis Joseph Le Mercier,
"Pierre Chastelain,
"Charles Garnier,
"Paul Ragueneau.

"From the Residence de Conception, at Ossossané, this 28th day of October, 1637.

"Fathers Peter Pijart and Isaac Jogues, who are now at the Mission of St. Joseph, feel as we do in this matter."

A singular custom obtained among the Hurons from time immemorial. Every warrior, when death was near, invited his relatives, his friends, and even his executioners, to a farewell feast, which was known among them as *Atrataion*. It marked a defiance of death, and was supposed to give to the living an example of bravery on the part of the dying man. Brébeuf, believing he and his priestly companions were already doomed to death, deemed it advisable to conform to this custom. He wished to give an example of Christian charity, more powerful than death and

stronger than hate, and to convince them that the "Black Robes" were as brave as themselves, since they voluntarily surrendered themselves to those who were clamoring for their lives. On occasions of this kind, the host, instead of partaking of food, entered upon a recital of the valorous deeds and brave actions in which he had figured, the guests meantime devouring his substance and shouting out their applause. Father Brébeuf, disdaining to allude to the heroism of his life, spoke of God and the hereafter. During his whole discourse not one word of cheer escaped the lips of his savage audience. A mournful silence had settled down upon them, and as the priest spoke on, one by one, they vanished. Brébeuf and his brother priests, "doomed to death, yet fated not to die," returned to the mission house at Ossossané, where they prepared themselves for the sacrifice. The next day passed, night came on, and morning broke again, finding them prostrate on their knees, and offering to God the sacrifice of their lives. Hour after hour they lived in momentary expectation that the "clear call" would surely come, and yet the messenger of death tarried. The Hurons, for some unaccountable reason, laid down the murderous hatchet, and it was never again lifted against the Jesuits by a national council.

CHAPTER XI

"FEAST OF THE DEAD"

On the evening of the 31st December, 1637, the moon shone with unusual splendor, when presently it was seen to apparently fade from the heavens, and darkness settled down on the Huron towns. Suddenly, and as if overcome with awe and fear, the inhabitants of Ossossané gathered around the priests' wigwam, and summoned Brébeuf to appear. "Echon," said one of the chiefs, "thou hast spoken the truth; thou art very powerful, and know the future that is hidden from us." Father Brébeuf announced the lunar phenomenon some time before, told them of the signs that would accompany it, its commencement, its duration, and its end. Everything happened as he predicted, and the Hurons, stupefied with amazement, believed that the missionaries were in league with supernal powers, and therefore worthy of respect in the eyes of all. At a council which was convened the following day, Father Brébeuf was gazetted a captain of the tribe, a singular and distinguished honor, and permission was given him and his companions to carry on their work of teaching whenever and wherever they pleased. But even after this promise, while no tribal action was taken against them, there were occasional individual attempts on their lives from which they escaped as if by a miracle. One day at Ossossané Father du Peron was flung to the ground by a young warrior who lifted

his tomahawk to brain him, when a woman standing by rushed to his rescue and saved his life. The admirable self-possession of Father Ragueneau on one occasion saved him from death. A pagan Huron, thinking that the little skull which was attached to the cross pendent from his beads was a dangerous amulet, snatched the crucifix from the breast of the priest. The Father closed with him, determined to save the crucifix from profanation, and the savage, breaking away, glared at him ferociously, and brandished his tomahawk to lay open his skull. Ragueneau stood in his tracks, sternly looked him in the eye, as if daring him to strike, and the Huron, awed by his wondrous self-possession, recoiled, conquered by the fearlessness of the priest.

Another day Father Le Mercier * was addressing a number of savages in a wigwam in the village of St. Louis when suddenly a chief of some importance entered, and began to overwhelm him with reproaches and insults. Infuriated by the calmness and silence of the priest, he snatched a burning torch, and, hurling it at him, exclaimed, "Some day we will burn you alive." Le Mercier met the torch and the insult without moving from his position, till the Indian, marvelling at his fortitude, withdrew in silence. There were now nine priests on the Huron missions, viz., Fathers Brébeuf, Le Mercier, Chastelain, Garnier, Jogues, Ragueneau, Daniel, Davost, Pijart, and Chaumonot. Of these nine, six were destined to die martyrs' deaths.

* Father Francis Le Mercier arrived in Quebec in 1635, and almost immediately proceeded to the Huron missions. He received the title of Chaumose from the Hurons. He was for six years Superior of the Canadian missions, went on a visit to the Onondagas, and wrote an exceedingly interesting relation of his stay among them. On returning to France, he was sent to the West Indies, and died a most holy death. Father Le Mercier was the author of many of the "Relations of the Jesuits," and was held in reverential respect and esteem, not only for his exalted virtues, but also for his scholarship and practical common sense.

neau,* du Peron, Le Moyne and Jerome Lalemant, who acted as Superior. Five were stationed at Ossossané, and four, having at their head Father Brébeuf, dwelt at Teanaustayae, who likewise attended to the mission of St. Michael and St. Ignatius. In the meantime Father Brébeuf completed his dictionary and grammar.

In this year, 1638, the Fathers took the census of the Huron country. It was late in the autumn, and the Indians had returned from their hunting and fishing expeditions. Two by two the missionaries traveled from one end of the land to the other, taking note of the number of villages, counting the people and making topographical maps. On returning, they compared notes, and the results showed 32 villages, 700 lodges, 2,000 fires, and 12,000 persons, who cultivated the soil, fished the streams, and hunted in the surrounding woods. The population since Champlain's time, forty years before, had dwindled by repeated wars and murderous epidemics to less than one-half.† In this year occurred the decennial "Burial of the Dead," when, from all parts of Huronia, the tribes and

* Father Paul Ragueneau came to Canada in 1636, and left for the Huron country in the following year, where he remained until 1650, when he returned to Quebec as leader of the miserable remnant of the Hurons, who had taken refuge on Christian Island. For sixteen years after his return he devoted himself to the conversion of the Iroquois and the wandering Hurons. He returned to France, and died at Paris, 3rd September, 1680, at the age of 75 years. He wrote the Relations of 1649, 1650, 1651 and 1652.

† The map which Father Brébeuf made of the country was unfortunately lost, but, in all probability, the one drawn by Father Ducreux in 1660, and inserted in his "History of Canada," published in 1664, was a duplicate of Father Brébeuf's. It is hard to understand why Charlevoix ignored the existence of Ducreux's map. Belin's chart, which Charlevoix inserts in his valuable work, is defective, and leaves out the Huron towns marked on the miniature chart, which is the complement to Ducreux's.

families came together with the bones of their dead for final interment. Father Brébeuf, who was present at this great cantonal burial, has left us a detailed description. "Our Indians," he writes, "in the duties and respect towards the dead and in the decency they observe in the practices held sacred in the country, are not behind many of our civilized nations. One would think that the labor they engaged in and the traffic they undertook were done to acquire the means wherewith to pay distinguished honor to their dead. Prodigious quantities of furs, hatchets and wampum, and, in fact, the wealth of the country are gathered for years for this great burial ceremonial. I have seen many of them go almost naked, even in winter, while hanging in their tents were valuable furs which they were reserving as presents for their dead."

Among the Hurons there were two kinds of burials, the one temporary and of a private nature, at which only assisted the members of the family and intimate friends of the deceased; the other, which took place every ten or twelve years, was communal and final, and was the homage the whole nation paid to those who had died in the meantime. When the funeral was private, the dead Indian was wrapped in furs and enclosed in a bark coffin; then, amid tears and lamentations, the body was borne to the burial place. Here already had been prepared an aerial platform supported on four posts, where the body remained until the "feast of the dead." Some families preferred the earth to the scaffold, and brought their dead to the margin of a stream, where they

"Prepared the hollow tomb, and placed him low,
His trusty bow and arrow by his side;
For long the journey is that he must go,
Without a partner and without a guide."

The communal burial was a national event of supreme importance and, for many weeks before the great day of entombment, was hourly discussed in every canton and wigwam. The frontier villages were the first to move. The bones of the dead were reverently cleaned, polished and tied in family bundles. All was done silently and sorrowfully, and when the order went forth to begin the march for the "Home of the Dead," each family carrying the bones of its own dead entered upon its spectral march. The beaten path deepened and darkened entering the forest; the men in single file strode to the front, the women, freighted with their dead, followed their husbands, sons or brothers, breathing plaintive sighs or melancholy regret for the departed. Here and there where the sun's beams penetrated where fire had thinned the forest, or the moon's light shone down upon the melancholy procession, the weird figures were outlined in ghostly prominence as if the souls of their dead returned and took spectral form.

On the night before the burial the forest was ablaze with family fires, and the woods were filled with mourning. Half-naked figures passed from fire to fire, stood boldly outlined in the glare or vanished into darkness.

The great burial pit had been opened that morning and young warriors were now lining its floor and sides with furs of the bear, the moose and the wapiti, sacredly treasured for the great mortuary rite. More were occupied constructing the elevated bridge spanning the huge grave and from which, on the morrow, each tribal orator would vaunt the valor of the dead of his own clan, their prowess in the chase, the foes they had conquered and the scalps they had raised.

When the lining of the deep trench was completed the families of every clan advanced in order and de-

posited on its margins the offerings to their dead and the articles necessary for the soul's wandering in the Spirit Land. Hatchets, arrow-heads, carved pipes, belts of wampum, collars and bracelets fashioned of shells and porcupine, and kettles ready to be slung, lay piled up in family heaps.

"Why do you," asked Father Brébeuf of a Huron, "entomb with your dead all these valuable furs and articles?"

"Why," answered the Wyandot, "that the dead may have them to use in the Spirit World. The bodies of pots, knives, hatchets and of the rest remain in the graves with the bones, but the souls of these things are now with the souls of the dead, and in the Spirit World the souls of our warriors make use of them."

When the preparatory ceremonies were completed, the burial took place the following day with appropriate and prolonged mortuary rites. The bundles were delivered and deposited in orderly arrangement by famous warriors appointed for the office. The bones received their final interment and were never again disturbed. Over all a covering of precious furs was spread; the grave filled in and, to save it from profanation by wolves, heavy stones were heaped upon it, and a staked fence of cedar uprights built around it. The dead had now for a certainty entered the "Spirit Land" far beyond the setting sun. They had gone

> "To the islands of the Blessed,
> To the kingdom of Ponemah,
> To the land of the hereafter,"

and where, according to their deserts, they received their rewards or punishments.

CHAPTER XII

THE TOBACCO NATION—THE SCOURGE

It was, from the beginning, the decision of the Fathers to open permanent missions in the principal Huron towns, but when the epidemic decimated the village of Ihonateria, and compelled its inhabitants to seek another and healthier locality, the missionaries divided themselves between the town of Ossossané, which they called "Conception," and that of Teanaustayae, to which they gave the name of "St. Joseph," in memory of their first mission at Ihonateria. The establishment of these two missions, however, did not equal their expectations, nor were they sufficient for the wants of the country. They became satisfied that a permanent and central residence, isolated from the Huron towns, and which would serve as their headquarters for northern Canada, was a necessity. They chose a solitary piece of ground northeast of the Huron peninsula, on the banks of what is now known as the River Wye, overlooking the site of the present town of Penetanguishene. A chain of buildings, including a large chapel, an extensive residence and a hospital, built on solid stone foundations, rose in the midst of the country of the Attasonchronons, who beheld with astonishment and delight the growth of those wondrous buildings that would never stop till they pierced the clouds. When the series of buildings was completed they dedicated them to the Blessed Virgin,

under the title of "Residence Sainte Marie." The Fathers had already visited every Huron town, and were in most of them hospitably received and invited to return. It cannot be said that their success was commensurate with their hopes, but with a sublime confidence in God, and a constancy as heroic as it was admirable, they continued their missionary labors. The wisdom of their action in establishing this residence now became apparent. New missions were opened, converts began to increase, and hope dawned anew for these devoted men.

Among the mountains, at the head of Nottawassaga Bay, forty-eight hours' journey from the Huron towns, dwelt the Tionnontates, known to the French as Petuns or the Tobacco nation, from the large quantities of tobacco raised by them for their own consumption and for trade with neighboring tribes. In the month of November, 1639, Fathers Jogues and Garnier, unable to obtain a guide among the Hurons, fearlessly plunged into the forest, and, after three days and nights of incredible hardships, entered at eight o'clock in the evening the first Tobacco town.

> They went forth,
> Strengthened to suffer—gifted to subdue
> The might of human passion—to pass on
> Quietly to the sacrifice of all
> The lofty hopes of manhood, and to turn
> The high ambition written on their brow,
> From the first dream of power and human fame."

Long before the coming of the priests the Petuns had heard from Huron visitors that the pest which had fallen on the Hurons and destroyed Ihonateria and its people was the result of the incantations of the "Black Sorcerers," as the Jesuits were known to them.

When the two priests stood on the margin of their village, boldly outlined against the northern sky, terror took possession of them all. They fled to their cabins, screaming that the demons of "Famine and Pest" were here to blight them. The door of every wigwam was closed against the priests, and nothing but the feeling of fear and awe which their presence excited saved them from the deadly blow of the tomahawk. From town to town they traveled, loaded with curses and maledictions, unable to obtain a hearing, and on every side meeting with scowling brows and murderously furtive looks. The children, as they passed, cried with fear, and from out the cabins came the pleading of the squaws, appealing to the young braves to lay open their heads. The priests bore a charmed life. But finding that the time had not come to establish a permanent mission among the Petuns, they sorrowfully returned to Sainte Marie. "Nowhere," adds Parkman, "is the power of courage, faith and unflinching purposes more strikingly displayed than in the mission of these two priests." Their visit was not, however, barren of results. They became familiar with the journey, learned something of the habits of the people, and prepared the way for Father Charles Garnier, who, the following year, took up his abode with the tribe, and established in one of their towns the mission of the Apostles.

In 1641 a deputation of Chippewas, representing the great Algonquin nation, came down from the shores of Lake Superior to visit some of their countrymen, and take part in the "Feast of the Dead" of the Nipissing tribe. The tribe, now visited by the Ottawas, dwelt for some time on the margin of the Huron country, with whose people they were on terms of familiarity. Father Charles Raymbault, who spoke their

language fluently, visited them from time to time, and had already made many converts among them. On the 17th September, 1641, accompanied by Father Jogues, he returned with the Ottawa flotilla and spent some weeks with the tribe, whose villages were planted at Sault Ste. Marie and in its neighborhood. The two priests were the first Europeans that ever passed through the Sault and stood on the shore of the great Northern Lake. "Thus did the religious zeal of the French," writes Bancroft, commenting on the faith and daring of the priests, "bear the cross to the bank of the St. Marys and the confines of Lake Superior, and look wistfully towards the homes of the Sioux in the valley of the Mississippi, five years before the New England Eliot had addressed the tribe of Indians that dwelt within six miles of Boston harbor." The Sachems of the Ottawas invited the Jesuits to dwell among them; but the time was not yet ripe for the establishment of a fixed mission, and the Fathers returned to St. Marys on the Wye.

The constancy and courage of the human heart were, perhaps, never put to a severer trial than that which the Fathers experienced when the small-pox broke out among the tribes. Some Hurons, who were returning from Quebec at the beginning of autumn, tarried for awhile with an Algonquin horde, which a short time before was ravaged by the small-pox. On the return of the Hurons to their own country, one of them fell a victim to the dread plague, and it soon became a fatal legacy that visited every tribe and almost every family.

The filthy habits of the Indians, the offal and garbage of the camp, that lay reeking around every wigwam, invited disease, and, as a result, their bodies offered a rich pasturage for the epidemics that periodically fed upon them. Whole villages, while the

plague lasted, were more like charnal-houses than homes of living men; and day after day, for many a dreary month, men, women and children, from whose bones the flesh was rotting, sank under the accumulation of their sufferings. The Fathers explained to them the nature of the disease, insisting that, if they wished to save themselves, they must separate the sick from those who were still healthy. The Hurons paid no attention to their advice. The plague continued to spread from village to village, and threatened the destruction of the nation. The Fathers, seeing their councils despised, flung themselves heart and soul into the infected villages, and gave to the Hurons examples of self-denial and contempt of danger that elicited their surprise and aroused their suspicions. The most elementary precautions were neglected by the Indians, and, notwithstanding the devoted efforts of the missionaries, great numbers perished. The heroism of the priests in these trying ordeals provoked the astonishment of the Hurons, whose stubborn natures yielded but to miracles of self-denial and contempt of danger. With all the patience and tenderness of Sisters of Charity, they went from wigwam to wigwam, instructing some, consoling others, baptizing those who would receive the sacrament, and to all bringing consolation and relief. The sufferings they endured and the hardships they encountered may be learned from the letters filed among the archives of their Order. Even the indomitable Brébeuf, whose chivalric nature rose superior to complaint, wrote to his Superior in France, "Let those who come here come well provided with patience and charity, for they will become rich in troubles—but where will the laboring ox go, if he does not draw the plough; and if he does not draw the plough, how can there be a harvest?"

The Hurons, in their despair, unable to account for the persistence of the disease, or to understand its widespread diffusion, began to charge the missionaries with being the authors of their misfortune. "This disease," they said, "first appeared near the stone wigwam. They themselves go everywhere among the sick without catching it; surely they bring it with them, and spread it around among us. Our only hope is to kill them." The old men and the "Medicine Men" charged the Fathers with being the cause of their affliction. The chanting of the litanies, and the ceremonies of the mass were incantations casting a malign spell on the crops and people, paralyzing the arm of the brave in war, and destroying the swiftness of the hunter in the chase. The threats of violence, which at first were only heard in whispers, were now publicly proclaimed, and from threats they proceeded to acts. "They have visited us in bands," writes Father Lalemant, "entered armed into our tents, as if to attack some one. They have already torn down the cross which was on the house. Many of them have lain in wait for us secretly on the road, intending to kill us. They have snatched from us our crucifixes, which we carry when visiting the sick, and some of the Fathers, who endeavored to baptize the dying, have been badly beaten. Still none of us yet have suffered death."

During this time Father Brébeuf, who, with Father Chastelain,* had charge of the mission of St. Joseph,

* Father Peter Chastelain arrived in Canada in 1636. He met a Huron flotilla at Three Rivers, and arrived at Huronia in 1637. The Hurons, unable to pronounce the French names, gave to each Father an Indian one. Father Chastelain was known among them as "Arioo," Father Daniel as "Anwennen," Charles Garnier they called "Waracha," Francis du Peron, "Anonchiara;" Jerome Lalemant, "Achiendasse;" Jogues, "Ondessone;" Paul Ragueneau, "Aondechete," and Simon Le Moyne, "Wane."—Relation, 1639, p. 53. Father

was subjected to petty annoyances and, at times, to cruel treatment. When he moved through the village, he was stoned and beaten, but this abuse seemed only to increase his zeal. "He neglects," says Father Lalemant, "no opportunity of helping these unfortunate people, both in soul and body. The food which he required for his own nourishment he brought to those who were sick, his thanks very often were insults, frequently carried to blows. They say that he is the most powerful and dangerous of the French sorcerers, and that he is the primary cause of the plague which is now destroying them." In proportion to the insults and abuse heaped upon him the soul of Brébeuf rose superior to insult and suffering. He knew neither discouragement nor hesitation and so long as he felt that he was doing something for the souls of these unhappy people, he was consoled in his afflictions. The dangers of infection from the plague were trivial compared to the peril of the tomahawk. Brébeuf and his companions, in solemn council of the Sachems, were condemned to death, and were only saved, as they piously believed, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph.

Amid all the dangers and threats which confronted them in these days of peril, the Fathers were sustained by an unquenchable zeal and a holy enthusiasm that conquered all natural fears. When Brébeuf heard that the sentence of death was passed upon them, he strode fearlessly into the council-house, and, to the amazement of the chiefs, demanded to be heard. He was master of their language; and, being naturally elo-

Chastelain had charge of the missions of St. Louis and St. Denis. He accompanied the Hurons in their flight to Christian Island, and descended with them to Quebec, when they fled to that city. The Relations make no further mention of him.

quent, harangued the assembly in words so forcible and persuasive as to obtain a reversal of the sentence passed upon the Fathers. The plague spent itself in a short time, and with it died out all bitterness against the missionaries.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ATTIWANDARONS

At the time that the Jesuit Fathers had established their missions among the Hurons, the desolation of forest extending from their frontier town to the Niagara river and beyond was occupied by one of the most powerful tribes of the great Canadian wilderness. The peninsular land stretching between lakes Erie and Ontario, and lying to the south of a line drawn from Toronto to Goderich, was at intervals dotted with their villages. No part of the American continent furnished a more healthy or luxuriant growth of staple timbers. The great American pine, reaching to the height of sixty or seventy feet, yielded large quantities of gum that served the Indian for seaming his canoe, and dressing his wounds and sores. Cedars, firs and spruce grew side by side with the tamarack and hemlock. All over were to be found magnificent growths of maple, birch, beech, and linden or basswood. The oak, ash and elm, with the walnut tree and swamp maple, furnished a safe retreat for a variety of wild animals that have long since disappeared.

Aspens of all sorts, on which the beavers fed, basswood that furnished valuable wood for preserving the Indian grain, and a species of hemp, out of which he made his ropes, grew at convenient distances from each village. Chestnuts, mulberry and hazel trees grew side by side with the elder, hawthorn and plum. Wil-

lows and alders drooped over the winding streams. Wild fruit trees of vast variety, gooseberry, currant and other fruit-producing bushes covered the sides of the sloping hills. The raspberry, strawberry, and blackberry plants and wild vines, rich in their wealth of grapes, furnished to the Indians in season abundance and variety of savage luxuries. Through this rank and luxuriant growth of timber, vine, bush and plant, there roamed countless numbers of animals of great variety and many species. Here, in their native forest, roamed the elk, caribou and black bear; deer, wolves, foxes, martens and wild cats filled the woods; the porcupine, groundhog, hares of different species, squirrels of great variety, including the almost extinct flying-squirrel, were everywhere. Every stream gave hospitable shelter to the beaver, the otter and the musk-rat, while weasels, moles and field mice burrowed almost under every tree. Snakes of various kinds, lizards of different hues, frogs innumerable, added to the life and variety of this wondrous land. Their lakes, ponds and rivers were alive with swans, brant geese, wild geese, cranes, ducks, teal, divers of innumerable kinds, ernes, bitterns, herons, white pelicans, trumpeter swans.

Birds of varied plumage, the eagle, the wild turkey and different kinds of partridge filled the woods. Enormous flocks of wild pigeons, starlings, thrushes, robins and ortolans darkened the heavens; swallows, martins, jays and magpies, owls of different species, humming birds innumerable, and myriads of plover and snipe added variety and life to a land already rich in everything that could tempt the covetousness of man. The streams, rivers and lakes furnished a vast variety of fishes, on which the cormorant and gull feasted with the indigenous savage. Such was the

land, and such the opulence of animal and vegetable life that lay in the possession and ownership of the great Neutral tribe.

To their Indian countrymen at a distance, the members of this tribe were known as the Attiwandarons, but were called Neutrals by the French. They were of the parent stock of the Huron-Iroquois, speaking, with dialectic variations, the same language, and wedded to many of the same customs. In the almost perpetual and always relentless wars between the Iroquois and the Hurons the Attiwandarons took no part. They held aloof, claiming to be friends of both parties, unwilling to give assistance to one, fearing to give offense to the other. When by accident or otherwise, members of the contending factions met in the villages of the Neutrals, they were held to keep the peace, and any violation of the pact was looked upon as a gross breach of hospitality. They numbered in the neighborhood of twenty or thirty thousand souls, and when in 1630, before their league with the Petuns, the Hurons could only call into action two thousand men, Sagard tells us the Neutrals could muster six thousand braves. As late as 1640, notwithstanding that for three years they suffered severely from war, famine and sickness, they were able to send into the field four thousand fighting men. They were a sedentary people, living in villages, which were constructed with considerable skill. Their cabins, which were built from ash or elm bark and covered with cedar, were high and roomy. The men cut down the trees and cleared the land for sowing, while the women did the seeding, weeding, reaping and harvesting. Like the Tionnontates of the Huron league, the Neutrals were famous for the large amount and superior quality of tobacco which they raised for home consumption, and for trade with other nations.

They were, physically, the finest class of Indians on the American continent, tall, straight and well built, remarkable for their endurance and activity, and, as a body, so free from any deformity that Daillon states, during his stay among them he did not notice a single lame, hunchbacked or deformed person. They were inveterate gamesters, and so possessed were they with the passion for gambling, that it was not uncommon for parties of fifty or sixty to continue at the games for days and nights, unbroken by food or rest, till the challenged or challenging party had lost everything in its possession, and returned home, frequently in the midst of winter, with not even a shred to cover their nakedness. In summer the men wore only moccasins and the loin cloth or brayer; they tattooed their bodies with powdered charcoal; many of their chiefs and leading warriors underwent the trying ordeal of tattooing with fixed pigments from head to foot; snakes, worms, animals, monstrosities of every conceivable nature ornamented, or disfigured, their persons. In winter they clothed themselves in skins of beasts, but, winter or summer, they wore no covering on their heads. They dressed their hair each according to his own peculiar whim, but they never attempted to curl it, and held in contempt the man who, even by the accident of nature, had curled hair.

The women always wore their hair drooping full upon the back, and men and women frequently smeared their heads and bodies with oil. They were a ferocious people, given over to every form of licentiousness, but, while polygamy was not condemned among them, it was not customary to have more than one wife. Yet in the gratification of their brutal passions and desires they were shameless. Ferocious and valorous, they were continually at war with the Mas-

coutins, or Nation of Fire, whom they eventually destroyed as a people. With the Iroquois, their ferocity extended to the burning and mutilation of female prisoners, a practice which, to the honor of the North American Indian, was universally condemned. They were inveterate smokers, and when they were told by the French that smoking was almost unknown among the men of their country, they expressed extraordinary surprise. Each warrior carried a small bag around his neck, which was known as the "medicine bag," and contained one or two objects or charms, which he treated with superstitious reverence. When suffering from colds or kindred ailments they had recourse to the vapor bath. Six or seven at a time would shut themselves up, back to back, in a sweat-house, having already built a fire and placed vessels of water at a convenient distance; large stones were then heated in the fire, water poured on them, and the steam arising produced copious perspiration.

Their principal food was meat and Indian corn, out of which they made a palatable dish called *sagamite*. Bread, wine, salt, vegetables and spices were unknown. They were a gluttonous people, who, when not on the war-trail or hunting, were continually feasting. A feast was given on the slightest excuse, and one of these, of a superstitious nature called by the French "*festin-a-mangé toute,*" demanded that every man should eat all that was put before him, and it was frequently a very large amount. As a result, the digestive organs of many of them were seriously and permanently impaired. It is a singular fact that among them, as among most of the tribes of North America, parents were held in great respect by their children.

They were excessively fond of dancing, which par-

took more of the nature of rhythmic stamping than studied movement. In their war and scalp dances their fiendish passions found expression in violent gesture, loud shouting, triumphant song and barbarous feasting, which were prolonged for many days. Their senses reached a development of acuteness and sharpness truly wonderful. They could see objects and perceive the smoke of an enemy's camp where there was nothing to be observed by a white man. Their touch was peculiarly sensitive, and their organs of smell developed to a perfection second only to that of animals. Such was their intuitive knowledge of localities and places that it might be said they possessed a sixth sense, for if a Neutral was five hundred miles away from his home, surrounded by a dense wilderness of forest, lake and stream, he would make straight for his village through the pathless wood. Their power of endurance almost surpasses belief, and they frequently bore fire, heat or cold without complaint. It was not exceptional for a Neutral to abstain from food for twelve or fourteen days to propitiate some *oki* or spirit, and such was their contempt for suffering that even a woman would be despised who complained of pain.

Eloquence was held in high repute, and their orators had developed powers of memory and expression that excited at times the astonishment of the French. Woman, alas! held the same position of inferiority among them as among all the tribes of the American continent. As a girl she was a harlot, and when married became a drudge. She molded the earthen pots, spun twine from hemp, wove the rush mats and made fishing nets. She extracted the oil from fish and the sunflower, embroidered moccasins with quills of hedgehog, tilled the fields and bore the burdens of the chase. Divorce was a matter of caprice or agreement, and it

was not unusual for a Neutral woman to have five or six husbands in succession.

The first authentic mention of this powerful body of warriors we find in Champlain's writings, when he tells us that in 1616, when he visited the Hurons, the Neutrals were at war with the Mascoutins, whose tribal lands extended eastwardly to the Detroit River. This tribe, known to the French as the "Nation of Fire," the Neutrals eventually destroyed. The friendly reception and hospitality extended by the Neutrals to a fugitive band of Hurons after the ruin and dispersion of that unhappy people excited the wrath of the Iroquois, who for some time were impatiently waiting for a pretext to declare war. In 1650 the Iroquois sent twelve hundred warriors into the Neutral territory. They captured two of their frontier towns, one of which contained a population of sixteen hundred souls, took a great number of prisoners and slaughtered the old people and children. The Neutrals retaliated, killing two hundred Mohawks and Senecas. The Iroquois, when they learned of the death of their warriors, threw fifteen hundred men into the enemy's country, stormed one of the chief towns, having a population of two thousand souls, and made it a slaughter house. They returned with troops of captives reserved for torture or adoption. This battle led to the ruin of the Neutral nation. The other towns took fright and scattered in all directions. They abandoned their cornfields and villages in the wildest terror, dispersed themselves in the forests, crossed lakes and rivers in search of food, and thousands perished from starvation and exposure. Some of them found their way to Montreal and became Christians, others were adopted by the Senecas, where Father Fremin found them in 1669, and a few were incorporated with the Andastes.

CHAPTER XIV

MISSION TO THE NEUTRALS

On the 2nd of November, 1640, John de Brébeuf and Joseph Chaumonot left the village of Teanaustayae to announce the gospel of salvation to the great Neutral tribe. The bourg from which they took their departure was situated in the present township of Medonte. When the Fathers became sufficiently numerous to spare one or two from their number, Fathers Daniel and Chabanel were told off for this town and opened the mission of St. Joseph. From this bourg, doomed to destruction in a few years at the hands of the Iroquois, the priests bore the cross once again to a people who had, fifteen years before, menaced the Franciscan Daillon with death. They were accompanied by two devoted French servants, who, in order to conciliate the savages, were commissioned to begin a temporary commerce with them. They also engaged two guides, who deserted them early in the day. Without, however, allowing themselves to be troubled by the desertion of their guides the priests fell upon their knees and commended themselves to God in their abandonment. Then rising with a renewed resolution they continued their journey till, meeting with a young hunter, they prevailed upon him to accompany them.

The task they had undertaken was one fraught with serious difficulties; the path lay through a country frightful in the desolation of its solitude. Winding

through the primeval forest, it crossed streams through which they waded knee deep, fallen and uprooted trees lay everywhere around them, and when night, with its eternal silence, closed in, they sought a few hours' rest under the shadow of some friendly pine. Their only provisions were a few cakes baked from Indian corn, and often, indeed, they had no other food save the nuts they gathered on their journey. Toiling incessantly, living as it were without nourishment, carrying their portable altar on their backs, and welcoming martyrdom, whether it came to them from the tomahawk or the brand of the torture fire, if but a solitary soul, redeemed from eternal ruin, rewarded their sacrifice. When morning broke, after their customary prayers, they began anew their journey, and, fortified with a burning zeal for the salvation of souls, continued on their way, thanking God for the privilege vouchsafed to them in being selected for this perilous mission. They felt they were protected by Heaven, and that God rewarded them by singular favors. One afternoon, worn with fatigue, Father Brébeuf beheld in a vision a host of heavenly spirits, who seemed to beckon him on, and to invite him to advance with confidence. In gratitude for this singular favor he dedicated the country to the Holy Angels, and resolved, when he reached a Neutral settlement, to open a mission and call it the Mission of All Saints.

After a journey of five days, remarkable for excessive fatigue and spiritual consolations, the travelers, on the 7th of November, entered Kandoucho, the first village of the Neutral nation, four days' march from the Niagara River. The Fathers were detained here some time awaiting the return of a prominent chief, without whose authority they could not proceed further on their mission. Their reception in this town augured

badly for the success of their undertaking. To their surprise they learned that an evil reputation had already preceded them and that slandercus tongues had threatened the ruin of their mission.

Brébeuf, whose Indian name of Echon was well known to Neutral traders, was known as a sorcerer of tremendous and malignant power. Huron runners entered the Neutral country in advance of the Fathers and warned the tribes:

"If you do not kill these 'black-robes,' they will destroy your nation as they have already destroyed our old men, warriors and children."

As a proof of their sincerity and good will the Hurons sent by their messengers a gift of nine iron tomahawks.

The Neutrals, who, like all the Iroquoian tribes, held sorcerers in horror, became seriously alarmed.

"Surely they are sorcerers," they whispered to each other, "for what does this strange dress and these things they wear mean? Do they not conceal some dangerous purpose? Can we not see for ourselves that they have with them their instruments of magic, these things which they carry about with them, these breviaries, these crucifixes, and these beads, what are they? And this strange writing which they put on paper, that tells them things without speaking. Why do they go so often upon their knees? Are not these the postures of sorcerers?" A thousand nameless fears took possession of them, they shunned the men of God as they would poisonous reptiles, and trembled with fear if one of the missionaries put his foot inside their cabin; "the very sight of them," they said, "brought disease upon their children, and wherever they went a plague was sure to follow." If one of the missionaries entered a lodge the law of hospitality, which was held to be

sacred and inviolable among the Neutrals, alone saved him from rough treatment, but terror took the place of security, and while he remained the occupants sat in silence and fear. No one dared to touch a single object belonging to them; even the presents which they offered were received with suspicion, looked upon as things of evil omen, and refused. Their very footsteps were avoided, the paths on which they walked were infected, and the streams from which they drank were poisoned, the specters of fear and consternation were floating in the very air.

In presence of this universal terror the chiefs called a council to know what should be done with these black-robed sorcerers. Criers, chosen for the purpose, proclaimed from the tops of the wigwams the call to assemble. Brébeuf, familiar with these assemblies and the mode of procedure, boldly strode into the council room. Strong in the conviction of the holiness of his cause, and relying on the help of God, he determined to unfold the object of his mission and, if possible, win freedom to preach the gospel. When he entered he saw around him, crouching in melancholy silence, a motley crowd of bronzed warriors and old men whose oiled bodies exhaled a pungent odor with which his nostrils were long familiar. His first act, according to custom, was to distribute morsels of tobacco, for the Neutrals always deliberated with lighted pipes. Then he threw down, as a present, a collar of wampum as an evidence of the sincerity of his good will toward them. "We will accept no present from you," shouted out one of the orators, "you must leave the country." "Do you not know," said another, "the danger you are running; every man, woman and child is demanding your death, we know the curse you have brought upon the Hurons, and we are determined that you shall not

treat us as you have treated them." The great priest attempted to continue, but the frequent interruptions and the threatening language of the crowd drowned his voice. After useless efforts, and seeing that nothing was to be gained by further attempts, he ceased speaking and returned to the wigwam of the family from whom he had craved hospitality.

The two priests now resigned themselves to death which, from all appearances, awaited them. After making preparation for their approaching doom, they returned to snatch a few hours' repose for the ordeal they had invited. Brébeuf beheld, in a dream, a hideous specter, bearing on his countenance the impress of deadly hatred and ferocity. In his hand he held three javelins with which he threatened him. Then drawing back his arm he cast them one after the other at the missionaries, but before they reached their human targets, they fell harmlessly at his feet as if some invisible hand had caught them in mid-air. The dream seemed to have filled him with consolation and he continued to sleep till a friendly voice aroused him. After Brébeuf had retired from the council, the chiefs and leading warriors remained in session. Three times the Fathers were doomed to death and three times the Neutrals reconsidered their decision. At length one or two of the elders argued on grounds of policy, that it would be detrimental to the interests of the nation to put these strangers to death. They contended that as they were domiciled among the Hurons it might provoke that nation to retaliation, but above all they argued that the French at Quebec being their kinsmen would surely demand satisfaction. These reasons prevailed with the council, and the uplifted tomahawk was laid once more upon the ground.

Among those present at the council was the man in

whose cabin Brébeuf and Chaumonot were resting, and, when he heard the final decision of the warriors, he immediately returned to the missionaries. To his great surprise he found them buried in deep sleep; he awoke them at once and informed them of the result of the meeting. Brébeuf, recalling his dream, threw himself with Chaumonot on his knees and gave thanks to God for his Fatherly protection. Their lives were saved, but they owed their preservation more to fear than to any good feeling on the part of the Neutrals. If they were preserved from the murderous blows of the hatchet, they were not protected against calumny and suspicion. Even those who had pleaded for their lives were among the first to send abroad seriously damaging reports, not so much indeed to excite hatred against them as to make their stay with the tribe so intolerable that they would in disgust leave the country. But they knew not the men they were dealing with. These priests had wrenched themselves voluntarily from the strong ties that bound them to home and friends. Long ago they bade good-bye to the refinements of civilized society. Long ago they buried forever all hopes of worldly ambition and pleasure, and when they enlisted in the army of Jesus Christ, they flung themselves into the battle with the enthusiasm of men who realized they were fighting for a great cause.

CHAPTER XV

WITH THE BEASTS AT EPHESUS—I COR. XV, 32

At Onguiara, a town on the eastern banks of the Niagara River, the priests were charged with forming a league with the Iroquois to effect the ruin of the people. They were loaded with insult and, short of serious bodily injury, met with the roughest treatment. At another village they were almost frozen to death. It was in the month of February, on an intensely cold night, that after a weary tramp of nine hours through the snow, they craved in vain for hospitality. Every lodge was closed against them, till at length, fearing they would perish from exposure, they took up their position at the door of a wigwam, awaiting a favorable opportunity to slip in. At last a savage stepped out and the missionaries at once entered, knowing that the Indian code of hospitality compelled the dwellers therein to allow them to remain. Other visitors would at once be greeted with the familiar "Shay!"—"welcome!" mats spread for them by the fire,—baked squashes and roasted corn or a dish of sagamite placed before them, but the Fathers were stared at in gloomy silence from under scowling brows. Terror at once took possession of the inmates, but yet they attempted no violence to the priests. The report of their presence in the cabin spread throughout the village, and soon the lodge was surrounded by men, women and young warriors. They began to discuss among them-

selves what measures they should take to get rid of these unwelcome intruders. While they were under the bark covering of a cabin, their persons were held to be inviolable. The elders of the village entered and loaded the strangers with reproaches and threatenings. The young braves, impatient and restless, craved for permission to split their heads. "I am tired," said one of them, "eating the dark flesh of our enemies, and I want to taste the white flesh of the Frenchmen." Another snatched his bow and quiver and took aim at the heart of Chaumonot. As if remembering that he was about to violate a Neutral law, he dropped his arm and turned on his heel, ashamed of his action.

Brébeuf strode to the door of the tent, and holding up his hand exclaimed: "We have not come here for any other purpose than to do you a friendly service. We wish to teach you to worship the Master of Life, so that you may be happy in this world and in the other." His fearlessness and address conquered, and those who a few moments before were filled with fury and indignation, now began to wonder at his audacity. They entered into a friendly conversation with the missionaries, and, with the capriciousness of children, asked to see and touch their clothes, and the articles they carried about them. One took off the shoes of Brébeuf and fitted them on himself, another examined Father Chaumonot's hat, and putting it on, masqueraded through the crowd. In one of Father Chaumonot's letters he tells us that nothing appeared so mysterious to them as the letters of the alphabet forming sentences. "Father Brébeuf," he says, "at my request, left the wigwam and retired to a distance where he could not hear us. One of the Indians present then dictated to me in a subdued voice the following sentences:—"I went hunting the other day and came

across a deer; I took an arrow and fixed it in my bow; I bent the bow, fired, and at the first shot brought down my prey; then I placed him on my shoulders. I brought him home to my tent and made a feast for my friends.' Father Brébeuf was then called in, looked at the paper and, naturally enough, read out word for word what had been dictated to me." At this extraordinary feat the savages burst into exclamations of surprise. They took up the paper, and, after turning it every way, said among themselves, "Where, then, is the figure that represents the hunter? Where is the deer that he shot, or where are the pictures to show the cabin and the fire for the feast? We see nothing at all of them, and yet this *oki* has told it all to Echon." With the fickleness of children, the cries which a few moments before were those of death, became now those of admiration, and in the presence of familiarity fear disappeared.

The Fathers were now four months in the country, but as they were not permitted to preach, they made no converts, and, what was to them more painful, they could see no hopes for the future. When the priests spoke to them of secular things the Neutrals listened with rapt attention, but the moment they began to speak of the hereafter, of God and his dealings with men, they showed visible signs of displeasure. The months they passed with the tribe constituted a lingering, painful martyrdom, in which they were continually called upon to exercise the virtues of patience and mortification. It was, indeed, a humiliating and penitential season, especially when they were subjected to the horrors of living under an Indian roof. A Neutral wigwam was constructed of bark, fastened to poles with an opening in the roof to allow the smoke to escape, and a door made of bark or the skins of animals

sewed together. The suffocating smoke compelled one to take up a crouching or recumbent posture, a position which was the ordinary and familiar one of the Indians. When the fire went down the cold became intense; at other times the heat was frightful, and, when the wind was unfavorable, the great quantity of smoke, added to the intense heat, made it a miniature hell. At other times, in severe storms, the cold winds entered through a thousand openings, and if some one of the inmates failed during the night to keep up the fire there was danger of freezing to death.

Much, however, as they suffered from the extremes of heat and cold, they complained that the torture from smoke was almost intolerable. At times they were compelled to lie upon the ground, face downwards, in order to breathe; and even the savage inmates, who for years had been familiarized with life in a smoky tent and in a measure inured to it, were compelled to have recourse to the same expedient. "I have sometimes for hours remained in this position," writes one of the fathers, "especially when the cold was so intense that I dare not stay outside, and it seemed to me that my throat, my nostrils and my eyes were during this time in a continual state of inflammation. At times I thought I would go blind, my eyes were burning in my head and I could see around me only dimly and in a confused manner. When the Indians rose up to cross the tent they seemed to me like trees walking."

When the priests made an effort to read their office, the letters were written in blood, became blurred and dimmed; and they were obliged to close their books, unable to continue the pious exercises. The dogs, crawling with fleas, added to their misery. Half famished, they were continually running in and out searching for something to eat, and failing in their efforts,

made night hideous with their howlings. The disgusting porridge given them was badly cooked, and served up in wooden bowls so filthy that frequently the stomachs of the missionaries revolted. Often they were obliged to go for days without eating, a misfortune they shared in common with those around them. Their drink was frequently melted snow, and for napkins they used their moccasins or wiped their hands on the dogs around them, following the example of their savage companions. They slept in their clothes, and, when they took off their soutanes or stockings, it was only to shake out the vermin that banished sleep. The cries of the children, the howling of the dogs, the insufferable stench that was a part of their filthy surroundings and their equally filthy companions, made their lives one long unbroken agony. At one village they were compelled to pass six days in a wigwam with a man whose child was suffering from ulcerating sores and moaning in pain. The whole family, with the priests, ladled their food out of a common pot, that to all appearances had not been washed for months. Wherever they rested they were a target for the laughter, the ridicule, the buffoonery and contempt of young and old, which they bore with sublime patience.

These attacks they endured in silence, deeming it prudent to abstain from remonstrance, fearing to give additional irritation to their ruthless tormenters. "If," said Father Chaumonot on his return, "we reaped no other fruit from our visit to the Neutrals, we have brought back a dictionary of most opprobrious epithets." When sometimes they essayed to enter into conversation, they were insultingly told to keep their mouths shut. "Ye have beards on ye like rabbits." "Ye are not men at all—ye are more like bears or like

dogs—your heads are made like citrons—ye are deformed—ye are cowards and afraid to go to war." This raillery would be kept up for hours, amid the mocking laughter of the barbarous inmates. There was no vile epithet of the Neutral lauguage that was not applied to them, and the ridicule visited on their devoted persons flowed in continuous streams. They abstained, however, from inflicting any serious injury, and the good sense of the Fathers accepted their insults and ridicule with the hope that their spirit of resignation and patience would at least be pleasing to God. The sublime constancy of the priests during these trying ordeals surpasses belief, and the heroism with which they sustained and patiently accepted their intense mental and bodily sufferings excites our admiration. The consciousness that they were working in the service of God and the salvation of souls sustained them in the long night of their persecution. It would be hard to put to a trial greater constancy of the human heart than that which they suffered during these weary months of wretchedness and misery.

The Fathers visited eighteen towns, but were everywhere received, as were Jogues and Garnier among the Petuns, with a storm of execration and malediction. Along the winding paths through the forest that interlaced and crossed, and crossed again, they went from town to town, suffering cold and hunger and bearing a charmed life. At least some one town will receive them and listen to their pleadings. So they hoped and toiled on. Every door was closed, and closed fast against them, for if once admitted, would not a curse fall upon the family?

The faith and humble resignation of these saintly men surpasses belief. With a devotion and a humility that to this day excite our astonishment, they

meekly bore the insults and taunts of men, women and children. Refused food and drink, they lived on roots or on a morsel that some pitying hand in mercy flung them. In one village only, that of Kioeta, which they christened St. Michaels, did they meet with a reception that bore the appearance of a half-hearted welcome.

We have nowhere read of greater fortitude under accumulated insult and abuse than is found in the letter giving the details of this mission, and nowhere have we read of greater constancy or nobler self-sacrifice. Half famished with cold and hunger, covered with hourly opprobrium and subjected to indignities humiliating to their refined natures, they continued their work and pursued their way with a sublime constancy that fills us with wonder and astonishment. "You come among us," said a chief one day, "for no good purpose; you 'black robes' are sorcerers, and in our country sorcerers are put to death, and I do not know what Manitou protects you, for we would wish to murder you, but fear your spirits would destroy us." Brébeuf in vain tried to convince him that they came only for the good of the tribe, and the chief answered by spitting in his face. The priest coolly wiped his face, thanking God that he was deemed worthy to suffer the same indignity his Divine Master patiently endured in the days of old. To an ordinary man the insult would be a humiliation, to a Brébeuf it was a degradation. Once before the brave man and humble priest was subjected to painful indignity. When, after the surrender of Quebec in 1629, Samuel Champlain and Father Brébeuf sailed for England with Sir David Kirke as prisoners of war, General Kirke addressed the priest, remarking: "You Jesuits had certainly some business in Canada, if it was only to enjoy what be-

longed to M. de Caen whose property you confiscated." "Pardon me, sir," remarked Father Brébeuf, "it was only the pure intention of promoting the glory of God and the conversion of the savages which brought us to the country."

Jacques Michel, a French traitor, who held a command under Kirke, interrupting the priest, shouted aloud: "Aye, aye—convert the savages? rather to convert the beavers."

"That is false," spoke back the Jesuit.

Michel lifted his hand to strike the priest, when, catching the eye of Kirke, he withheld the blow and said: "But for respect to the General, I would knock you down for giving me the lie."

"You must excuse," interposed Brébeuf; "I did not intend to give you the lie. I should be very sorry to do so; the term I used belongs to the schools of philosophy when a doubtful proposition is introduced. Therefore I ask you to pardon me and to believe me that I did not speak with any intention of giving you the lie."

He was a man naturally brave and instinctively quick to resent an insult, but he had so long trained himself in the practice of Christian virtues that nothing seemed to disturb the unalterable peace of his great soul. By weary months of hope deferred, their zeal was sorely tried. They fasted, prayed, preached and toiled with no apparent success or impression made on the human ramparts of error and superstition. They walked in the shadow of perpetual danger. The tomahawk gleamed above their heads, the arrow was set to the bow, the murderous hand was drawn to strike, but undismayed by threats, undaunted by the assassin's look, heedless of scowling glance or insulting speech, they passed on, satisfied that God from His throne

looked down approvingly upon them. These were men whose preaching and self-denying lives among a more civilized people would have won respect if not success. When men with a divine fervor proclaim a truth or even half a truth, instinctively the soul of man will bow in reverence, but those to whom they were now preaching hoarsely grumbled out their dissatisfaction in grating gutturals. Four months before, they left their brethren with empty pitchers to fight the battle of the Lord like Gideon's hosts, their ambition for honor and all this world could offer confined to the simple petition: "Give us this day our daily bread." Even at this day the memory of their heroism sends a thrill of noble emotion to the heart of humanity, and the Divine tremor does not soon subside among the pure, the generous and the lofty souls that are not all of the earth, earthly.

CHAPTER XVI

A CAMPAIGN OF HEROISM

The love for perishing souls that bore them on through the long night of weary suffering failed to move the hardened hearts of the Neutrals, and at last, with drooping spirits, but with faith undaunted, the missionaries began to lose hope. Whatever might be the mysterious designs of Providence with regard to this lascivious and superstitious people, their hour of salvation had not yet come, so, despairing of overcoming their inveterate prejudices, the Fathers resolved to bid them good-bye and retrace the path to the Huron villages. Their complete self-abnegation, the generous enthusiasm with which they fearlessly flung themselves into the fight, and the devouring zeal which filled them for the glory of God, merited a happier termination to their mission. Nowhere in the history of religion do we read of greater sacrifices for the salvation of souls, and nowhere have we heard of a pagan people who so determinedly hardened their hearts against the softening influence of God's redeeming grace.

When Brébeuf and Chaumonot left Huronia four months before, Indian summer was tinting birch and maple with variegated shades of wondrous beauty. The air was filled with dreamy languor and the pleasant odor of smoking pine. Their path was then encumbered with logs, rotting trees, tangled with roots and underbrush, damp with perpetual shade and redo-

lent of decayed leaves and mouldering wood. The wilderness spread before them in savage slumber. River, lake and stream were yet in maiden beauty, as they flowed from the hand of God centuries before. Above them was a cloudless sky, and with them generous hopes and love for human souls. And now these hopes were blighted. They had not even stirred the dry bones. The dust of sin and corruption lay unswept upon the country, though the Breath of the Divine Spirit had blown upon it. These devoted men saw no return for their months of labor—not even one solitary heart changed, not even a solitary resolution tending to a change. Pity, tenderness, sympathy failed them, and with hearts bowed down they sank to their knees, "Oh gentle Jesus, where art Thou? Hast Thou no love for Thy lost sheep, Thou crucified Saviour of men?" All nature was in sympathy with them. Winter was still upon the land, and stream and pond, rivulet and marsh were frozen hard, and snow lay resting on plain and hillside. In the second week of February, 1641, they sorrowfully began their homeward journey. The snow was falling when they left the village Ongiara, crossed the Niagara River near Queenston, ascended its banks and disappeared in the shrouding forest. The path, which led through an unbroken wilderness, lay buried in snow.

The cold pierced them through and through. The cords on Father Chaumonot's snow-shoe broke, and his stiffened fingers could barely tie the knot. Innumerable flakes of snow were falling from innumerable branches. Their only food was a pittance of Indian corn mixed with melted snow, their only guide a compass. Worn and spent with hardships, these saintly men, carrying in sacks their portable altar, were returning to announce to their priestly companions on

the Wye the dismal news of their melancholy failure and defeat. There was not a hungry wolf that passed them but looked back and half forgave them being human. There was not a tree but looked down upon them with pity and commiseration. Night was closing in when, spent with fatigue, they saw smoke rising at a distance. Soon they reached a clearing and descryed before them a cluster of bark lodges. Here these soldiers of the cross bivouacked for the night.

Early that evening Chaumonot, worn with traveling and overcome with sleep, threw himself to rest on a bed that was not made up since the creation of the world. Father Brébeuf, to escape for a time the acrid and pungent smoke that filled the cabin, went out to commune with God alone in prayer. Early as it was, there was no one moving around, for the night was bitterly cold, and every door was closed. As the priest passed through the bourg, flickering ribands of light gleamed across his path—from out the lodges came loud laughter and sounds of boisterous merriment, for neighbor was telling to neighbor rude joke and spicy story. Brébeuf moved towards the margin of the woods, when presently he stopped as if transfixed. Far away to the southeast, high in air and boldly outlined, a huge cross, luminously bright, moved towards him from the land of the Iroquois. The saintly face lighted with unwonted splendor, for he saw in the vision the presage of the martyr's crown. Tree and hillside, lodge and village, faded away, and as the huge sign floated slowly westward, the soul of the great priest went out in ecstasy, in loving adoration to his Lord and his God. It was but another manifestation of God's love for him. Years ago, embowered in beatific vision, he beheld, on sloping hillside, the Angels of Heaven, choirs of Holy Virgins, and the

Mother of Jesus gazing graciously down upon him. Again the crucified Saviour, His head crowned with thorns, and His Blessed Mother, with heart transpierced, were before him, and made him understand that, following in the footsteps of his Divine Master, he also should enter on the thorny path that led to a martyr's grave. Once before, when oppressed with gloomy forebodings, Christ folded him in His loving embrace, chose him as a vessel of election to bear unto the Gentiles the message of salvation, and strengthened him for all he was to suffer in His name. Overcome with emotion, he exclaims, "Who will separate me from the love of my Lord? Shall tribulation, nakedness, peril, distress, or famine, or the sword?" Emparadised in ecstatic vision, he again cries out with enthusiastic loyalty, "*Sentio me vehementer impelli ad moriendum pro Christo*"—"I feel within me a mighty impulse to die for Christ," and, flinging himself upon his knees as a victim for the sacrifice or a holocaust for sin, he registered again his wondrous "vow" to meet martyrdom, when it came to him, with the joy and resignation befitting a disciple of his Lord.

When he returned to himself, the cross had faded away, innumerable stars were brightly shining, the cold was wrapping him in icy mantle, and he retraced his footsteps to the smoky cabin. He flung himself beside his weary brother and laid him down to welcome rest. When morning broke, they began anew their toilsome journey, holding friendly converse. "Was the cross large?" asked Father Chaumonot. "Large," spoke back the other, "yes, large enough to crucify us all." I wonder if the indomitable spirit of this heroic priest quailed in the presence of this portentous and prophetic sign, or did he welcome the apparition as foretelling the near approach of his hopes and prayers

for the martyr's crown. Late that afternoon they reached the town of Teatonguiaton. They visited this town, which they named St. William, when outward bound, and here happened one of the most consoling incidents of their rough experience in the country. That night they found shelter in a friendly lodge, and when morning dawned they were snow-bound, and compelled for a time to abandon their journey. The squaw, into whose cabin they were led as if by the hand of God, seemed to have been inspired from heaven to treat them with a tenderness and kindness in striking contrast to the injuries and insults they had everywhere received. The season of Lent was upon them with its rigorous abstinence, and the woman, noticing that they did not touch the meat placed before them, prepared dishes of Indian corn and fish. Under this hospitable roof Father Brébeuf learned many words for his Neutral Dictionary and began his grammar of the language.

Bidding good-bye to the good woman and her children, they again took up the homeward trail. Two weeks of March had already passed away, but the cold was still intense, while lake and pond were frozen solid, and the snow hard enough to support the weary travelers. That night it grew still colder, and they began to suffer intensely. "It was so cold," writes Father Chaumonot, "that the trees around us split with the frost, and the ice in places opened with a great noise; but in spite of cold, weariness, and repeated falls, the marks of which are still left on my knees, we marched along courageously and joyously." Father Brébeuf, however, met with an accident which was very serious in its effects.

On the 19th of March, 1641, the feast of St. Joseph, Patron of the land, Fathers Brébeuf and Chau-

monot, after an absence of almost five months, reached the familiar village of St. Marys of the Hurons. Priests, neophytes, and Huron warriors gathered around and greeted them as men risen from their graves. They entered the village early in the morning, and after the customary salutations were over, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and received Holy Communion, "to us," adds Chaumonot, "the greatest consolation and the most powerful support in our apostolic labors." So ended the mission to the Neutrals. The failure of the priests did not put an end to the hope that some day they would return and meet with a more favorable reception. It was no part of the creed of the Jesuits to despair of converting a people who opened hospitable graves for the martyred bodies of their missionaries, much less of those who only treated them with contempt and ridicule. "The fewness of our number," writes Father Lalemant, "scarcely sufficient for the towns around us, prevents us from going to the Neutral nation where three years ago we sowed the seed of the gospel."

In the spring of 1645, a band of a hundred Neutrals visited the Hurons. They beheld with wonder and surprise the Christian churches built in the Huron villages. They invited the Fathers to return with them, assuring them that, if they came again, they would receive a hospitable welcome. "God grant," adds Father Lalemant, "that it may be so." But the day of grace for the Neutrals had gone forever, and not from the north, but from the south a message was borne to them, and its burden was, "The Iroquois are digging the grave of the great Neutral nation, and the war-cry of the Senecas will be the requiem for their dead."

CHAPTER XVII

THE ALGONQUINS

The great Algonquin nation, at the time of which we write, included one hundred and four scattered tribes whose hunting grounds stretched from the St. Lawrence along the Ottawa, sweeping northerly past the Huron country till they touched the land of the Sioux and the great Northwest. All the New England tribes, those of the Delaware region, the Abenaquis of Maine, the Creeks of the Great Slave Lake, the Ottawas and Pottawotomies of Michigan, bore the Algonquin totem. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Virginia, Pennsylvania and all New England were occupied by tribes speaking the Algonquin language. Even into Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Indiana detached hordes roamed. This great nation must have numbered, when Cartier arrived at Montreal, one hundred thousand souls. As a nation they did not at any time reach an approach to a civilization bordering on that of the Huron-Iroquois.

The extent of territory over which they roamed, the multitudinous tribes claiming Algonquin descent, the incessant wars and feuds in which they were engaged among themselves, weakened their fighting strength and, when the Mohawks and Senecas attacked them on the East, and the Sioux on the West, they were generally worsted. The cohesiveness which bound together the tribes of the Wyandots, and the Iroquois,

was the secret of their strength, when compared numerically with the Algonquins. The Iroquois parliament representing the five nations met at Onondaga, and the Huron Council assembled at Ossossané, but we find no place or town in which the Algonquins met to discuss national issues, hence, while they surpassed in numbers the Iroquois and Hurons combined, they were unequal to either in the field. It would appear from the testimony of early travelers that many of the tribes of the Algonquins entertained some notions of a Creating Spirit. "They believed," says Schoolcraft, "in the existence of a Supreme Being who created the earth and the heavens, men and animals, and filled space with subordinate spirits to whom he gave part of his power." Charlevoix and Loskiel were of the same opinion. This great spirit they denominated Kitchi-Manitou. Inferior in power to this great and good Being was an evil spirit called Mitchi-Manitou, who came into existence after Kitchi-Manitou. The symbol of the good spirit was the Sun and that of the evil spirit the Serpent. To both these spirits the Algonquin offered a species of sacrifice, to propitiate the one, and appease the other.* Like the other tribes of North America, the religion of the Algonquins was a tissue of absurdities. They had neither priest or religion, and that which seemed to be a religion was so buried in their traditional superstitions that it could scarcely be said to have had a breathing existence. With them superstition, the child of error and igno-

* This belief has been beautifully expressed by McGee in his charming poem, *Jacques Cartier.*

"He told them of the Algonquin braves—the heroes of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing,
A spirit, good or evil, that claims their worshipping."

rance, was continually fostered by the awful natural phenomena around them. The "Medicine Man" was the nearest approach to a priest known to the Algonquins. In sickness, in trials and trouble, they resorted to him as densely ignorant and stupid people do to fortune-tellers in our own country to-day. To the Algonquins the earth, the air, storm and tempest and animals of all kinds were animated with spirits which they call *Manitous*. In fact all existing things had a *Manitou* which they invoked when starting on the war or hunting trail.

Sacrifices were offered in their honor to solicit their good offices in behalf of themselves or friends. When they sacrificed to the Sun, the act of worship was accompanied with a feast at which everything was consumed. Thanks were returned for the light the Sun vouchsafed them and, for the sake of the feast which was offered in his honor, a continuance of his good offices was solicited for the future. Tobacco was then thrown into the fire, and the shouts and clamour of the tribe mingled with the rising incense. When on the lakes a storm threatened them, they threw a dog into the waters, appealing to the storm to be still, in gratitude for their offering. In dangerous places in the rivers and bays, offerings were cast on the rocks, or hung upon the trees, to propitiate the spirit that haunted the woods or streams. The snow and ice they believed to be animated with spirits that moved them to disappear in the spring and return in the winter. They believed that crows, hawks and robins, as well as certain animals, could talk and understand each other. Curiously enough, believing that fishes were animated with souls, they held that when a fish was killed or died, the spirit passed into another fish, and for this reason an Algonquin was never known to

throw the remains of a fish he had eaten into the fire, believing, if he did so, that particular kind would never again enter his net. Their tribal sacrifices nearly always ended in feasts of debauchery and impure dances. Concubinage and polygamy obtained everywhere among them; men and women separating at will, and taking other partners. Their girls were shameless wantons. Even their very dreams they supposed to be influenced by a spirit, and often they spent seven or eight days in unbroken fast in order to invite a vision of a herd of moose or a band of flying Iroquois, regarding them as omens of good luck. Disease with an Algonquin was supposed to be the result of his failure to perform some specific duty or the malice of some tantalizing imp of evil import who entered into his body.

Hence, if a man had a headache or a severe pain in any part of his body, he complained that he was possessed of a *Manitou,* and would have no rest until it was banished. The "medicine man" of the tribe was then sent for, who applied his mouth to the afflicted part, and after a series of incantations and weird actions declared that he had banished the spirit and nothing remained for him now but to give a feast. In truth the superstitions which formed the religion of the Algonquin entered into almost every act of his life, confronted him in every journey or duty he was undertaking, until all his actions became, in many instances, a tissue of absurdities. To the Algonquin nation belonged the Nipissings, among whom the Jesuits were soon to open a mission with the hope that in the course of time they would be able to send evangelists to all the other Algic tribes. The territory claimed by this particular tribe lay on both sides of the lake which bears their name, and included the present townships

of Patterson, Hardy, McConkey, Lount, the present Indian Reserve on the northern shore of Lake Nipissing, extending on both sides of the Canadian Pacific Railway as far as the banks of the Spanish River. The Hurons and the French stigmatized them as a nation of sorcerers, not that they were all such, but because as a people they boasted themselves on consulting the spirits in their necessity. "When," writes Sagard, "they wished to communicate and learn anything from the spirits, their ordinary custom was to build a wigwam for the occasion, and there invoke the devil and receive his oracles, which were indeed oftener announcements of falsehood than truth. Indeed, there are those among them who say they have seen their demons, spoken to them and had intercourse with them. These sorcerers claim to have the power of bringing on those whom they hate certain diseases which can only be cured by sorcerers stronger than themselves, or by extraordinary remedies. I have found, however, among them good-natured people, courteous in their conversation and of a nature capable of developing much good if they were only instructed in the law of God. Their dress and the manner of wearing their hair are similar to that of the other Algonquins."

Father Pijart says that when in the winter of 1640 he opened a mission among the Petuns there were two Nipissing towns in which the Algonquin language was spoken exclusively, and in which the men in summer were entirely naked; he adds that they changed their villages almost every season. In the spring a band of them would betake themselves to streams where there was good fishing, another party would start for Lake Superior and spend the time trafficking with the people on the shores. As early as 1641, Fathers Claude

Pijart and Charles Raymbault left Three Rivers to open a mission among the Nipissings, remaining fifteen days with them, during which time they were most hospitably and kindly entertained. Their principal chief, Ikasoumir, went through the village crying out: "Let every one come to pray and honor God after the manner of the French." No obstacle was placed in the way of the Fathers either in instructing or baptizing the sick. This was the beginning of the mission of the Holy Ghost among the Nipissings. Father Pijart visited other towns in the Nipissing country, in one of which there were five hundred souls gathered together from the different tribes to whom he announced the gospel. Writing of the Nipissings he says. "These people are of a friendly nature, not at all proud; they are good managers, the women are very industrious and the children, when of an age to do so, occupy their time in fishing. The youths show a great desire to be instructed and are very fond of singing." Father Ragueneau says that he and Father Menard in 1648 celebrated the Feast of the Assumption with this tribe, and that in their bark chapel prayers were chanted in Latin, Algonquin and Huron.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BEDOUINS OF THE FOREST

In 1641 Fathers Claude Pijart and Charles Raymbault opened a mission on the northern shore of Lake Nipissing, about where the village of Beaucage, in the Indian reserve, now stands. The year before, Father Pijart left Three Rivers early in the spring, and passed some months instructing and ministering to the scattered families. It could only have been a "flying church," for the Nipissings were a roving horde, having no towns, permanent villages, or, indeed, any fixed abode, but throwing together their temporary cabins, sometimes in the northern forests of Algoma, again amid the lonely lakes of the Muskoka region and Parry Sound, or in the desolation of wilderness that stretched from their own shore to Tamagami Lake. Sometimes buried in the dense forest, again squatting on the islands of the lakes around them, they were continually on the move, and except in the winter, when they drew near to the Huron frontier, were scarcely ever four months in the same place. "If there are dangers to us in this wandering life, more, indeed, on the water than on the land; if we suffer hardships following these poor savages, if fatigues are associated with our journeys, Heaven, nevertheless, grants us many consolations." The success of the Fathers, however, was not commensurate with their labors. They were confronted with almost insurmountable

difficulties; the same gross stupidity, the same licentiousness, the same dirt and filth, only in a more revolting form, which they found among the Hurons, were everywhere around them. They lamented their want of success, and the only attempt at an excuse or explanation for apparent failure found in any part of the "Jesuit Relations" appears in this letter of Father Pijart: "To make a Christian out of a savage is not the work of a single day; the seed which the husbandman scatters on the soil requires time to germinate."

The missionaries had first to become acquainted with the tribe, to acquire some knowledge of the language, which was an Algonquin *patois,* to familiarize themselves with their habits and manner of life, before they could make any progress. The next obstacle which lay across their path was the intense prejudice which this "nation of sorcerers" entertained against the faith. With an admirable piety, as gentle as it was sincere, these self-denying men congratulated themselves on being permitted to baptize a few sickly children. These infants, fortunately, recovered their health, and the Nipissings began to think that the "black-robes" were not only medicine-men of great power, but also men who were disposed to advance the interest of the tribe. The bitterness of opposition gradually died out, but the Nipissings, who were often on the verge of famine, were too busy finding sustenance for their bodies to pay much attention to their souls, and it is doubtful if they ever would become Christians while they continued their rovings.

The Algonquins of Lake Superior invited the Fathers to open a mission in their country, stating that the Pottawotomies, who were driven by the Iroquois from their own forests, were now dwelling with them. The priests told them that they were on their way to

the Hurons, but that in all probability the following year some of them would visit the western tribes. In 1645, Fathers Pijart and Garreau * wintered with the Nipissings and suffered intensely from cold and privation. They left St. Marys late in November, and were five days on their journey, continually exposed to storms, snow and very severe weather. They built for themselves a small lodge, in which they said mass every day. Father Garreau fell ill and was near dying, and Father Pijart was very seriously wounded by a sorcerer, and would undoubtedly have been killed but for the intervention of one of the tribe. "Truly," he writes, "we can only abandon ourselves into the hands of Providence, for although many among them have a kindly feeling for us, still any man may kill us, satisfied he has nothing to fear from the tribe." When spring opened, the Nipissings dispersed, and the Fathers returned to Huronia.

There are few pages in our early history more pa-

* Father Leonard Garreau, almost immediately after his arrival in the country, 1644, proceeded to the mission of the Hurons. After the dispersion of the Hurons, he retired with a remnant to "Christian Island," from which place he made frequent excursions to the northern shore of the great lake to minister to the scattered families that fled to these parts. After he returned to Quebec with the fugitive Hurons, he remained there for some time ministering to these unhappy people. Father de Quen, in his Relation of 1656, says that a party of Hurons who had taken refuge with the Ottawas, came to Quebec and invited Father Garreau to return with them. He accepted the invitation, and in company with Father Dreuilletes and a party of French hunters, left with the Indian flotilla. When they arrived at Three Rivers the hunters lost heart and returned to Quebec. The priests continued on, and as they reached the mouth of the Ottawa, the flotilla was attacked by the Iroquois, and Father Garreau's backbone was broken by a bullet. As the French were at peace with the Iroquois nation at the time, Father Garreau was brought by them to Montreal, and presents offered to appease the anger of the Governor. Father Garreau lived in great agony for three days, and died on the second of September, 1656.

thetic and appealing than those which record the labors and sufferings of these mortified men. By insults meekly borne, by trials innumerable and by saintly patience the missionaries began to win gradually these Bedouins of the forest. Through months of weary exile, through nightly vigil, they sowed in tears before they reaped in joy. In winter, perishing with cold and half starved, they crouched in the smoky lodges, and by the blazing fires instructed those half-humanized hordes in the rudiments of Christianity. Again, in the burning heat of summer, in the drenching storms of spring and autumn, living on acorns and rock tripe, they followed their savage companions on their fishing excursions, roamed with them through the northern forests of Nipissing, or, while the horde camped for a time amid the desolate rocks of Muskoka,

> "Rocks hoary with age,
> While yet the Greek
> Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
> Of symmetry, and rearing on its dome
> The glittering Parthenon,"

expounded the mysteries of the Faith, in language divine in its sincerity and earnestness. Hunger and cold and disease they fought and conquered with a burning zeal that sustained and cheered their wasted and sinking frames. If the flesh trembled, the unconquerable spirit never faltered. Disappointment and discouragement too were theirs, for often, when perishing souls whom they came to rescue listened for months with apparent interest and seemed to promise some return for the sacrifices made on their behalf, the Fathers beheld but the dry husks of hypocrisy. Still they sowed on, and the harvest they reaped was not altogether one of barren regrets.

The priests, worn and spent with labor, returned to Huronia for a short rest. Father Pijart * fell seriously ill, and Menard,† taking his place, accompanied Father Garreau on his way back to the Nipissings. On their arrival they opened the mission of St. Michael and made many converts who retained their religion until death. There is every reason to believe that if it were not for the dispersion and partial extinction of the tribe, the Nipissings would have been won eventually to the faith, for the Jesuits, once they entered upon the conversion of a tribe, never retreated. If disease or the tomahawk felled the consecrated soldier to the grave, another pressed forward, cross in hand, prepared to close with the spirits of superstition and darkness, and, if needs be, share in his brother's fate. "Nothing,"

* Father Pijart arrived in the Huron country, 1635. In May, 1637, he established the mission of the Immaculate Conception at Ossossané. He returned to France broken in health, after passing fifteen years on the Canadian missions. His eldest brother Claude stepped into the breach made vacant by his departure. He left for the Huron Missions in 1640 and labored for some years among the Nipissings and Petun-Hurons. He accompanied the Huron remnant to Quebec where he died at the age of 63 in 1683.

† Father Rene Menard reached Quebec on June 4th, 1640. The following year he ascended to the Huron country. Until 1649 he labored among the Hurons, the Nipissings and other Algonquin tribes. Descending with Father Ragueneau, after the destruction of the Hurons, he wrought for some time among the Indians in the French settlements. In July, 1656, he left for the Iroquois missions, but, after three years of almost fruitless labor, returned in 1660 to Three Rivers. We next hear of him among the Algonquins of Lake Superior, where, on August 15th, 1661, he was lost on his way to an inland tribe. His remains were never discovered, nor was he ever afterwards heard of. Father Menard was the first Priest that said Mass in what is now the state of Wisconsin, August 15th, 1661. It seemed that he had a presentiment of his death, for a short time before it occurred he wrote to one of the Fathers: "In three or four months in your Masses remember me as among your dead." Years afterwards his Breviary was found among the Sioux who treasured it as a potent amulet.

wrote one of them years afterwards, when describing the martyrdom of his two companions, "nothing has happened to them for which they were not prepared when they gave themselves to the conversion of the Indians." In the grandeur of his Faith, in the magnificence of his unselfish love for his Lord and Master, every one of these exiled priests prayed that in his own blood he would be "baptized for the dead," for those who in the gloomy forests were sleeping the sleep of unconverted souls. Each one rejoiced that he was appointed unto death. "*Ibo et non redibo*"—"I will go but will not come back," were the prophetic words of Jogues when, already scarred and mutilated by the knives of the Iroquois, he returned to the Mohawks, bearing once again the message of salvation. Truly they were all Baptists crying in the wilderness as in the days of old, and praying that even *their* wandering flocks would some day "see the salvation of God."

In 1650 the Nipissings were attacked and defeated by the Iroquois. The flying remnant fled to the shores of Lake Nepigon, where they remained for twenty years unvisited by a priest. On the 16th of May, 1667, Father Allouez * took his departure from Chequamegon Bay, with three Ottawa companions, and,

* Father Claude Allouez came to Quebec in 1657, and after laboring for some time at Three Rivers and Montreal embarked for the North-western regions in August, 1665, in company with more than four hundred Indians of different tribes, who were returning to their forest homes after bartering their furs and peltries. For twenty-five years this wonderful priest traveled from tribe to tribe through the great states of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, enduring the horrors of cold and hunger, bearing the message of the gospel to those who were seated in the shadow of death, and expiring in 1690, amid the lamentations and regrets of his pagan and Christian children of the forest. He met LaSalle in Illinois in the year 1679. An extended notice of the life of this extraordinary priest will be found in the "History of the Discovery of the Mississippi, page 67.

after a perilous voyage of twelve hours in a bark canoe, reached the northern banks of Lake Superior. They coasted the shore of this great lake and entered the mouth of the Nepigon River, where they rested for two days. Here he met twenty or thirty Nipissing hunters, to whom he preached the gospel, and who still retained kindly feelings for the black robes, whom they had known on the shores of their own lake twenty years before. "I must here relate," writes Father Allouez, "a remarkable story told to me by these Nipissings. Two women, a mother and her daughter, who were instructed by Father Pijart, have always had recourse to God and continually received help from Him.

"They were captured by the Iroquois and luckily escaped death by fire and torture. Shortly afterwards they again fell into the hands of their enemies, and prepared themselves by prayer for the frightful ordeal which awaited them. One day, being left alone with a solitary guard, his companions having gone on a hunting expedition, the daughter remarked to the mother, 'There is now a chance for us to escape.' She was dressing a beaver skin and asked the Iroquois for a knife. Imploring the help of Heaven, she rushed upon him and buried the knife in his bosom, her mother at the same time braining him with a stick of wood. Then hastily gathering what provisions they could, they fled into the woods, and after a weary journey of some days reached their village." The "Relations" make no further mention of the Nipissings, and it is probable that, weakened by disease and war, they lost their identity and were dissolved into other Algonquin tribes.

CHAPTER XIX

THE MARTYR OF THE MOHAWKS

About the middle of June, 1642, the Residence of the Fathers at St. Marys-on-the-Wye, its outcourt and surrounding buildings, slept in dreamy, peaceful slumber. The *donnés,* or lay brothers, were busily engaged attending to their various duties. Some were working in the garden, some at the anvil, and more at the plane and saw, all contributing their share to the prosperity and respectability of the group of buildings forming a hospital, chapel, fort and residence. Some of the Fathers were visiting the Hurons in their wigwams, others were occupied writing letters to friends at Quebec, for the Huron flotilla for Three Rivers was to sail early the next morning. Kneeling alone, wrapt in prayer, was a priest apparently in the prime of life, whose oval face and classical mould of features indicated a modest, refined and meditative nature. The few years he had spent on the Huron missions were full of hardships not devoid of romance. A year ago, accompanied by another, he made a hazardous journey to the Petun-Hurons, and barely escaped with his life. After a breathing spell passed at St. Marys, he started on his return from the Petuns to visit the Algonquin tribes on the shores of Lake Superior, and having preached the gospel to the *Sauters* who dwelt on the margin of the great lake, returned to St. Marys, subject to the orders of his Superior. He was now pros-

trate in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament, and in the intensity of his zeal and piety put forth this strange request: "Lord, grant me to drink deeply of Thy chalice." This prayer he repeated with great fervor, when suddenly he heard a voice speaking to his heart: "Son, thy prayer is heard, thou shalt have what thou hast asked, take courage and be strong." The young priest was Isaac Jogues, and when he rose from his knees his face was as the face of a man who had seen a fair vision, and when he left the chapel he believed his prayer had been heard by his Lord and Master. That very night Father Jerome Lalemant, acting-Superior of the Huron missions, remarked that it would be necessary for one of them to go to Quebec to procure supplies for the mission. The journey was bristling with danger, for the Iroquois were on the war-path and infested the Ottawa forests.

Father Jogues volunteered for the voyage, and, accompanied by Father Raymbault, Guillaume Couture, a *donné* of the mission, and a number of Hurons, left in a few days and arrived safely at Quebec. Having completed his purchases in that city, the party started on the return journey. They sailed up the St. Lawrence, and, hugging the shore, reached the western rim of Lake St. Peter, when suddenly the dread war-whoop of the Iroquois and the reports of guns broke the silence. Canoes filled with Mohawk warriors pushed out from the rushes and made for the Huron flotilla. Many of the Hurons, paralyzed with fear, leaped ashore and disappeared in the forest. Some of the Christian Hurons and the two Frenchmen showed fight, but, unable to cope with the superior number of the Iroquois, were killed or captured.

Father Jogues, who sat in one of the leading canoes, sprang into the water and might have escaped, but

when he saw Goupil and some of his Huron converts made prisoners he left his hiding-place and, to the astonishment of the enemy, gave himself up. At the sound of the first shot, he recognized the danger, but, so calm and self-possessed was he, that, even under the fire of the Iroquois, he baptized the pilot of the canoe, who for some time was preparing to become a Christian. This man was Bernard Atieronhonk, and, ever afterwards remained faithful to his vows. "I thank God," he said on his return from the Iroquois country, "that I entered the Church by such a way. In the moment of the greatest danger Ondesonk (Father Jogues' Indian name) forgot himself to think only of me. Instead of seeking his own safety, he baptized me; he loved me more than himself. Death here below had no terrors for him, he feared only for my soul." Couture might also have escaped, but when he thought of Father Jogues and his companion Goupil, his emotions overcame him, and, retracing his steps, boldly took up his position beside the priest. As he did so, one of the Iroquois lifted his gun to shoot him, but Couture, anticipating his movement, shot him dead. At once four or five rushed upon him, tore off his clothing, gnawed the fingers from his hands and were stripping the flesh from his arms, when the magnanimous Jogues, breaking away from his guards, rushed forward and threw his arms lovingly around Couture's neck. The Iroquois jerked him off, beat him to unconsciousness, and with the fury of famished dogs lacerated his fingers with their teeth. They tore out his nails, crushed the bones of the two forefingers and, turning upon Goupil, treated him with equal ferocity.

At last they started, dragging with them the priest, the two Frenchmen and twenty Huron prisoners. They were in haste to reach their own country. Their cap-

tives lay bound at the bottom of their canoes, subject to the mockery of the victorious Mohawks who, at times, amused themselves by tearing open the wounds that already were beginning to close. They sailed up the River Richelieu and Lake Champlain, crossed Lake George on their way to the Mohawk towns. On the western shore of Lake George they met an Iroquois war party, who compelled the prisoners to run the gantlet. Father Jogues, who was last in line, fell from exhaustion, and, as he regained his feet, they applied fire to his body and mangled him atrociously. "They showered so many blows on us," he writes, "that I fell to the ground under their number and cruelty. I thought that I must surely die under this frightful torture. Either from weakness or from cowardice, I could not rise. God alone, for whose love and glory it is sweet and glorious thus to suffer, knows how long and how savagely they beat me. A cruel compassion prompted them to stop, so that they might take me into their country alive. They carried me to their platform half dead and streaming with blood. When they perceived that I was regaining consciousness, they made me come down and overwhelmed me with insults and imprecations, again showering blows on my head and back and all over my body. They burned one of my fingers and crushed another with their teeth, those that had already been crushed were violently twisted, so that even after they healed they remained horribly deformed. The fate of my companions was no better."

At last they approached the first of the Mohawk towns. The prisoners suffered frightfully on the way. Across the portages they were loaded down with heavy burdens, and at night were bound to stakes and abandoned to innumerable swarms of mosquitoes that banished sleep. As they were about entering the village

they were met by a howling, shrieking mob, armed with clubs and thorny sticks, who formed themselves in two lines between which the captives were compelled to run. As Father Jogues was passing through this "narrow road to Heaven," as he himself called it, he was felled to the ground from the blow of an iron ball, but he rose again and staggered on with the rest. They were now all placed on a raised platform and mercilessly tortured. Jogues, as the chief man among the French captives, fared the worse. His two remaining finger nails were gnawed off by an infuriated old man. Another, a white-bearded sorcerer, seizing hold of a Christian Algonquin woman, a prisoner among them, ordered her to cut off the left thumb of the missionary. Three times this wretched woman advanced to obey him and three times she recoiled with horror; at the fourth attempt, almost beside herself with mental agony, she sawed rather than cut off the priest's thumb at the root. Father Jogues stooped down and with his mutilated hand picked up the amputated member, and holding it aloft asked God to forgive him "For the want of love and reverence of which he had been guilty in touching His Sacred Body." A Huron prisoner whispered into his ear to drop his hand, for if the Mohawks noticed him they would force him to eat the bloody thumb.

That night he passed extended on the ground, bound hand and foot to four stakes. To glut the morbid curiosity of all, the prisoners were led from village to village, everywhere surrounded by the same horrors and saluted with the same yells, outrages and tempests of blows. "They suspended me by the arms," writes the priest, "with ropes made of bark, from two posts raised in the center of the cabin. I expected to be burned, for such is the torture usually given to victims

condemned to the stake." He remained hanging by the wrists for some twenty minutes, suffering intensely until he was on the point of swooning, when a visiting Indian, an accidental witness of the torture, approached and with one stroke of his knife cut the cords and released him.

Couture, who seems to have been a man of wondrous fortitude and iron mould, excited, by his endurance and bravery, the admiration of the Mohawks. He was brutally tortured, but was at length liberated and adopted into one of their families. Goupil, after enduring intense sufferings, was walking one day with Father Jogues when, struck on the head with a hatchet, he fell at the feet of the priest with a prayer on his lips. Father Jogues dropped upon his knees and gave the still breathing man conditional absolution. Goupil's body was dragged through the town and, amid the hootings and insulting epithets of the people, flung outside the village, as carrion for dogs to feed upon. The priest passed two days and nights in prayer and mourning, fearing to venture out of his cabin lest he would meet with the same fate.

After Goupil's death the priest resigned himself to his fate. He went around on errands for his master, expecting death, and, if it was God's will, would have welcomed it as a boon. Time and again as he passed through the village he was told that he had not long to live, but life had lost all attractions for him; he passed in and out defying as it were, by his courageous bearing, the threats of his enemies, and each night, to his own astonishment, he found himself still among the living. About the end of July he went with a fishing party and camped with them about twenty miles below Fort Orange. Entering an abandoned lodge early one morning he beheld a man in the throes of

dissolution. "Do you not know me, Ondesonk," gasped the dying savage. "Do you not remember the one who cut the ropes when you were suspended and almost dead at Ganagaro. I am the man." The priest lovingly embraced him and had the consolation of baptizing the dying man. Early in August three of the Iroquois went to Rensselaerswyck to trade with the Dutch, and took Jogues with them. Here he was advised to make his escape, but, believing that there yet remained for him some good to be done in the country, he hesitated. Some time before Couture had advised him to escape, saying that he would follow him, but that so long as Father Jogues would remain in the country he (Couture) would stay to share his fate. Jogues spent the night in prayer and meditation, and at last remembering the counsel of our Lord to His disciples, "And when they shall persecute ye in this city fly to another," resolved on flight, believing that it would be more pleasing to God. He remained concealed for six weeks, during which time he experienced great kindness from the Calvinist clergyman, Megapolensis, the Director General of the Dutch settlement, and a number of others. At length he was placed in a small vessel which carried him down the Hudson. Here he was transferred to a ship sailing for Falmouth, from which place he sailed in a French vessel, and landed a short distance to the north of Brest. Knocking at the door of a cottage, he asked the way to the nearest church. The man and his wife, taking him for a beggar, invited him to share their meal, which he cheerfully did, being sadly in need of nourishment. On the evening of January 5th, 1644, he knocked at the door of the College of Rennes and asked for the Father Superior. The porter, deceived by his gaunt and haggard appearance, his coarse and ragged cloth-

ing, left him standing at the door. When the Rector of the College was informed that there was a poor man from Canada waiting to speak with him, he at once went to the door and said:

"The porter tells me you are from Canada, my good man."

"I came from there but a few weeks ago," answered the mutilated priest.

The Rector questioned him on the country, the savages and the fathers on the missions, to all which the "beggar" answered intelligently and satisfactorily.

"In your wanderings in New France did you ever meet with Father Jogues?"

"I never met him, but I know him very well, better than I know any man on earth," replied the missionary.

"You speak in riddles, my poor man, if you never met him how can you know him?"

"Father Rector," spoke the other, "do you not know me. I am Isaac Jogues."

The Rector was astounded, but when he recognized him he drew the famishing and emaciated priest to him and folded him lovingly in his arms. When he saw his mutilated hands, his attenuated appearance and outward wretchedness, he could scarcely restrain his tears. It was with much difficulty that they prevailed upon him to tell of his sufferings.

His humility would not allow him to enter into details, till at length he was ordered by his Superior to reduce to writing the history of his captivity. A priest with any deformity of body is prevented by Canon law from saying Mass, but when Pope Urban VIII heard of his condition he granted him a dispensation, remarking that it was only right that one who had shed his blood for Jesus Christ should, though mutilated, be permitted to offer up the Holy Sacrifice. When spring

opened Father Jogues sailed again for Canada, and after a lengthy stay at Quebec and Montreal was selected as Ambassador to the Mohawks, to confirm a treaty already entered into between themselves and the French. He was also commissioned by his ecclesiastical superior to open a mission with that tribe. He left Three Rivers in the month of May in company with four Mohawk guides, two Algonquins, and a French engineer named Bourdon, and after passing over the usual waterway reached in safety the Mohawk town. Here he met the Mohawks in council and delivered to them the gifts, wampum belts, and messages of the Governor of Canada. Having fulfilled his commission, he returned to report the result of his embassy and arrived at Quebec on June 27th, 1646.

His political errand over, it now became a question as to the advisability of returning to open the mission. After a serious discussion of the subject, he received orders to hold himself in readiness for departure. He set out on the 24th of August, accompanied by some Hurons and a Frenchman named Lalande, a *donné* of the mission. Father Jogues had a presentiment that he would never return, and before leaving he wrote to a brother priest, "*Ibo et non redibo,*—I shall go and shall not return." When passing the Richelieu they met some Algonquins who told them that the feelings of the Mohawks towards the French had changed, and that they had better return. The frightened Hurons refused to go any further, but Father Jogues and Lalande pushed on and reached safely the end of their journey. The Algonquins were right. The Mohawks had indeed changed in their feelings for the French. They charged Jogues with being a sorcerer, who was responsible for the sickness then in the town, and the

innumerable swarms of caterpillars that were devouring their corn. Of the three clans into which the Mohawks were divided, the Tortoise and the Wolf were in favor of sending Jogues out of the country, but the Bear clan howled for war against the French, and demanded the death of Jogues.

Opinion ran high, till at length the Bear chiefs bore down all opposition, and singing their war-songs prepared for an expedition against the French. They seized Jogues and Lalande, tore the clothes from them and drove them with sticks through the town. The women and children beat them mercilessly with clubs and switches. A furious savage rushed upon Father Jogues, and tearing the flesh from his shoulders and arms began to devour it, saying, "Let us see whether this white flesh is the flesh of a Manitou." "No," answered the victim with unflinching firmness, "I am a man like yourself, but I do not fear death. I have come to make peace and to teach you the way to Heaven, and ye treat me like a wild beast."—"You shall die to-morrow," they cried out, "we will cut off your heads, place them on the palisades, so that your brothers when we take them prisoners, may see ye when they come."

On the afternoon of the eighteenth of October the chiefs of the Bear clan were summoned to a council. The session was secret. The deputies of the Wolf and Tortoise clans had petitioned for the life of Jogues, and the Bear chiefs were now discussing what final measures would be taken with regard to the prisoner. Meanwhile in a neighboring cabin, the saintly priest, seated on a rough bench, was buried in thought; for clothing, he wore a ragged shirt and pants torn and gashed with Iroquois knives and stained all over with clotted blood. Through the crevices of the wretched

lodge the October winds entered, and pierced him through and through, till his emaciated body trembled with cold. The lodge was grimy and lined with soot; from the poles that, like the perches of a hen-coop, stretched from side to side of the cabin, hung ears of corn, cured furs, and wampum ornaments. To one side, on a bear skin, sat a grizzled old warrior leisurely smoking and sharpening a tomahawk for his son, who on the morrow was to set out on the war-path against the French. A wrinkled and gray-haired squaw was boiling the extract of the mulberry with which she dyed the hedgehog quills to ornament the moccasins for the Dutch trade.

The old couple from time to time entered into snatches of broken conversation, while the priest at the other end of the wigwam was buried deep in thought. He was pitiable to look upon. His wasted frame had borne all that the human body could endure, and live; but a fever, intense and unquenchable, a zeal confusing, in its sublimity, to common minds, and a love for human souls almost divine in its devouring ardor, were tabernacled in the shivering body, that a few short years before was full of energy and fair to look upon. His head rested on his chest and his face seemed radiant with happiness. I wonder if his memory carried him back to his native land—to France, where he heard in her sacred temples, as afar off, the music of the solemn mass, bringing back to his mind the glory of column, arch and dome! Did he revisit, in fancy, the halls of his beloved college in Rennes, enter the peaceful and familiar chapel and kneel again before the marble tabernacle where, shrined in gold and silver, our blessed Lord in other days inundated his soul with ardent love for God and his neighbor? The air in the tent grows colder, a thrill shakes his frame, but, unconscious of

the chill, he dreams on. He recalls his priestly companions on the Wye, their gracious kindness to him, their sympathy and tenderness for one another, and the spirit of brotherly love that bound them each to each, till they clove to each other as did David to Jonathan in the days of old. He could hear them speaking to him, telling of the glory of God, the endless happiness of the blessed, and the rewards "that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," which God stored up for those who love Him. And then there came back to him the memory of that hour, when prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, his soul went out to his Lord and his God in an ecstasy of love, and he cried aloud, "Lord, grant me to drink deeply of Thy chalice!" Then he felt that his prayer was heard, but now he knows that he is answered.

Presently he is conscious of someone standing near him, and as he lifts his eyes a Mohawk beckons him to follow, telling him that he is invited to a feast. He accompanied the messenger, and as he passed by the lodges the eyes of the people followed him as a man they should never look upon again. At length they stood before the festal tent. His companion drew aside the bark curtain that served for a door, and held it, beckoning for the priest to enter. He advanced a few paces, when he fell upon his knees, bathed in blood, from the blow of a tomahawk. Thus he died in the noon of his life.

> "Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
> But torn, like the blasted oak, sudden away."

Morning dawned at last upon his long and pitiless night of suffering, and as he sank to his death, like another Stephen, he saw "the glory of God, the heavens open, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of

His eternal Father." The next morning Lalande was killed, the bodies of both flung into the Mohawk River, and their heads exposed on the palisades of the town. When the news reached the Fathers on the Wye they were overcome with emotion. "We have regarded his death," says Father Jerome Lalemant, "as the death of a martyr. Although we were separated from one another when we learned of his death, several Fathers, without any previous consultation, found that they could not bring themselves to offer a Requiem Mass for him, but they presented the Adorable Sacrifice in thanksgiving for the benefits which God had bestowed upon him. We may regard him as a martyr before God."

CHAPTER XX

MARTYRDOM OF BRÉBEUF AND LALEMANT

In the year 1648, the Jesuits beheld with pardonable gratification the approaching realizations of their hopes and ample reward for their great sacrifices. Flourishing missions were established and chapels built in what are now the townships of Sunnidale, Tiny, Medonte, Tay, Matchedash and North Orillia. Scattered through these townships were the missions of St. Joseph, St. Michael, St. Louis, St. Denis, St. Charles, St. Ignatius, St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, and others. On the Great Manitoulin Father Poncet opened a mission among the Ottawas. Among the Algonquins of Lake Nipissing, and those that dwelt on the western coast of Lake Huron, were erected the missions of the Holy Ghost, St. Peter and St. Michael. Even in the Tobacco Nation, where a few years before Fathers Jogues and Garnier were almost murdered, two missions, St. John and St. Matthew, were permanently established. These missions were attended by eighteen Fathers,* who, looking forward to the arrival of others

* "There are now," writes Bressani, in his Relation, page 36, "eighteen missionaries serving eleven missions." Here are their names: Paul Ragueneau, Francis Le Mercier, Peter Chastellain, John de Brébeuf, Claude Pijart, Antoine Daniel, Simon Le Moyne, Charles Garnier, Renè Menard, Francis du Peron, Natal Chabanel, Leonard Garreau, Joseph Poncet, Joan M. Chaumonot, Francis Bressani, Gabriel Lalemant, Jacques Morin, Adrian Daran, Adrain Grelon. Bancroft is in error when he states that there were forty missionaries with the Hurons, and Marshall still more so, when quoting from

from France and Quebec, began now to cast wistful eyes towards the Dacotah of the Mississippi, the Sioux of the plains and the Algonquins of the north. The Puants and the Nation of Fire, dwelling along the shores of Lake Michigan, had already asked to have missionaries sent amongst them. In one year were baptized eighteen hundred souls, and though the Fathers attending outlying stations were subjected to hardships, they were consoled in their sufferings by the prospects of ultimate success. When the Jesuits came to Huronia there was not among the tribes a solitary soul professing the Christian religion, there was not now a single family that did not count among its members some one who was a Christian. Now that we are familiar with the implacable hatred and vindictiveness of feeling which the Huron Nation entertained for the Iroquois, we can measure the wondrous effect of the teaching of the Fathers on these rude and savage natures.

Their grossness and lasciviousness of manners, their superstitious rites, were yielding day by day to the devotion and preaching of the missionaries. The converts were in their lives examples of the influence of Christian teaching on savage and licentious hearts. So great were the numbers attending mass every morning that the French *Coureurs de bois* who passed through the Huron country expressed surprise, and declared that the paths leading to the chapels

> Where prayers were made and masses were said,
> Some for the living and some for the dead,

Walters, in his "Christian Missions," volume I., he places the number at sixty. Father Martin, S. J., in his appendix to Bressani's History, gives the names of all the priests who served on the Huron missions, from the Franciscan, Joseph Le Caron, who opened the first mission to the Hurons in 1615, to Adrian Greslon, who was the last of the priests to arrive in Huronia, August 6th, 1648.

were more worn than those leading to the council-house.

As an instance of how completely these savage natures were changed, the scene which took place in the large chapel of St. Mary's, on Good Friday, 1645, is remarkable. When the customary devotions were ended, the whole congregation, composed of men, women and children, repeated with Father Lalemant, the following prayer: "Pardon, O Lord, those who pursue us (the Iroquois) with undying hatred, who murder us without pity. Open their eyes to the truth, grant that they may know and love Thee, that they may be friends to Thee and to us, so that we may all together acknowledge ourselves Your children." * All history may be challenged to produce any more signal triumph of grace over nature than this prayer of the Hurons for their deadly and relentless enemy. To separate the soul of a savage from hatred to its enemy, to detach it from that which it holds most dear, to make it die to itself, to unite it with God and to carry it up simply and invariably to Him is the work of nothing else than that of saints and an omnipotent hand. In another place we read of a Huron convert inviting his brethren to join him in a prayer, begging of God that, in pity for the souls of men, He would move them all, Iroquois and Huron, to embrace the faith of Jesus Christ.

This marvellous change was brought about by years of patient waiting, years fraught with innumerable deeds of heroic self-sacrifice and heroic self-abnegation

* Jerome Lalemant, from the Huron country this 15th of May, 1645. Father Jerome Lalemant was twice Superior-General in Canada. He is the author of several of the Relations. Marie de l'Incarnation writing to her brother said that Father Jerome was the most holy man she had ever known. He died at Quebec in 1673, at the age of 80.

on the part of the priests. In the early years, so full of disappointments, they prayed and hoped, in the hours of persecution, pestilence and famine, that the day of conversion for their tawny flocks would surely break. And they could afford to wait, for theirs was the ancient faith with a history rich in the records of generous deeds, and glorified with the consoling memories of hosts of martyrs and confessors. They themselves were men all aglow with a Divine enthusiasm begotten of ecstatic thought, men to whose souls the spirit of the Immortal was ever whispering, and on whose ears there lingered the music of the mighty past. They were all men of Divine fervor, with the gift of utterance, with the power to drive home truth to the intellect, and to soften the hardened heart to pity and to tenderness. Their matchless skill, their ability, their unaffected piety, their perfect knowledge of the language, their patience and meekness, all these wrought upon the hearts around them; and natures, animalized and degraded, they bore into the realms of manliness and holiness. Multitudes of debased savages were reclaimed from the bondage of pagan superstition, lifted to the dignity of men, and very often carried to the elevation of saints.

Their success was due less to their preaching, eloquent and earnest as it was, than to the example of their self-denying and holy lives. Before such lives grovelling superstition retired, and inveterate prejudice yielded. Savage opposition to these men of alien race, these "Pale-faced sorcerers," went down before habitual manifestations of charity and miracles of Divine love, till the worn and faded cassock, the crucifix and rosary, from objects of hatred and suspicion, became symbols of deathless friendship and affection. The bark chapel was a haven of rest to which weary

and sin-burdened souls fled for solace and repose, and where

> From the rustic altar the crucifix
> Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.

Every day added to the number of their converts, and, if it were not for the events we are about to relate, the whole Huron nation would in a few years have been enrolled under the banner of the cross.

For a long time a deadly feud existed between the Iroquois and the Hurons, and had, at the period of which we write, reached the proportions of a war of extermination. In 1647, the terrible Iroquois, who dwelt in western and central New York, had almost annihilated the Algonquins of the Ottawa, and sent scouting parties as far as the outlying Huron villages. They were the most warlike and ruthless among the American Indians. In the summer of 1648, emboldened by repeated successes, a large war-party crossed the St. Lawrence, and urged by implacable hate of their hereditary foes, the Hurons, burst upon the frontier village of St. Joseph, near where now is the prosperous town of Barrie, and indiscriminately slaughtered men, women and children. For weeks before the massacre they infested the forest, lying in ambush, here and there, till a favorable opportunity presented itself, when they sprang like tigers on their prey, rending the forest with demoniac yells of triumphant victory. Father Daniel * was in charge of this mission, and,

* Father Daniel arrived in Huronia in 1633, one year after Father Brébeuf had returned to the country. When he was shot down the Iroquois rushed upon him and washed their hands and faces in his blood, lauding him as a brave man who did not fear death. The heroism of his end inspired many of the Pagan Hurons to become Christians. He was a man remarkable for his humility, zeal for the

when the Iroquois carried the town, he had just finished Mass. The mission chapel was crowded, and as the dread war-whoops broke upon the doomed people they became paralyzed with fear and terror. Two days before the attack, the fighting men had gone on a hunting expedition, and only old men, women and children were there to meet the enemy. Father Daniel tried to rally them to the defence, but his efforts were in vain. He then called to them to fly for their lives, adding that he himself would remain to console the dying. He returned to the chapel, followed by a crowd of women and children. Turning again to them, he exclaimed, "My children, fly and retain your faith until death." Among them was a large number the Father was instructing for baptism. Dipping his handkerchief in water, he baptized them by aspersion collectively, and to those who had already received the sacrament he gave a general absolution. The Iroquois set fire to the village and when they rushed for the chapel into which the doomed victims had crowded the priest cried out: "Let us all die together that we may all meet in heaven." Then striding to the door he confronted and invited the attack of the Iroquois. The Mohawks paused for a moment confused at his audacity and then opened fire upon him with bullet and arrow, but, though pierced and rent with wounds, he continued to exhort his catechumens till death in mercy ended his sufferings. "He died murmuring the name of Jesus, surrendering his soul to God, like the Good Shepherd who gives his life for his flock." Chapel, priest and congregation were consumed together. The wilderness is their grave; their ashes, floating upon

salvation of souls, and a gentle nature wedded to a brave heart. He was the first of the priests in Northern Canada to receive the martyr's crown, and is known as the "proto-martyr" of the Hurons.

the air, drop sanctified fertility on the land; and, while no man knows their resting-place, their monument is so large that, though its foundations are on the earth, its apex touches the great white throne of the Eternal —*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.* So died Antoine Daniel, the first martyr of the Huron mission in the forty-eighth year of his age, after spending eighteen years on the Northern missions. The Relation of 1647 informs that when he perished the Iroquois washed their hands and faces in his blood praising him as a brave man who did not fear death. His gentle nature was wedded to a brave heart. His humility was the humility of a saint and his zeal for the salvation of his spiritual children of the forest was ever tempered with discretion and good sense. After his glorious death he twice appeared in spirit to the fathers at the mission of St. Mary's on the Wye.

The mission St. Joseph was left a charred ruin.

> "And where the house of prayer arose,
> And the holy hymn at daylight's close,
> And the aged priest stood up to bless
> The children of the wilderness,
> There is naught save ashes, sodden and dank."

The Iroquois slaughtered the children, the helpless and the aged, and retired, dragging with them seven hundred prisoners, many of whom afterwards perished by fire, torture, or the tomahawk. The warning ought to have been sufficient for the other Huron towns to prepare for the impending conflict. The winter passed away without further disturbance, and the Fathers continued to hope that all danger was at an end.

On the morning of the 16th of March, 1649, Father Ragueneau, who had charge of the mission of St. Mary's, was on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament,

after having offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, when a Huron runner, breathless and bleeding from a bullet wound, entered the village and announced to the terrified people that the Iroquois had captured the fortified town of St. Louis, slaughtered the men, women and children, and might at any hour attack St. Mary's. "Where are Fathers Lalemant and Brébeuf?" asked the priest, who, hearing the commotion, left the chapel and strode into the crowd of bewildered Hurons. "They are dead," spoke back the runner. "Dead!" Father Ragueneau fell back aghast with horror, and returned to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. The courier was mistaken; the two priests were not dead, but their end was not far off. One thousand Iroquois, chiefly Senecas and Mohawks—the tigers of the forest, and the boldest and fiercest warriors of North America—had, late in the autumn, taken the war-path, wintered amid the forests of Nipissing, and early in March captured the Huron town of St. Ignatius, tomahawked, scalped, and butchered its inhabitants. Then, smearing their faces with the blood of their victims to give additional horror to their savage appearance, they moved out on the run for the neighboring village of St. Louis, through a forest whose silence was at intervals broken by the echoes of their pitiless war-whoops. Despite the desperate valor of the Hurons, the Iroquois carried the fort, set fire to the town, and flung in among the burning cabins the wounded and dying, whose shrieks of agony were drowned in the whoops and yells of the conquering foe. The Iroquois retraced their path to St. Ignatius, dragging with them a number of prisoners, among them the lion-hearted Brébeuf and his delicate and gentle companion, Lalemant. Three times while the enemy were storming St. Louis, the Huron warriors urged the priests to fly,

as the road was still open to St. Marys. "We cannot," answered the stalwart Brébeuf; "where should the priest be found but with his people?"

Amid a pelting rain of bullets and arrows they continued giving Absolution and Baptism to souls that were fast leaving bodies, mutilated and torn by the deadly missiles of the Senecas. When the Iroquois entered the town, Brébeuf rose from the side of a wounded brave and confronted them with a face whose calmness was in strange contrast to his stormy surroundings. Lalemant, frail of constitution and delicate from childhood, was unequal to a similar display of fortitude; his slender body trembled in the presence of the tomahawk raised to brain him; his weakness was but for a moment, when, summoning his faith to his assistance, he looked his enemy in the face and bowed his head for the blow. He was reserved for a more cruel and horrible fate.

Four hours after the capture of St. Louis, while the ashes from its ruins were still floating over the virgin forest, John de Brébeuf was stripped of his clothes, led to a stake, to which he was bound, and his torture began. The courage of Brébeuf was of that indomitable character that rises superior to fear. He foresaw the appalling sufferings that awaited him, but when the Iroquois closed in on him, they looked in vain for any sign of cowardice or symptom of weakness. They tore the flesh in strips from his body and devoured it in his presence, plucked out his finger nails and scorched him with burning brands. "You do not scream, Echon," they said to him. "Why do you not moan? We will make you." Heating red hot a collar of hatchets, they flung it over his head till the flesh on his broad shoulders shrivelled to the consistency of charred leather. The odor of burning flesh made them demons.

They glared upon him like tigers; and, when the unconquerable priest raised his voice in withering denunciation of their wickedness, they tore away his lips and cut out his tongue. Still they wrung from him no cry of pain.

With torn lips and mutilated tongue, he endeavored to warn them of God's awful punishments. They replied with shouts of derision, obscenity and filthy songs, cut off his fingers, joint by joint, and scorched him with brands from head to foot; but the iron frame and unconquerably resolute nature of the indomitable priest did not quail, and even they, stolid and brutal as they were, marvelled at a courage that gave no sign of weakness.

They poured boiling water on his head, and, in mockery of the Sacrament of Baptism, cried out: "We baptize you, Echon, that you may be happy in Heaven —for you black gowns tell us that no one can be saved without Baptism." Despairing of overcoming his wondrous fortitude, they tore the scalp from his bleeding head, laid open his side, and, scooping up his blood in their hands, drank it with the hope that they might partake of some part of his marvellous courage. A chief then advanced, and, burying his hunting knife in the priest's breast, tore out the palpitating heart, and, holding it aloft that all might see it, began to devour it with unspeakable relish. The lustre of the eye is dimmed, the power of utterance is gone forever, his countenance is marred and pitiable to look upon, and, like his Divine Master, when the storm of His crucifixion swept over Him, "There is no beauty in his face nor comeliness." Thus died John de Brébeuf, priest of the Catholic Church, and one of the grandest men that ever trod the American Continent. From that memorable day, when, kneeling on the rock at Stada-

cona, he dedicated his life to the conversion of the tribes, he never wavered in his high resolve. For twenty-four years of laborious and unceasing sacrifice, amid perils as fearful as ever tried the heart of man, he walked the furrow to the martyr's stake, nor cast one halting, lingering look behind. His zeal, his courage, his fidelity to duty in the presence of the greatest dangers, his fortitude under hunger, weariness and excessive fatigue, his angelic piety and his prodigious heroism under the excruciating ordeal of Indian torture, preach an eloquent sermon, and its burden is: "All ye that seek the martyr's crown, behold the paths that lead ye to it." Brébeuf's companion, Father Lalemant,* was tortured with atrocious cruelty. His body was swathed in birch bark, smeared with pitch, and the torch put to it. In this state he was led out while they were rending the body of Brébeuf, and, when he beheld the unutterable condition of the heroic priest, whom he loved with the love of a brother, his agitation overcame him, and, throwing himself at the feet of the dying martyr, he exclaimed: "My God! we're made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men."

* Father Gabriel Lalemant arrived on the Huron missions, 20th Sept., 1646; he was the nephew of Fathers Charles and Jerome Lalemant. Before coming to Canada he was Professor of Metaphysics in France, where he acquired considerable distinction. Bressani says of him that he was of a gentle disposition, was of a noble family and distinguished for his great piety. In a remarkable document, which was found in his handwriting after his death, we read that he abandoned himself entirely to God's providence, expressing a wish to undergo any privations for His sake and the hope that God would find him worthy to choose him for martyrdom, if in any way his death could add to the glory of his Master. Father Charles Lalemant, who was the first Superior of the Jesuits at Quebec, was Champlain's confessor. He crossed the ocean eight times. He died in France in 1674, at the age of 87. He was twice shipwrecked, and was nominated to the Episcopate, which he declined in obedience to the rule of his Order.

He was then dragged away and, for seventeen hours, from sunset to sunrise, was tortured with a refinement of cruelty that fills us with affright and bewilderment. By a slow process, he was literally roasted alive; from head to foot there was no part of his body that was not burned, even to his eyes, into which his torturers put burning coals.

CHAPTER XXI

THE EXODUS

The destruction of St. Ignatius and St. Louis appalled the Hurons. They were paralyzed with fear, and, despairing of ever recovering from the disastrous effects of the terrible onslaught made upon them, and unable to cope with the all-conquering Iroquois, they resolved to abandon their country. All was over with them, and having determined on flight they at once prepared to carry the resolution into effect. They disappeared in bands of fifteen and twenty families, fleeing many of them to the Northern forests and the islands of Lake Huron. Some sought refuge with the Neutrals; others found an asylum among the Algonquins and the Petuns, while many of them asked and received hospitality from the Andastes and Eries. At St. Mary's on the Wye, nine miles from the mission of St. Ignatius, all was commotion and excitement. Iroquois scouts were seen prowling near the walls of the mission-fort, and the Fathers, with the Hurons who had taken refuge with them, were in momentary expectation of attack. The Hurons with a few Frenchmen stood on guard, while in the chapel were gathered the women, offering prayers and vows unceasing. In the meantime the Iroquois, seized with an unaccountable panic, fled the country after a series of atrocious and damning acts. Binding hand and foot those of their prisoners who were too weak to accompany them,

and whom they had not time to torture, they set fire to the town. They lingered for a time that their prisoners might hear the appalling shrieks of human agony that escaped from the mothers, wives and children who were roasting in the flames. While the town was burning, the Mohawks and Senecas disappeared in the woods, dragging with them to their homes in Western New York the prisoners reserved for torture. The Fathers resolved to make a desperate effort to gather together their scattered flocks, and for this purpose prepared to move to the island of Manitoulin.

Yielding, however, to the earnest solicitations of many of the Huron converts, they changed their destination and selected an island on Lake Huron to which they gave the name of *Isle St. Joseph,* known to-day as *Christian Island.* They put the torch to their mission buildings, and in a few hours all that remained of the historic pile were the stone foundations. It was not without feelings of intense sorrow that the Fathers bade farewell to scenes and surroundings sanctified by years of heroic labor.* Every stone in the buildings of St. Mary's, every tree that cast a shadow on the ground which was the theatre of years of labor was endeared to them. The memory of what they had suffered in the past, the hardships they endured and the glorious hope that lightened the long night of sorrow and affliction, crowded irresistibly upon them, and their regrets found expression in a plaintive dirge. "Must we now quit forever," laments one of them, "the scenes of our labors, the buildings which, though poor, were works of art to the eyes of the poor In-

* "It was not without tears," writes Father Ragueneau, "that we left the country of our hearts and hopes, which, already red with the blood of our brethren, promised us a little happiness, and opened for us the gates of heaven."—Relation, 1650, page 26.

dians, and the cultivated fields which promised to us all a rich harvest? Must we abandon a land which was for us a second home with its hopes and recollections, a land which was the cradle of Christianity, and where the servants of Jesus Christ had built their chapel and found an asylum."

On the 14th of June, 1649, the Fathers with twenty Frenchmen and about three hundred Hurons arrived on Christian Island. They selected a favorable spot on the southern promontory and outlined a military fort, strengthened with flanking bastions. The stone walls, which were twelve feet high, they loop-holed and deeply trenched. The Huron village which grew up around the fort was protected with redoubts which served to cover and shield it from attack. When the village and fort were completed, and the Fathers were congratulating themselves on being able to repel any attack from the watchful and ruthless Iroquois, news was brought that at any hour they might look for the foe. An escaped prisoner arrived at the island on the evening of October 30th, and reported that a numerous war-party of Senecas and Mohawks had re-entered the country and were undecided whether they would attack the Hurons on Christian Island or the Petuns. Messengers were at once despatched to the Petuns, informing them of their impending danger. The frontier village of Ekaremiondi, the Mission of St. Mathias, summoning its fighting strength, calmly awaited the attack. Days passed, and no foe appearing, the Petun warriors left the village in search of the enemy.

Two days after their departure, the Iroquois storm broke upon the town. Father Garnier had charge of this mission, and when the Iroquois burst in upon them, he hastened to baptize the Neophytes and absolve the

converts. Then he rushed to the church and addressed the cowering women, who in fear and trepidation had gathered there. "We are about to die, my children; those of you who can escape do so and hold fast the faith until death." He then left the church, and was seen to fall to the ground pierced with a bullet. He rose to his knees, and looking to the right and left, saw at a distance an old man writhing in the agonies of death. The priest rose to his feet and fell again; he then dragged himself on his hands and knees, fell on his side, recovered himself and crawled on. He had almost reached the dying man, when an Iroquois rushed upon him, dealt him two blows of a hatchet, and all was over. The remains of the martyred priest were not recovered. His body was so burned and mutilated that the bones could not be identified. His companion, Father Chabanel, had left the town two days before, recalled by his Superior, Father Ragueneau, who deemed it madness to expose to death more than one priest in the face of threatening danger. He was joined on his return by eight or nine Christian Hurons. Proceeding on their journey, night fell, and they bivouacked in the snow. Father Chabanel could not sleep, and about midnight he heard in the distance mingled outcries, voices and songs. The Iroquois war-party were returning with their prisoners. Chabanel called to his companions, who sprang to their feet, listened for a moment, and at once took to flight. The priest tried to follow, but was unable to keep up with his companions, and was never again seen. The Hurons, who safely arrived at the island of St. Joseph, reported that Father Chabanel had left them and had taken another route to reach the island. For a long time the priests were in doubt whether Chabanel was dead or alive; they supposed

that he had lost his way and perished from cold and hunger. Some time afterwards, an apostate Huron, named Louis Honareenhax, acknowledged that he had killed the priest and flung his body into the river. When asked his reason for doing so, he replied "From the day that I and my family became Christians, we have met with all kinds of misfortune." Father Ragueneau adds that this man, his wife Genevieve, and their numerous family, perished miserably at the hands of the Iroquois. Father Chabanel, it seems, had a presentiment of his death, for before leaving St. Mary's-on-the-Wye, he wrote to his brother that he anticipated death at the hands of the Iroquois. He was of a nature naturally timid, and when he entered upon the Huron missions, he conceived a horror for his position. His refined nature revolted at the filth and indecency of the Indians, and he was at times tempted to ask for a change. In this frame of mind, he entered the chapel and registered a solemn vow to remain perpetually attached to the mission of the Hurons. After making this solemn pledge he experienced a great change and became indifferent to suffering and resigned to his revolting surroundings. He ever afterwards believed that the change which was wrought in him was the effect of God's redeeming kindness.

After the destruction of Mathias and the slaughter of its inhabitants the Iroquois attacked the town of Etharita. Fathers Greslon and Garreau had charge of this mission, but fortunately were recalled to St. Joseph some time before the attack. When the priests first visited this town, they were branded as sorcerers in league with the enemy. A council was called, and they were condemned to death. When they left their cabin, they fearlessly passed through a furious crowd, who, yelling and screeching, brandished over their

heads knives and hatchets, and threatened them with death. The priests showed no signs of fear, and to the amazement of the people passed on and entered the council-house. For some reason their lives were spared and they themselves ever afterwards attributed their salvation to the Providence of God. They succeeded in making many converts, and Father Garreau expressed his sorrow that they were not in the town when it was attacked, that they might have shared the fate of their Petun converts. Meanwhile the population on Christian Island began to increase rapidly. Their provisions became exhausted, and unable to cultivate the land through fear of the enemy, they lived principally on roots and acorns, and when winter came famine was its companion. The severity of the winter added to the horrors of hunger, and the island, which had already furnished graves for a considerable number, threatened to become a charnel-house. The fathers had collected three or four hundred bushels of acorns, which they now served out to their famishing flocks. The famine, however, continued, and the desolation was appalling. Out of every wigwam, cabin and lodge the unfortunate Hurons came creeping on their hands and knees, pale, ghastly and famishing. They looked like anatomies of death; their voices were those of ghosts speaking from the grave. They fed on the carrion remains of dogs and foxes; many lost their reason, opened the graves, took out the freshly-buried bodies, and devoured them with the hunger of dogs. Famine dwelt in their lodges and the specter of hunger companioned with them.

"Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them."

A pathetic and intensely touching episode is recorded by one of the missionaries. An Indian mother, reduced by starvation almost to a skeleton, lay in a corner of her wigwam, with her infant child making an expiring effort to draw nourishment from breasts long since dried up; turning to a crucifix, a few moments before her death, and pressing to her bosom the child which had just died, she exclaimed, "O Lord God, Thou art the Master of our lives, bless, we beseech Thee, our dying Christians. I would have been lost, and my children with me, if You had not consoled me in my affliction, and tried me with suffering. We have received baptism, and I firmly believe that we will rise again together." Most consoling scenes, with acts of heroism and Christian resignation worthy of the brightest days of Christianity, were witnessed; while their families, their country, their very nation, were perishing before their eyes, the Hurons appealed to God to have pity on them in their desolation. The chapel was too small to hold the crowds that gathered for prayer, and ten or twelve times each morning and as often every evening it was filled and emptied. The priests themselves were worn to attenuation, but went from cabin to cabin instructing and cheering the perishing creatures.

At length, broken-hearted and discouraged, the Hurons left the island early in the spring, led by their priests, and began their perilous journey to Quebec. The charred remains of the martyred priests Brébeuf and Lalemant, which had been sacredly preserved, were now placed in two small boxes, and carried with them on their way to Quebec. The bodies of the other martyred priests were sepulchered by the wilderness, and the Huron nation became their mourners. No monument of granite or marble is there to challenge

the attention of passing man and tell him that here lie the ashes of heroes and of saints. Around them rise in stately grandeur the swaying pines, whose youth the martyrs saw; the waters of the broad Huron still lave the fertile shores, the scene of their mighty deeds; and the same sun that three hundred years ago shone upon their heroism, to-day warms the green turf that shrouds their sanctified remains.

On their way to French River, they skirted along the coast of their own familiar country, now a land of horror and desolation. Lake Nipissing, on whose shores there dwelt a few years before, a once numerous and powerful tribe, was now surrounded by tenantless forests. From the fringe of the Georgian Bay to the mouth of the Ottawa the land was a vast graveyard, over which there brooded the silence of death. On their way down the Ottawa, they met Father Bressani, returning with a party of French and Hurons, with supplies for the mission of St. Joseph. On learning that the island was a desert, and no living soul left upon it, Father Bressani retraced his route, and in a few weeks the whole company reached Quebec, July 28th, 1650. They settled in a place some thirteen miles from the city, now called "Indian Lorette," where still dwell all that remains of that mighty race of hunters and fighters once known as the Huron nation. They and their tawny converts are gone forever, but on the altar of a church built to the memory of the martyred priests, near their cherished St. Mary's on-the-Wye, is still celebrated the same unchangeable sacrifice that was offered to the adorable God centuries ago. A broad-shouldered, fair-complexioned people now listen to the same immortal truths that Brébeuf and his companions preached to the dark-haired Hurons in the forests of Ihonateria; and, while these un-

alterable truths are wedded to the soul of man, the memory of the dead priests will live in the hearts of the brave and the true. "It may be asked," writes Bancroft, "if these massacres quenched enthusiasm? I answer that the Jesuits never receded one foot; but, as in a brave army new troops press forward to fill the places of the fallen, they were never wanting in heroism and enterprise on behalf of the cross." *

The scattered bands of Hurons were accompanied by their priests. Father Greslon, whose soutane hung in rags around him, clothed himself in the skins of animals, and northward by the shores of Lake Huron, amid the islets and rocks of its desolate coast, searched for the remnants of his scattered flock.†

Another plunged into the forest with a company of famishing proselytes; and, amid their miserable rovings through thicket and mountain, endured for months the horrors of cold and hunger. Father Simon Le Moyne, years afterwards, visits the Onondagas, and is the first white man to ascend the St. Lawrence River.‡

* Bancroft, Vol. III, page 141. Ed. 1846.

† We followed the fugitives from one rocky island to another, and for three hundred miles through the forest, to console them, and keep alive in their hearts the faith that for them was newly born.—*Bressani, page 291.*

‡ Father Le Moyne left Quebec for the Huron country in December, 1638. He began a mission with Father Daniel among the Huron tribe of Arendahronons and had also charge with Father Charles Garnier of the mission of St. Joseph. In 1654 he went on an embassy to the Iroquois, where, after miraculously escaping death, at the hands of a maddened Mohawk, he returned to Montreal. Five times before his death, which occurred on November 24th, 1665, in the 61st year of his age, he journeyed to the Iroquois. Among the Hurons he received the name of *Ondessonk,* and by this title was always addressed, even when among the Mohawks. He was the founder of the Iroquois missions which were opened some time before by the martyred Jogues. For nearly thirty years, this distinguished priest labored on the Huron and Iroquois missions, and was justly held in high repute by French and Indians. When the Iroquois heard of his death, they

to its mouth. Pierre Chaumonot and Claude Dablon follow him a year after; and, to the fierce Iroquois who, a few years before, had perpetrated such atrocious cruelties on the Hurons, preached the saving truths of Christianity. Renè Menard, in 1656, takes up a permanent abode with the Cayugas; and Chaumonot, the following year, fearlessly enters the dens of the lions—the villages of the Senecas. In 1656, Fathers Gabriel Druillettes and Leonard Garreau —the one already having carried the cross through the forests of Maine, and the other, eighteen years before, a missionary with the Tobacco nation, are captured by the Mohawks when about to leave on a mission to the great Sioux nation.* Thus, before the expiration of the year 1656, the Jesuit priests began the conversion of these war-hawks of the wilderness—the five nations of the Iroquois.

In 1660, the aged Menard, after weeks of great

sent valuable presents to console his friends and wipe away their tears. The companion of Jogues, Brébeuf, Daniel and Garnier at Huronia, he takes high rank in the small army of the soldiers of the Cross, who fought the battle of the Lord, in the forests of Canada and Central New York.

* Father Gabriel Druillettes, surnamed the patriarch by the Abenaquis, arrived in this country in 1643. He went on a mission to the Abenaquis of Maine and dwelt with them for two years. Returning in 1651, he was sent with a deputation to the Governor of New England, soliciting assistance against the Iroquois. In 1656, he left with Father Leonard Garreau, to enter upon a mission to the Sioux; the flotilla was attacked by the Iroquois and the party compelled to return. In 1661, he and Father Dablon opened the mission of St. Francis Xavier among the Crees of the North-west. In this year the two priests started on an overland journey to the Hudson's Bay, but owing to unforeseen difficulties were obliged to return. In 1666, he was with Marquette, and continued laboring among the Algonquin tribes until 1679, when, returning to Quebec, he died in that city on the 8th of April, 1681, at the age of 88, forty-five years of which were passed on the mission.

hardship and suffering, visited the southern shore of Lake Superior; and having begun a mission among the scattered Hurons found in that region, plunged into the forest to visit an inland tribe, and is never again heard of. The lion-hearted Claude Allouez steps into the breach made by his death, and for thirty years this confessor of the faith becomes the companion of roving Algonquins. He gave the name Ste. Marie to the waters dividing Lakes Superior and Huron, where he established the first permanent mission on the spot consecrated twenty-five years before by the visit of the martyr Jogues and the saintly Raymbault. This extraordinary priest established missions during his long sojourn in the upper country among more than twenty different nations, including Miamis, Mississagues, Saulteurs, Menomonees, Illinois, Chippewas, Sacs, Winnibagoes, Foxes, Pottawottomies of Lake Michigan, Kickapoos, and among the scattered Hurons and Ottawas. In 1668, Fathers Dablon,* Nicolas, and Marquette, soon to enter with Joliet upon the exploration of the Mississippi, are with the tribes that occupy the vast regions extending from Green Bay to the head of Lake Superior, "mingling happiness with suffering and winning enduring glory by their fearless perseverance." Early in 1669 Father Louis André mingles with the Algonquin hordes roaming the southern shores of Lake Nepigon, meets the fugitive Nipissings and preaches to the Ottawas of the Great

* Father Dablon arrived in Quebec in 1655, and towards the end of the same year started on a mission to the Onondagas. In 1668, in company with Father Marquette, he had charge of the mission of the Holy Ghost on the shores of Lake Superior. He established the first permanent mission, Sault Ste Marie. The two Relations of 1671 and 1672, so full of interesting and valuable details of the Northern and Western regions of Wisconsin and Ontario, were written by Father Dablon.

Manitoulin. In the same year Father Jacques Buteux is carrying the Cross through the Montagnais forests of the upper Saguenay; instructing the wandering Algonquins of the Misstassini woods and ends a wonderful career of self-sacrifice in a martyr's death, May, 1652.

Truly there were giants in those days; and it is impossible not to admire the sublime influence of the Catholic Church on the hearts of men—an influence which, then, as now, inspired her priests to turn aside from the allurements of civilized society, and, untrammelled with wives or families, devote themselves unreservedly to the elevation of the savage races that were buried in the darkness of the Valley of Death.

CHAPTER XXII

A HERO OF THE CROSS

Towards the middle of the year 1642, a young priest, Father Joseph Bressani, arrived at the city of Quebec in fulfilment of a pledge that he had made to dedicate himself to the Indian missions. He was of Italian parentage, born in Rome in 1612, and although he did not close his career on the scene of his apostolic labor and sufferings, yet his magnificent heroism and his splendid fortitude under Iroquois torture have won him an honorable position in the ranks of the early French Jesuits. He passed two years laboring among the French at Quebec and the Algonquins of Three Rivers, during which time he devoted himself to the study of the Huron and Algonquin languages. On the 27th of April, 1644, he was requested by his Superior to undertake a perilous mission to the Huron country. The fathers dwelling with the Hurons were in a destitute condition and, perilous as the voyage promised to be, the Superior of the Jesuits at Quebec determined to aid them. For two years the Mohawk and Iroquois ambushed both banks of the Ottawa river, and indiscriminately attacked French, Algonquin and Huron. The young Italian priest, Joseph Bressani, conscious of the perils of the voyage, generously offered to attempt the journey to Huronia. This young priest had successfully and successively filled the Chairs of Philosophy and Mathematics in one of the leading colleges

of Europe. He was essentially a scholar, like many others of his priestly companions in New France, but, animated with zeal for the conversion of souls, had turned his back on the pleasures of literature and science to face the horrors of missionary life in the forests of Canada. Charged with letters for the Fathers on the shores of Lake Huron, and such articles as were deemed necessary for the mission, he started with a lay brother and six young Hurons, who had spent a year in the Huron Seminary, near Quebec. The morning of his departure the priest offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the happy termination of his undertaking, the other seven received Holy Communion from his hands, for they were all fully awake to the perilous nature of the voyage. When they left Three Rivers late in April, spring was gradually opening, but floating ice was encountered on the St. Lawrence. As they sailed up the river, the trees on either side were just budding into renewed life. Flocks of wild geese and ducks returning from the south were winging their way to the inland lakes and marshes. As a covey of canvas-backs flew over the canoe, a young Indian foolishly fired his gun, and the report startled the ears of a Mohawk war-party. Reconnoitering from their place of concealment, they beheld the canoe with its occupants and immediately attacked them, killing one and capturing the rest. The prisoners were borne in triumph to the Mohawk town, undergoing on the way the same torture, rough treatment and abuse that Father Jogues and his party underwent two years before.

On the fifteenth of July following, Father Bressani wrote from the land of his imprisonment to the General of the Jesuits; "Here is the letter of a poor cripple who was well enough known to you once when in bet-

ter health. There is no help for it being hard to recognize. The letter is poorly written, for, besides other drawbacks, the writer has not two whole fingers on his right hand. He is using powder from an arquebus for ink, a carving knife for a pen, and his knees for a table. The paper has often been soaked with water, and his fingers, still bleeding, do their share in soiling it. It is written you from the land of the Iroquois, where he is a prisoner. Should you care for a brief account of what Divine Providence has ordained for him these latter days, here it is." He follows this introduction with an humble history of their sufferings from the day of their capture till his final release. They ascended the River Richelieu, and, landing at Chambly, continued their journey through the pathless forest. When they reached the Upper Hudson, a large fishing party met them, and the torture of the prisoners began. They split Father Bressani's hand with a knife, mercilessly beat him with sticks, and dragged him to the torture scaffold, where they saluted him with shouts of mockery and derision. After torturing him for two hours, he was given over to the children, who, ordering him to sing and dance for their amusement, pricked him with sharp sticks, and pulled out his hair and beard. They delayed here for some days, and several times he was burnt with live coals and red hot stones. He was forced to walk on hot cinders, and some of his finger nails were torn out. "One evening," he writes, "our captors burned my finger-nails, another evening a big toe, next evening another toe, and six others at different times. They applied heated irons to my hands eighteen times, and made me sing the while."

"This sport lasted until an hour after midnight, and then they left me, sometimes in an open place, where

the rain fell heavily on me, with no covering or mattress, save a small skin which covered but part of my body, and often with nothing at all. To make me a bandage they had already torn to pieces my shred of a soutane, and kept the rest themselves. In this way, and worse, they treated me a whole month. I would never have believed that any one could have lived through such wretchedness."

In the evening they assembled in a large cabin, and tearing off the rag of a shirt that still clung to him, thrust spears and arrows into his flesh, forced him to walk on hot ashes and burning coals, and compelled him to sing during his appalling sufferings. "Of my ten fingers I have now," he exclaimed, "but one good one." He was unable to feed himself, and some, from refinement of cruelty, put food in his mouth, mockingly telling him that they wished to fatten him before putting him to death. "For seven days they tortured me in ways which beggar description, and which you would not read of without blushing. They poured hot meal over me, and then brought the dogs, who often bit me when eating it. How those nights, the shortest of the year, seemed to me the longest! My God, what must Purgatory be, if Thou wilt give us the grace to go there? This thought sweetened my pains. Under this treatment I became so repulsive to all that they used to drive me off as so much carrion, and they would lend me no sort of covering. They came near me only to torment me. With difficulty I could find any one to pour into my mouth our only food, a little flour, or Indian corn, cooked in water. I was all covered with sores, and I had no one to bandage me, nor any means of doing it myself. This is why worms were generating in my wounds; I drew out more than four from one finger in one day. I have said

to rottenness, 'Thou art my father'; to worms, 'My mother and sister.' I am become unto myself a burden." At length they left the encampment and reached the Mohawk town. Here they hung him by the feet for two hours, then flung him on his back and on his naked body placed food for their dogs.

The dogs, famished with hunger, devoured the food, and as his wounds were still open they began to feed upon his flesh. At last he was dragged into a lodge and told to remain there until his fate was decided. The council met, and after a prolonged discussion, concluded to spare his life. He was then given with due ceremony to an old squaw, and was adopted by her to fill the place of a dead relative. He presented such a hideous appearance, and in his mangled condition was so repulsive, that the savages themselves were astounded and wondered that he did not die. The old woman, in time, sent her son to Fort Orange to ask what price the Dutch would pay for the release of the prisoner. With the same humanity which they had shown in the case of Jogues, they redeemed him with a generous ransom. They clothed him anew, tenderly cared for him until his health was sufficiently recovered, and with a letter from the Dutch Governor, William Kieft, sent him to France on an outward bound vessel. He arrived safely on the 15th of November; but maimed and disfigured as he was, yet restored in health, he reëmbarked the following spring to begin anew his missionary labors, and, if need be, to face once more the knives and fire-brands of the Iroquois. In the autumn of 1645 he arrived in the Huron country, and was received by his brother priests as one who by God's permission came back to them from the grave.

By the Hurons, pagan and Christian, he was looked

upon as a hero, who had borne his sufferings with the courage and fortitude of a brave. He had not mastered the Huron language and could not publicly address the people, but his mutilated hands pleaded with them more eloquently than words. "He may at once," said Father Ragueneau, the Superior of the mission, "enter upon his labors with fruit. His poor hands, his disjointed fingers, his body all scarred, have made him from the hour he came here a better preacher than any of us, and have served more than all our instructions to make known the truths of our faith." This heroic and saintly missionary continued for three years laboring on the Huron mission, travelling from town to town, exhorting, encouraging, and entreating the perishing souls to save themselves. In 1648, he was chosen to accompany a Huron flotilla, which was preparing to go down to Three Rivers, to re-open, at all hazards, negotiations with the French at Quebec. The treaty of peace between the Iroquois and the French, which a short time before had been ratified, only lasted for a very short time. The Iroquois were again on the war trail, and held the water-courses that led to the French colony.

But the resources of the Hurons were exhausted; their robes, skins, and peltries were rotting on their hands, and they were in sore need of axes, kettles, guns and ammunition, so they determined at all hazards to force a passage through the enemy's ranks. They selected for the expedition they were now sending out, two hundred and fifty warriors under the command of the most experienced Huron chiefs. When almost within hail of the friendly garrison at Three Rivers, the flotilla was attacked by the Iroquois, but the Hurons beat them off, killed a few warriors and took many prisoners. Father Bressani was commis-

sioned when leaving Huronia to plead with the Superior of the Jesuits of Quebec on behalf of the requirements of the Huron mission. He begged for more priests, and in response to his appeal, Fathers Gabriel Lalemant, James Bonin, Adrian Greslon, and Adrian Daran were selected to return with him. There was not one among them but realized the dangers which confronted him on this distant mission. Their courage rose in proportion to the difficulties and sacrifices which the voyage and the country offered. "We may be taken prisoners," said one of them, "we may be massacred or burned, what of it! Death on the bed is not always the happiest." On the sixth of August, 1648, the Huron flotilla of sixty canoes left Three Rivers on the homeward voyage, where it arrived safely to the great joy of priests and people.

After the destruction of the Huron villages, the Fathers with a large number of their converts took refuge on Christian Island. Here, threatened with famine, Father Bressani again volunteered to undertake the hazardous journey to Quebec to solicit assistance for the perishing Hurons. He left the island in the month of September, 1649, arriving safely at his destination five weeks afterwards. He pleaded eloquently but in vain with D'Ailleboust, the Governor-General. He represented to him that unless reinforcements were sent to assist the Hurons they and the priests with them were in danger of death at the hands of the Iroquois. But the French colony was at this time in a wretched plight and required all its strength to protect itself. Yet Father Bressani continued to plead; and at length succeeded in obtaining a reinforcement of thirty soldiers, with whom on the fifteenth of June he left Three Rivers on his return voyage. They were joined by a detachment of Hurons who had

wintered at Quebec. On their way up the Ottawa, they experienced a foretaste of what they might expect from the Iroquois. Late one dark night they camped on the bank of the river, and before wrapping themselves in their blankets, set guards to arouse them if there should be any sign of the enemy. Further up the river ten or twelve Iroquois warriors had constructed a sort of a block-house of felled trees where they passed the winter and were now patiently waiting to waylay any Huron or French party that sailed up or down the Ottawa. A scout whom they had sent out returned and reported the landing of Bressani's party. Biding their time, the Iroquois approached; with the silence and stealth of snakes they glided into the Huron camp, for the guards had fallen asleep, and each selecting his victim prepared to strike. Before doing so, they uttered their dread war-whoop, and as the sleeping men arose, the Iroquois struck seven of them with the swiftness of lightning. The French and Hurons were on their feet in an instant and grappled with the enemy before they had time to escape.

A desperate hand-to-hand conflict now ensued, but the Iroquois were outnumbered ten to one, and six of them were killed and two made prisoners. The other two fought their way to freedom, and, uttering again their shrill war-whoop, bounded into the forest and escaped in the darkness. As Bressani's party continued up the river they met with another serious alarm. The scouts who were sent in advance hastily returned saying they had seen fresh foot-prints in the forest. They moved up cautiously, and at length descried, at a bend in the river, a number of canoes approaching them. Both parties backed water, and stood on guard. They remained thus for a short time, when one of Bressani's Hurons told him that he saw Father Rague-

neau in one of the canoes. This was the unfortunate remnant that with their priests were driven by famine from Christian Island, and were now, under the leadership of their spiritual guides, on their way to Quebec. Father Bressani with his soldiers had come too late, and after fraternizing with and embracing his priestly companions turned his canoes and sailed with them down the Ottawa. Father Bressani's health now began to fail him, and on the first of November, 1650, he was compelled to sail for Italy. Here he gradually grew stronger, and with recovered health, he renewed in the Italian villages his missionary duties. He died at Florence on the ninth of September, 1672, after having completed his History of the Huron missions.* During his priestly life his asceticism was that of St. Paul with whom he also might have exclaimed: "Henceforth, let no man be troublesome to me; for I bear the marks of the Lord Jesus in my body."

It is impossible to read the details of his heroic life and sufferings without experiencing a thrill of admiration for the divine courage and splendid fortitude of the saintly priest. It is impossible also for the human heart to give to God a more supreme proof of unselfish love than was offered by the mutilations, the gift of blood, and the indignities voluntarily endured by this heroic priest. Nothing but unalterable faith, immutable love for God and deep anxiety for immortal

* "The Brève Relation" of Father Francis Joseph Bressani is perhaps the best account of the Huron missions that exists. He published this Relation in 1653, at Macerata, Italy, some time after his return from Canada. In 1852, this history, now out of print, was edited and published in Montreal by the Father Martin who rendered invaluable service to our country by his researches and writings. Among the archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal, there is a bundle of precious documents collected by Father Martin from which Canadian and American historians have freely drawn, and which some day, it is to be hoped, will be edited and given to the public.

souls, could sustain the bravest heart that ever beat in human breast, under the prolonged and accumulated sufferings of this wonderful man and his priestly brothers. Eternal honor to the memory of these great men whose lives were miracles of supremest love and whose deaths were benedictions to the heart of our humanity!

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LAW OF RETALIATION

The first band of the Huron fugitives fled to the Northern islands of Lake Huron, but chiefly to Manitoulin, where a mission had been opened eight months before. It was almost a barren solitude, and the fugitives cherished the hope that the Iroquois would never molest them in their island home. But the Mohawks and Senecas were human bloodhounds, and, once on the scent of an enemy they followed him to the death. A remarkable incident in this war of extermination happened while the Hurons were on the island; the Iroquois, who had discovered the retreat of the Hurons, deeming themselves too few in number to attack them successfully, built a fort on a neighboring headland and awaited a favorable opportunity to take the Hurons by surprise. A short time after their fort was built they captured a foraging party, and with them Stephen Annaotaha, a fervent Christian and a man of considerable repute among his own people. When surprised by the Iroquois, he determined to sell his life dearly and die as a brave should die, with his weapons in his hands and his face to the foe. To his amazement, the Iroquois told him that they were about to leave the island, to abandon their feud with the Hurons, and that they were on their way to offer them peace and a home among themselves in their own country. "Let us," said they, "become one people, so

that each may inherit the glory of the other." The Huron, who was a past master in strategy, suspected a sinister motive in their hypocritical language, and seeing he was unequal in strength to his enemies, determined to fight them with their own weapons. He pretended to accept their proposition with delight, threw down his arms, and went with them to their fort. They displayed to his astonished gaze the presents which they intended for his countrymen, and asked him to open negotiations with them. "It would ill become me," replied Stephen, "to take upon myself the glory of bringing about a truce. Among my people there are a number of elders, whose duty it is to administer the affairs of the tribe; send your ambassadors with the gifts, and I will remain here as a hostage; whatever the elders will decide upon, the tribe will agree to." His answer was so apparently straightforward and direct that the Iroquois *believed* he was sincere. "In any case," they said, "it will be better for you to accompany our ambassadors to explain matters to your people; your companions can remain here until your return." Stephen undertook to escort the three Iroquois deputies. When they reached the Huron town, his shouts of joy and exultation attracted the attention of the warriors. "Heaven at last," he cried out, "is favorable to us; in the midst of death we have found life. The Iroquois are no longer our enemies, they have become our friends, our relatives and our benefactors. The graves which they opened for us they have closed again. They offer to us not only their friendship but a permanent home among themselves; henceforth we will be as one nation, numerous, industrious, and brave." His language, so full of assurance and confidence, deadened all suspicion on the part of the Iroquois. But the Huron chiefs, trained

in the bitter school of experience, seemed confused, and sought an opportunity for an explanation in private. A moment's conversation set them right, and, concealing with characteristic Indian cunning their true sentiments, shouted with joy, exciting the women and children to enthusiasm and delight.

The Iroquois deputies, deceived by the apparent sincerity of the public rejoicing, believed their end to be already accomplished. They fraternized freely with the Hurons and partook of a feast given for their special benefit. In the meantime, Stephen quietly prepared with the Huron chiefs his plan of action. Having no confidence in the sincerity of their enemies who, time and again, had proved themselves perfidious and cruel, they determined to beat the Iroquois at their own game. The chiefs, to give assurance to the ambassadors, proclaimed throughout the village that in three days the people must be ready to leave and accompany their friends and allies, the Iroquois. "With them," they said, "we will find security, repose and plenty." These words were as music to the ears of the Iroquois, and to their great delight they beheld the people, men, women, and children, already preparing for the journey. Stephen, full of confidence, returned with the delegates, who announced the success of their mission. The Iroquois were beside themselves with joy. The prey they had been hunting was almost in their grasp, and they loaded Stephen with presents to testify their appreciation of the work he had done. Acting upon his instructions, they sent thirty of their warriors with Stephen, that they might see for themselves the preparations the Hurons were making for the journey, and encourage by their presence the activity and good-will of their future companions.

While the Mohawks were scattered through the vil-

lage, totally unsuspicious of danger, the Hurons at a given signal rushed upon them and slaughtered them. Three only escaped; they owed their safety to Stephen, who spared them in return for kindness they had done him in other days. It appears that these three spared his life, when the Iroquois destroyed the villages of St. Ignatius and St. Louis. One of the Seneca warriors exclaimed, when dying, "We only got what we deserved, and you did to us what we would have done to you." When the Iroquois, who were at the fort, heard of the massacre they fled in terror. The Hurons remained for some months on the island, but, fearing that the enemy would return to avenge the death of their warriors, they left the island and made their way to Quebec. Another party of the Hurons, in their extremity, resorted to a desperate and hazardous expedient.

The hatred cherished by the Iroquois for the Hurons, though originally of one stock, would appear to have been diabolic in its intensity, and when an Iroquois entered upon the trail of a Wyandot he followed it with ruthless pertinacity. Both nations entertained for each other a spirit of vindictive enmity, growing in intensity from generation to generation. The twelve hundred warriors who broke in upon the villages of the Hurons intended the complete destruction and annihilation of the Huron nation. It is then with a feeling akin to amazement that we read of one flying remnant of the Hurons appealing to the generosity of their foe, not only for their lives but for their future protection. This broken and disheartened remnant occupied the villages of St. Michael and St. John the Baptist, and were ministered to by Fathers Bressani and du Peron.

They sent a deputation to the Senecas, one of the

five Iroquois nations, acknowledging that they were no longer able to continue the war, sued for peace, and asked for a home in the Iroquois country. The Senecas agreed to receive them, set apart a large piece of ground for their special use, where they built for themselves the village of Gandougarae.* As many of this fugitive band were Christians, they called their village the Mission of St. Michael, in honor of the town they had abandoned in Huronia. Strange to relate, these Christians, with the Neophytes whom the priests were preparing for Baptism, when the Huron towns were sacked, continued to practise all the pious exercises taught by the Fathers. It is recorded of them that frequently in their interviews and conversations with their Iroquois neighbors, they endeavored to convince them of the benefits of the Faith.

When Father Chaumonot visited them in 1656, he expressed his surprise and delight at finding them firm in the Faith. "I could not," he writes, "keep back the tears which filled my eyes, when I saw these poor exiles practising their religion in the midst of a pagan people." When Father Fremin called at this village in 1668, he met an old man, Francis Tahoronhiogo, who twenty-five years before was baptized by Father Le Moyne in the Huron mission of St. John the Baptist. This venerable patriarch kept his own family safely in the paths of religion, and converted many of the pagan Indians around him. For twenty years he had never spoken to a priest, yet persisted in holding family prayers and begging God to send him a priest that he might receive the sacraments before dying. At length his prayer was heard. When he learned that Father Fremin was in the village he raised

* When Father Le Moyne visited them in 1654, he found the martyr Brébeuf's New Testament and Garnier's breviary in their hands.

his hands to heaven. "At last," he exclaimed, "God has listened to me, I will now die contented." A touching example is given in the Relations, *proving* the influence of the virtuous lives of the Hurons on their pagan conquerors. A Christian girl married an Iroquois and her first care was to inspire him with respect and esteem for her religion. Under the softening influence of her association, he acknowledged himself vanquished, and expressed a desire for baptism. The young wife continued to hope and pray that a "black-robe" would soon visit them. One day while fishing with her husband, who had been for some time in delicate health, a priest happened to pass the place. When the Iroquois saw the "Black gown" approaching, he threw himself upon his knees and asked to be baptized. "For two years," said he, "I have asked of God to grant me this grace before dying." The priest baptized him and in a few days he expired. The Huron wife then related to the missionary the history of his case. "I had made up my mind," she said, "to visit a priest who I heard was at a place one hundred and fifty miles from here, and to ask him to come and baptize my husband, whom I had already instructed as well as I could, and now God has sent you to me."

Another wretched party of the Hurons fled into the forest, and *continued* their long and weary journey over land and lake and river till they reached the Eries, who dwelt on the southern shore of the lake which bears their name. The Eries were of Huron descent, spoke the same language, were settled in palisaded villages, and, when occasion required, could send two thousand warriors into the field. They received the flying Hurons as brothers, and made them by adoption members of the tribe. When the Iroquois learned

of the presence of the Hurons (though they had already entered into a treaty of peace with the Eries) they sought an occasion to provoke a war. The Erie deputies which were sent to the Senecas with large presents to confirm the treaty of peace were ruthlessly slaughtered on some trivial provocation. The Eries retaliated, and a war of reprisals was entered upon. A famous Onondaga chief was captured by the Eries, and against the advice of the elders of the tribe was tortured to death. When they were kindling the fire he warned them that in burning him they were burning the whole Erie nation, since his Iroquois kinsmen would undoubtedly revenge his death. His words were prophetic, for when his countrymen heard of his death the whole nation took up his cause. The Erie warriors were perhaps the best bowmen then existing on the American continent, they used poisoned arrows, wielded the tomahawk and scalping-knife with terrible effect, and as they were as quick as wild-cats in their movements, the Iroquois entered upon the war with grave doubts as to its results. The nation made a vow to the God of the Frenchmen that if successful in their undertaking, they would ever afterwards worship Him. The promise and the success which followed were helpful to the missionary Fathers when they came to evangelize the Iroquois. When they reached the fortified towns of the Eries, they stormed them one after another, and the butchery that followed was frightful.

"The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced and heaped
With corpses."

The Eries were literally wiped out, and with them the Hurons who had taken refuge in their villages. The great lake on whose shores they dwelt perpetuates their name, history records their existence, but as a people they have disappeared from off the face of the earth.*

* The Eries who dwelt to the south and east of Lake Erie were called by the early French the Nation of the Cat, from the large number of wild-cats or lynxes that filled their forests. The Iroquois called the Neutrals the "Cats," for the same reason. No mission was ever opened among this tribe. It is not probable that they were ever visited by a white man, unless Étienne Brulé, Champlain's interpreter, went among them in 1615. According to Father De Quen in his Relation, 1650, the Erie war and the ruin of the nation resulted from the vengance of a woman, who, contrary to the wishes of the Erie Chiefs, insisted upon the burning of an Onondaga warrior, taken in war, to atone for the murder of her brother, who was sent on an embassy the previous year to the Onondagas and killed while in their town.

CHAPTER XXIV

FLIGHT OF THE PETUNS

South of the Nottawasaga Bay, and about two days journey west of the Huron towns, were situated nine or ten villages of the Tinnontates or Tobacco nation, known to the French as Petuns. They numbered about ten thousand souls when they joined the Huron Confederacy in 1640. They shared to a large extent in the ruin and dispersion of that unhappy people. Among them the martyred priests Garnier and Chabanel had charge of the mission of St. John, while Fathers Garreau and Greslon looked after the mission of St. Mathias. Their piety, zeal, and self-denial were softening the flinty hearts of the Petuns; and when the Iroquois began their war of extermination, the light of conversion was already breaking above the horizon. When driven from their country, the remnant of this great clan held together and retained its tribunal organization. There is not in modern history, and taking no account of numbers, perhaps none in all history, an event less generally known, or more striking to the imagination, than the flight of this tribe across the boundless plains, and through the forests of Wisconsin and Michigan. In the intense sufferings of the men, women and children, there is much that appeals to the sympathy and pity of humanity. The gloomy vengeance of the ruthless enemy that hung upon the rear of the fugitive band was, like the soli-

tary Miltonic hand, pursuing through desert spaces a rebellious host and overtaking those who believed themselves already within the security of darkness.

The reverses sustained by the tribe, the untravelled forests through which it opened a path, the foe ever doggedly hanging to its skirts, and the hardships that became a part of its very existence, invest its ruin with melancholy interest. The Anabasis of the younger Cyrus, and the subsequent retreat of the ten thousand to the shores of the Black Sea; the Parthian expeditions of the Romans, especially those of Crassus and Julian, and the retreat of the French soldiers from Moscow, whilst more disastrous in loss of life, were not more pitiful in the sufferings endured. In 1652, according to Dablon and Perrot, they fled to Michilmackinac. We next hear of them on the shores of Noquette Bay, which they abandoned in 1655, crossing over to the other side of Lake Michigan, and now the history of their wanderings becomes intensely pathetic. The daring and ferocious Iroquois drove them thence, and with the pertinacity of bloodhounds hung upon their trail, forcing them to seek refuge with the Puants of Green Bay. From here they were driven to the number of five hundred, and continued their wanderings until they reached the country of the Illinois. No hospitable greeting awaited them; and, worn out and discouraged, they addressed a most pathetic appeal to the Andastes, pleading for shelter among them. "We come from the land of souls where all is sorrow, dismay, and desolation. Our fields are covered with blood, our wigwams are filled with the dead, and we ourselves have only life enough to beg our friends to take pity on a people drawing near their end." Such was the burden of their melancholy appeal, but the Andastes, fearing to provoke the anger

of the Iroquois, turned a deaf ear to their petition, and the unhappy people began anew their wearisome journey, this time towards the plains of the Mississippi.

They descended the Wisconsin, and, sailing up the Mississippi to the river of the Iowas, rested for awhile. The Dacotah met them and drove them back. They next faced towards Lake Superior. In 1659 Chouart and Pierre d'Esprit met them in the marsh lands near the sources of the Chippewa, Wisconsin, where they were eking out a miserable existence. In 1660, joining the Ottawas, they made war on the Sioux. After a series of bloody engagements, the allied forces were defeated and immediately began their retreat towards the Black River. In this retreat, as they formed the rear guard of the flying tribe, they suffered intensely. Famine added to the horrors of their surroundings. The pursuing foe allowed them no rest; and through the trackless wilderness, across stagnant ponds, reeking marshes, and broad rivers, they dragged their famishing bodies, till at length, devoured by hunger, they began to feed upon their own dead. At last they reached the shores of the Black River, and, pushing onward, settled in the Wisconsin wilderness. On the 15th of October, in the same year, Father Renè Menard, bidding good-bye to the outlawed traders and explorers, Pierre Esprit Raddison and Medard Chouart Grossillers left Keweenaw Bay to visit this tribe in their soggy home, and was never again heard of. His cassock and breviary were afterwards found among the Sioux, and it is thought that he was either killed or died from exposure. We next hear of them at Chequamegon Bay, where Father Allouez visited them in 1667. In his "Relation" recording his experience he writes: "The Tinnontates of to-day are the same people who were formerly called the Hurons of the To-

bacco Tribe. They were obliged, like the other tribes, to leave their country to flee from the Iroquois, and to withdraw towards the end of the large lake, where distance and lack of game served as protection against their enemies. Formerly they formed a part of the flourishing Church of the Hurons, and they had the aged Father Garnier for their Pastor, who so courageously gave his life for his dear flock; hence they cherish a particular veneration for his memory."

"Since their expulsion from their own country, they have not been trained in the exercises of the Christian religion; hence they are Christians rather by condition (having been Baptized in their native country) than by profession. They glory in that beautiful name; but the intercourse they have had with pagans for a long time has almost effaced from their minds every vestige of religion, and caused them to resume many of their ancient customs. They have their villages pretty near our place of abode, which makes it possible for me to attend to this mission with greater assiduity than the others farther away. I have, therefore, endeavored to restore this mission to its former state, by preaching the Word of God, and by the administration of the Sacraments."

Persuaded by the Ottawas to join them in an expedition against the Sioux, a war party of the Tinnontates numbering one hundred attacked the enemy, and retreating to the narrow necks of land into which the country is cut up were all taken actually in nets. To prevent their escape, the Sioux stretched nets with bells attached across each isthmus, and when the Hurons, in the dark, attempted to steal away they were all made prisoners but one, called by the French "Le Froid." The Hurons now returned to Mackinaw, where Marquette opened among them the mission of St. Ignatius.

In 1672 Marquette wrote Dablon that the Petuns or Hurons called Tinnontates, who composed the mission of St. Ignatius, began last year to build a fort enclosing all their cabins. They left here and retired to the main land, constructing a village from which Marquette * and Joliet set out on their exploration of the Mississippi. This was the same village to which the remains of Marquette were so strangely brought, as described by Dablon in his Relation, 1679.

When they left Mackinaw, Father Stephen DeCarheil ministered to them at Detroit. The Récollet Father Constantine, who was killed in an attack made by the Ottawas on the Miamis, was, for a time, their pastor. They removed to Sandusky, where Father De la Richard established a mission among them. A large number of the Tinnontates of Detroit made peace with Sir William Johnson, at Niagara, in July, 1764, those of Sandusky holding aloof. From this year until their gradual absorption by other tribes, or dispersion, they are known in American records as Dinnondadies and Wyandots.

* Father P. Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi, died March 18, 1675, on the banks of Lake Michigan, and, on the 8th of June, 1677, his remains were transferred to Point St. Ignace, Michigan, and re-interred. The precise place of his burial lay undiscovered for two hundred years, till on May 4th, 1877, Father Edward Jacker, of Eagle Harbor, Michigan, discovered it after a long and patient search. Father Marquette entered with Joliet upon his great voyage of discovery at the request of Talon, the Intendant of New France, who, when on the point of quitting Canada, wished to signalize the last period of his stay in the country by having the banner of France borne to the Mississippi. The bones of Father Marquette are now sacredly preserved in the Marquette College at Milwaukee.

CHAPTER XXV

IN THE DEN OF THE LIONS

On the 4th of May, 1639, a vessel sailed out of Dieppe, France, freighted with a valuable cargo for the colonists of Quebec. The vessel and its voyage are historical. It carried, as an old chronicle tells us, "a House of Hospital Nuns, an Ursuline Convent, and a college of Jesuits." Madame de la Peltrie, and Mother Mary of the Incarnation, represented the Ursulines. Sister Mary Guenet came to establish the Hospital, and the priests Chaumonot and Poncet were on their way to join the Jesuit missionaries laboring for the conversion of the tribes. After a long and stormy voyage of three months, they arrived happily in Quebec on the first of August. De Montmagny, Governor-General of Canada, with his staff and a large concourse of people, received them on their landing, and from the wharf proceeded to the church, where prayers and a hymn of thanksgiving were offered for their safe arrival. Father Chaumonot, scarcely giving himself time to recover from the fatigue of his long voyage, started with a band of six Hurons for the great hunting grounds of the northern tribes. On the 10th of September he reached the Huron missions, and, after a hospitable greeting from Father Jerome Lalemant, immediately entered upon the field of his labors. Joseph Marie Chaumonot was but twenty-seven years of age when he arrived among the Hurons.

He was born in Châtillon, France, where he acquired the rudiments of the Latin language from his uncle, a priest in that parish. At an early age he made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Loretto, where, in the enthusiasm of his devotion, he dedicated himself to the Canadian missions, promising, that if he ever should reach the scene of his labors, he would build a chapel in honor of the Blessed Virgin, a vow, which, as we shall presently see, he faithfully fulfilled.

Among the heroic band of saintly men who threw themselves into the great work of Christianizing and civilizing the Canadian tribes, he was conspicuous for the enthusiasm of his zeal and the intensity of his piety. His memory was phenomenal, and, after a short stay among the tribes, he acquired not only a complete knowledge of their languages, but also of every idiom and peculiarity belonging to their forms of speech. Indeed, so great was his familiarity with the different idioms of the tribal tongues, that the Indians themselves at times were astonished at the rapidity and smoothness with which their language flowed from his lips. In his child-like simplicity he gave no credit to himself, either for this wonderful talent or its development, but always contended that he was indebted to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph for whatever knowledge of languages and their separate dialects he possessed. He began his labors among the Indians at a critical moment. The Huron warriors who had taken the war trail a short time before were defeated in several engagements. Famine already threatened the tribe, and now, to add to the horrors of their situation, the smallpox broke out among them. They attributed their misfortunes to the sorcery and witchcraft of the priests, and, had it not been for the eloquent pleading

of Brébeuf, the Ajax of the mission, the priests would, in all probability, have filled graves before the expiration of the month. After a time, the smallpox spent itself, and life began again to assume its daily routine.

Chaumonot was now becoming familiar with the hardships and labors of missionary life. "Our dwellings," he writes, "like those of the Indians, are of bark, with no partitions except for the chapel. For want of table and furniture we eat on the ground, and drink out of bark cups. Our kitchen and dining room furniture consists of a great wooden dish full of sagamite, which I can compare to nothing but the paste used for wall paper. Our bed is bark, with a thin blanket; sheets, we have none, even in sickness, but the greatest inconvenience is the smoke, which, for want of a chimney, fills the whole cabin. Our manner of announcing the Word of God to the Indians is not to go up into a pulpit and preach in a public place; we must visit each house separately, and, by the fire, explain the mysteries of our holy Faith to those who choose to listen." Father Chaumonot was by nature peculiarly sensitive to ridicule, and when he entered a cabin and began to explain to the inmates the doctrines of the Faith, he was frequently received with ribald laughter and mocking jest. It required a superhuman effort on his part to bear patiently this ridicule, and he was continually making heroic acts of self-denial that God would give him the grace to overcome his natural dislike to these visits. "So great a repugnance had I to making these visits," he tells us, "that every time I entered a cabin, I seemed to be going to the torture, so much did I shrink from the railleries to which I was subjected." On the 2nd of November, 1640, Fathers Chaumonot and Brébeuf set out for the Neutral country, and passed the winter

with that tribe. Soon after his return, Chaumonot joined Father Daniel at the frontier mission of St. Michael.

On one occasion the two priests entered the cabin of a dying woman with the hope that they would be able to prevail upon her to receive the sacrament of Baptism. A relative of the squaw who happened to be in the lodge at the time charged them with using incantations and sorcery to destroy his cousin. Chaumonot endeavored to explain the purport of their visit. The man angrily refused to listen to him, and with scowling brows left the cabin, threatening as he went to split their heads. When the priests passed through the door to visit another cabin, the infuriated Huron rushed upon Father Chaumonot, and before Daniel could fly to his assistance, felled him to the ground with a large stone. "I almost lost my senses," he tells us, "and the assassin seized his tomahawk to finish me, when Father Daniel wrested it from his grasp. I was taken to our host's cabin, where another Indian became my physician. Seeing the large tumor I had on my head, he took a sharp stone and made an incision, pressing out at the same time all the extravasated blood; he then bathed the top of my head with a decoction of pounded roots and cold water. Some of this infusion he took into his mouth and squirted into the incision. I soon recovered from my wound. God was satisfied with my wish for martyrdom, or it may be I was deemed unworthy of the glory of a martyr's death." For eight years, amid hardships and perils as severe as ever tried the heart of man, he labored unceasingly among the Huron and Algonquin tribes on the northern shore of the great lake. When the Iroquois dealt the Huron nation its death blow, Chaumonot was in charge of the mission

of St. Francis Xavier, and when the news was brought to the town by a runner, that the enemy in full force was approaching, the people were seized with panic, and fled to the Petuns, followed by their priest, who records in mournful accents their departure and journey.

"At the time of this greatest defeat of the Huron nation," he writes, "I had charge of a town almost entirely Christian. The Iroquois, having attacked the villages about ten miles off, gave our warriors a chance to rush out and meet them; but the enemy were in greater force than we supposed, and our braves were defeated. Two days after their defeat, news came that all our warriors were killed or taken. It was midnight when we heard the intelligence, and at once every cabin resounded with wailing, sobs, and piteous cries. You could hear nothing but wives bewailing their husbands, mothers mourning for their sons, and relatives lamenting the death or captivity of those nearest to them. And now, an old man, fearing that the Iroquois might attack the defenceless town, began running here and there, crying, 'Fly! fly! Let us escape, they are coming to take us prisoners.' At this cry I ran out and hastened from cabin to cabin to baptize those preparing for the sacrament, confess the adults, and arm all with prayer. As I made my round, I saw that they were all abandoning the place to seek refuge among a nation thirty-three miles distant.

"I followed them with the hope of giving them spiritual aid, and, as I did not think of taking any provisions, I made the whole journey without eating or drinking. While travelling with the others I thought only of administering consolation to them, instructing some, confessing others, baptizing those who had not yet received that sacrament. As it was still

winter, I was forced to administer baptism with snow water melted in my hands." He was present when the bones of the martyred priests Brébeuf and Lalemant were sacredly wrapped in silk, awaiting the time when they could be brought to Quebec. When the scattered Hurons took refuge on Christian Island, he was with them, and describes in pathetic and intensely mournful language the awful sufferings of the fugitives that memorable winter. Though worn to emaciation himself, and famished with hunger, he cheered their drooping spirits when, broken-hearted and discouraged, they left the island early in spring and began their perilous journey to Quebec, preferring to face the scalping-knife and tomahawk of the Iroquois rather than the horrors of blighting famine.

After the priests and Indians reached that city, Father Chaumonot was appointed to attend to the spiritual wants of the broken-hearted remnant. He entered upon his new mission with characteristic zeal. His congregation was all Christian, and his life now promised a future of security and well-merited repose. Scarcely had he tasted the fruits of the calm and peaceful life that promised to open into a permanency for him among his Huron converts, when an event occurred that threatened to disturb the calm serenity of his holy rest.

The Iroquois of New York State, those war-hawks of the wilderness, dispatched deputies of the Onondaga tribe to the French, asking that an ambassador be sent among them, and inviting the priests to take up their abode in the Iroquois country. This invitation was as startling as it was unexpected, for the hands of the Iroquois were still reeking with the blood of the consecrated victims whom they had sacrificed a short time before. It was not so very long ago

since they slaughtered the priests on the Huron missions, took captives Bressani and Poncet and dragged them through their villages, the meanwhile subjecting them to atrocious torture, so long continued that Father Bressani marvelled the human frame could bear so much and live. They had ruthlessly murdered Father Jogues and his companion, René Goupil, and now they were knocking at the gates of Quebec, suing for peace, and, as an earnest of their good faith, offering to throw open their villages to the preaching of the "Black Gowns." "Our young braves, Onnontio," * spoke the leader of the party, "will never again fight the French, but as they are high-spirited and warlike, they will go to the country of the Erie. I hear the earth there trembling and quaking, but here all is calm." The French at Quebec, knowing the treacherous and perfidious nature of the Iroquois, held their thoughts in hesitation, till at length the aged Father Le Moyne broke the suspense by stepping forward and fearlessly offering to go back with the Onondagas. It was on the second of July, 1654, that all Quebec bade him God-speed, and gazed upon him as a man doomed to death, when, barefooted and hatless, he took his place in one of the canoes of the Iroquois flotilla. The Onondaga chief dipped his paddle, threw his strength upon it and glided into deep water, and the others followed. The aged and venerable priest, when some distance from the shore, intoned the *Vexilla Regis Prodeunt;* the French at the water's edge took it up, and to the strains of the historic hymn the flotilla, homeward bound, disappeared in the vanishing distance.

Le Moyne, before his friends lost sight of him, was

* Onnontio, great mountain, the name given to the Governor of Canada by the Iroquois.

seen to rise to his feet, wave a parting farewell to his companions on the land, till they saw him no more, and thus he went

> "And became as one
> Knowing no kindred but a perishing world,
> No love but of the sin-endangered soul,
> No hope but of the winning back to life
> Of the dead nations, and no passing thought
> Save of the errand wherewith he was sent,
> As to a martyrdom."

The Iroquois flotilla continued up the stream, passed Three Rivers and Montreal, portaged the rapids, and sailing on entered the Thousand Islands, where the startled moose gazed in herds upon them. They coasted along the southern shore of Lake Ontario, passing Sackett's Harbor, and at last reached the mouth of the Salmon River. Here, at a fishing village, he met a number of Hurons who had known him in their own country in happier days. They embraced him as children would a long-absent father, and vied with each other for the honor of carrying his baggage. "Here," writes Father Le Moyne, "I had the consolation to hear many confessions, and among them that of Hostagehtak, our ancient host of the Petun nation. His sentiments and devotion drew tears to my eyes. He is the fruit of the labors of Father Charles Garnier, that holy missionary, whose death had been so precious before God." As they sailed up the river they landed at an occasional village, in one of which was a young man of some repute in the country, who invited him to a feast because he bore his father's name, Ondessonk. In this village he baptized a number of sickly children, and, in a discourse of considerable length, explained to the people the mysteries

of religion. "They took me," he writes, "for a great medicine-man, though I had no other remedy for the sick but a pinch of sugar."

At length they reached the town of Onondaga, which Le Moyne, an adopted Huron, entered in accordance with Indian custom. A mile before he reached the town he began a harangue in which he called out, as they walked along, the names of the Onondaga sachems and chiefs, recounted their heroic deeds, and dwelt upon the glories of each. On the tenth of August deputies from the neighboring towns arrived, and a solemn reception was prepared for the priest. This took place in a large wigwam set aside for his use. At this reception he was received with great pomp, and when he delivered the gifts of Onnontio, the Governor, exhorting them to peace and, above all, to accept the faith of which he was the envoy, his words were received with applause. His presents were accepted, and the Onondaga sachems offered in return belts of wampum, and invited the French to come and dwell among them. They met again the next day, when Le Moyne opened the proceedings with public prayer, kneeling the while, and invoking the great Master of heaven and earth to pour out his blessings upon them. "I prayed," said he, "the guardian angels of the whole country to touch the hearts of those who heard me when my words would strike their ears." Walking from end to end of the wigwam, according to the custom of their orators, he enumerated them by nations, tribes and families; called out the name of each particular individual of any note, and at stated intervals emphasized his address by the presentation of valuable gifts. He was encouraged in his harangue by frequent applause. After Le Moyne had finished his speech, the delegates from the different tribes re-

tired, and consulted together for two hours. A messenger was then despatched for the priest, who, when he entered, was assigned the place of honor. An Onondaga orator then arose and, to the surprise of Le Moyne, repeated almost word for word the discourse he had delivered a short time before. The orator asked him if he had correctly reported his language. Le Moyne said he had; and after they heard his reply, they welcomed him again, and began singing, after which the Onondaga spokesman opened his harangue. He began by thanking Onnontio for his goodwill towards them, and to show their approval of his speech deposited a belt of wampum at the feet of the priest. Then Outrauati—Le Grande Guele—thanked him on behalf of the Mohawks for having spared the lives of five of that tribe, presenting again two more belts. Once more, speaking for the Senecas, he thanked the French for having drawn five of their tribe out of the fire, and when he presented two more belts of wampum, the whole assembly shouted out its approval.

He then addressed himself particularly to Le Moyne: "Listen, Ondessonk," he said, "five entire nations speak to you through me; my breast contains the sentiment of the Iroquois nation, and my tongue tells what my breast contains. Thou will tell Onnontio these four things: first, we are willing to acknowledge Him of whom thou hast spoken, Who is the master of our lives, and Whom we do not yet know; second, our council tree is this day planted at Onondaga, which will be our place of meeting; third, we ask you to select a place upon the banks of our great lake and settle among us; place yourself in the heart of this great country, be unto us a father, and we will be your children; fourth, we are now engaged in new

wars; we ask Onnontio to encourage us, and we will have no other thought towards the French than one of peace." He then presented additional gifts, adding, "I have done."

Father Le Moyne, his duties as an ambassador now over, began his labors as a priest. Among the Iroquois were a thousand captive Hurons, most of whom were Christians. He heard their confessions, baptized their children, and revived their faith. He received from the hands of the Iroquois the New Testament of Father Brébeuf, and a book of devotion of Father Charles Garnier, whom they martyred four years before. As he was walking one day on the shores of the Onondaga Lake, he discovered in a half dried basin a well of salt water, which the Indians told him had a devil in it which made it unfit to drink. The priest took a dish of the water, condensed it, and brought the salt with him on his return to Quebec. Father Le Moyne now bade good-bye to the Hurons and Iroquois, and, sailing down the Salmon and St. Lawrence rivers, reached Quebec on the 11th of September, and reported the result of his embassy.

CHAPTER XXVI

"CHAUMONOT"

Among those whom Father Le Moyne baptized at Onondaga was a man called John Baptist, a Huron chief, who was now adopted by the Iroquois. In Huronia Baptist was a man of considerable repute, who knew the Fathers well, entertained kindly feelings towards them, but doggedly refused to embrace the Faith. Fully one thousand Hurons were dwelling in the Iroquois country. Many of them had been adopted into the tribe to replace the Iroquois warriors killed in battle, and thus maintain the fighting strength of the League. Others were held in captivity, while those who sought the protection of the Senecas were settled in their own village and looked upon as their wards. When Father Le Moyne visited these Hurons, the memories of other days passed before them as spirits of their mighty dead. Adversity had tamed their proud hearts, and the recollection of the awful past broke, in a measure, the fierceness of their nature, so that when the priest again was with them, many among them asked for baptism. Foremost among these applicants for the sacrament was John Baptist, who, with an Iroquois war party, was about to set out against the enemy. The cautious missionary, fearing that he was not sufficiently instructed, endeavored to persuade him to defer the reception of the sacrament to another time. "Ah, Ondessonk, I believe, why not re-

ceive me to-day? Art thou master of death, that thou canst say to it stay back? Canst thou make dull the arrows of the enemy? Must I at every step in battle be tormented with the fear of hell? Unless thou baptize me, I will be a coward in the presence of the foe. Baptize me, for I will obey thee, and give thee my word to live and die a Christian." Thus he spoke. Such an appeal was irresistible, and Le Moyne, instructing him in the necessary truths, baptized him, giving him the name of John Baptist. The next day the priest set out to meet the French at Quebec, and John Baptist to meet the foe in deadly conflict. This was the man, who, returning from a victorious campaign, was selected by the Iroquois to head an embassy sent to invite the priests and the French to dwell among them. Baptist seemed to have no doubt about the sincerity of the Iroquois' invitation, and after an interview with the Governor, Baptist appealed to the priests, but Father Chaumonot shook his head, saying that it was hard to trust an Iroquois. However, it was a question of saving souls, and when did a Jesuit ever recoil from the dangers of an expedition that promised the possibility of salvation for even one solitary perishing creature? Fathers Chaumonot and Claude Dablon volunteered for the mission, and on the 19th of September embarked with the Ambassadors, and, after a voyage of ten days, arrived at the mouth of the Otihataugué, known to-day as the Salmon River, entering Lake Ontario from the east. They delayed for a short time at the fishing village where Father Le Moyne was so hospitably entertained.

Father Chaumonot was at once recognized by the Hurons dwelling in this village, and was received with cries of joy and gladness. They knew him in other and happier days, and, while the men gazed upon him

as upon a long-lost brother, the women gave expression to their feelings and emotions in tears of joy not unmingled with sorrow. They fell upon his neck, they clasped his knees and embraced him, pleading with him to visit their cabins, and, if possible, prolong his stay in the village. "Echon," said one of them, speaking for the rest, "you were always our friend, and when we saw you we thought our beloved dead had come to us from their graves." As Chaumonot and Dablon entered the Iroquois country in quality of Ambassadors, messengers came from Onondaga asking them to remain where they were, till the tribal orators and war-chiefs of the nation could assemble at Onondaga to give them a public reception. While detained here the priests collected the Christian Hurons for instruction, prayed with them morning and evening, and spent hours in the confessional, rehabilitating souls that were already cleansed, if not purified in the waters of tribulation. A mournful group stood on the outward fringe of the congregation. Those who composed this band were pagans, who, in the days of their prosperity, scorned to bend the knee to the God of the "Black robes," but now came bowed down under the weight of their misfortunes to listen to the instructions and "make the prayer."

In a few days runners arrived from Onondaga announcing that the chiefs awaited them. Three miles from the town, Gonatarezon, the tribal orator of the Senecas, stopped them and delivered an oration. After he had concluded he escorted the priests on their way. When about a mile from the town they were met by a delegation, and Chaumonot, removing his hat, began an Iroquois harangue, the whole crowd moving slowly to the Onondaga village. Chaumonot, who was a veteran of the Huron campaign, spoke the Iroquois

with a fluency and ease that amazed them. His gesticulations were those of their own orators; his intonation and inflection were modelled on those of their best speakers, and as he proceeded he was repeatedly applauded with encouraging "*hos, hos,*—hear, hear." As the priests passed through the village they were objects of intense curiosity to the gaping crowd, who, from the roofs of their wigwams, gazed with mingled awe and curiosity on the black-robed delegates. With much pomp they were conducted to a large cabin, where a sumptuous feast was prepared in their honor, and, while they are being entertained, let us for a time dwell upon the great Iroquois nation. The Iroquois League, made up of five tribes forming the *Hotinnonchiondi* confederacy was, without question, a most unique form of government, one that had stood the test of time, and which, among the survivors of the nation partly obtains to this day. These five tribes were known as the Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas and Mohawks.

According to the Great Immutable, Law, the Iroquois Confederate Council consisted of fifty Rodiyaner (civil chiefs), and was divided into three bodies—the Older Brothers (the Mohawks and the Senecas); the Younger Brothers (the Cayugas and the Oneidas), and the Fire Keepers (the Onondagas). Each brotherhood debated a question separately and reported to the Fire Keepers. In case of disagreement in opinion, the Fire Keepers referred the matter back and ordered a unanimous report. If the two brotherhoods still disagreed, the Fire Keepers had the casting vote. If, however, the brotherhoods agreed and their decision was not in accord with the wishes of the Fire Keepers, the latter could only confirm the decision, for absolute unanimity was the law and was required for the pas-

sage of any national question. Provisions to speedily break the deadlock were provided. All the work of the council was done without an executive head, save a temporary speaker appointed by acclamation. Adodahoh, in spite of his high title, was only the moderator of the Fire Keepers.

Each tribe had its allotted number of orators and chiefs, known as sachems; altogether they formed a parliament of about fifty men, and in the general congress of the tribes their legislative and judicial authority was supreme. When the general council assembled, the business before it was conducted with great order and according to fixed rules. "Their councils," says Clinton, "were conducted with great decorum, ceremony and solemn deliberation. In the characteristics of profound policy, they surpassed an assembly of Feudal Barons." Father Hennepin, who, with La Salle, the explorer, and his companion Tonti, was present at one of these meetings, said that the Senators of Venice did not appear with a graver countenance nor speak with more majesty than the Iroquois sachems, when assembled in council. Bancroft, Colden, Schoolcraft, and Morgan are all of the opinion that the government of the Iroquois League foreshadowed the American Republic. The parliamentary sachems were never called into the field in time of war. Each tribe had a legislature of its own, to which was intrusted the framing of laws for those under its jurisdiction.

Any one tribe of the League was free to take the war-path without the consent of the others, and it was only when the nation at large was threatened that the general congress was empowered to settle upon the plan of campaign. Onondaga was the seat of government for the whole nation, and here, in what might be

called the National Library, the wampum records of law, treaties, councils, and of their history, were kept. To the custody of the Onondagas was committed the care of the Great Council Fire. The Senecas, who occupied the extreme western point of their territory, had charge of the "First Fire," and to the Mohawks, who dwelt on the eastern limit, was instructed the guardianship of the "Fifth Fire," which burned in the long cabin. The long cabin was an imaginary wigwam having two outlets, one at the east and the other at the west, and these outlets were the "Fires," under the protectorship of the Mohawks and Senecas. These two tribes were held to protect the western and eastern entrances of the mythical wigwam, which covered the whole nation. The Iroquois numbered twenty-five thousand souls, and when occasion demanded, could throw into the field three thousand of the fiercest and bravest warriors of North America. And, now, let us return to Chaumonot and his companion. When the feast was over, the priests were conducted to the lodge reserved for them, and a deputation was already waiting to present belts of wampum. Father Chaumonot replied on behalf of Onnontio, the Governor-General, and Achiendasé, the Superior of missions.

On the eleventh of November the missionaries were shown, on the banks of the Onondaga, a beautiful and convenient site upon which they were asked to build their chapel. On the twelfth of November they were present at the torture of a young Erie, whom they had in vain endeavored to purchase in order to save him from the fire. Chaumonot says he was only ten years old, and that for the two hours in which he was being burned alive, with all the tortures that savage ingenuity could devise, he never uttered a cry, or allowed a groan of complaint to escape him. The 15th

of November was appointed for another meeting at which matters of importance, which were not before discussed, were to be brought up. Chaumonot and Dablon, after an hour spent in prayer, entered the council house, and when the tribal orators had spoken, Chaumonot arose to reply. Eloquent as he was, he surpassed himself, and the enraptured Dablon, carried away by his eloquence, said "he thought that the voice of his brother priest could be heard throughout the whole nation." The tribal orators gazed upon him with surprise. Walking from end to end of the tent, gesticulating freely, he emphasized his eloquent utterances with the presentation of acceptable gifts. He declared that Onondaga had never witnessed a council of such importance. That upon the result of this council depended the salvation of the nation, and now that they had accepted the good wishes of Onnontio, he was about to deliver to them a message from the Master of life and death. He then unfolded the doctrines of Christianity, and ended a matchless address by appealing to them to accept the faith. The air resounded with the chants of the chiefs, and when they had ended their chorus of congratulations, one of them exclaimed: "I speak to thee, brother, from the heart, I sing from the heart, my words are true, welcome brother, thy coming brings light to our dark places, and thy voice carries happiness to our hearts. Farewell war, farewell the hatchet!" He then embraced the missionary on behalf of the whole nation.

The priests were now told that they were free to preach throughout the country. The following day they began the erection of their chapel, a rough bark building, but it was the first Catholic church that was ever raised in the State of New York. Every cabin was now open to them, and as Father Dablon had

already established a choir of Indian maidens, the chapel became too small to hold the crowds that came from far and near. The Huron exiles assembled twice a day for prayer and instruction, till the paths leading to the chapel were so deeply worn that a deputation of Cayugas, when they passed the place and saw the beaten tracks, and the people passing and repassing, paused and asked what it all meant.

> "Well might the traveller start to see
> The tall, dark forms, that take their way
> From the birch canoe, on the river shore,
> And the forest paths, to that chapel door;
> And marvel to mark the naked knees,
> And the dusky foreheads bending there."

Clouds, however, were forming on the horizon. Huron apostates began to circulate dangerous calumnies. They whispered that the Fathers were sorcerers, and that the children whom they were baptizing would be under the evil influence of a *Manitou*. About this time, also, a rumor was spread throughout the Iroquois cantons that the Onondagas, who had gone to Quebec, were thrown into prison, and were perhaps killed. After a secret meeting, held at Onondaga, the priests were denounced as liars, and as men guilty of treachery. Chaumonot, failing to convince them that their accusations were false, resorted to a characteristically bold expedient. "You say," he exclaimed, "that your deputies are retained in prison, and, for all you know, are now dead. Select from among you four or five of your number, and my companion will go with them to the French. I will remain here, and if this charge which you bring against us be true, I, with my life, will pay the penalty." Chaumonot's offer was accepted. The next morning Father Dablon and his Iroquois com-

panions crossed Oneida lake on the ice, followed the trail to Salmon river, down which they travelled to Lake Ontario and arrived at Quebec March 30th, 1655. Here they met their countrymen alive, contented and in good health.

When the Onondaga deputies discovered that their friends had been kindly treated by the French, and never saw even the inside of a prison, they acknowledged that they had been listening to lies, and again invited the French to come and settle among them. The invitation was accepted, and a number of French colonists under the command of a military captain made preparations for the voyage. Fathers James Fremin, Francis Le Mercier, Renè Menard and Claude Dablon were chosen to accompany the party. While the Onondagas delayed at Quebec, Father Le Moyne left with a band of Mohawks to open a mission in their villages. The Onondagas, with the priests and Frenchmen, reached the Iroquois country early in July, and began at once a settlement. Cabins were thrown up, a fort built, and thus, on the 19th day of July, priests and colonists took up their abode among the Iroquois. Soon after a great council was called, and to it came Chaumonot, bearing valuable presents for the tribe. The meeting assembled in the great council house of the Onondagas.

Five nations were represented by their respective councillors and orators, and when the preliminary business of the council was over, Chaumonot, holding in his hand a belt of wampum, strode forward to address them. His reputation as an orator was already established, and, since the death of Brébeuf, he was recognized by Hurons and Iroquois as the most famous of the "black gowns." "We do not come here," he said, "to trade with you; not for traffic do we appear in

your country; your beaver skins could never repay us for the dangers and hardships we have suffered; these things you can keep for the Dutch, we do not want them. For the faith alone have we left our land; for the faith we have crossed the ocean; for the faith we have left the great ships of the French to take passage in your frail canoes; it is for the faith I hold in my hand this belt of wampum, and open my lips to call upon you to keep unbroken the promise you gave to us at Quebec. There you solemnly pledged yourselves to give ear to the Word of the Great God; they are in my mouth—listen." Then, with wondrous fluency and eloquence he unfolded the great truths of Christianity —dwelt upon man's responsibility to God, the attributes of the human soul, and its imperishable nature. He called upon them, by their hope of happiness and fear of eternal torture, to accept the truth and embrace the faith. They were loud in their demonstrations of delight, embraced Chaumonot, and promised to give ear to his words. "If, after this," writes Father Fremin, "they murder us, it will, indeed, be surprising." His discourse produced a profound sensation, and many of the Onondagas applied for baptism. Henceforth the missionaries performed all their duties as freely as if they were at home with the colonists at Quebec. Scattered among the Iroquois villages were large numbers of Huron captives, who, since the destruction of their own country, had no opportunity of practising their religion.

Many of these Hurons, when they were a free and independent people, refused to accept the faith, but entertained a kindly feeling for the Fathers, and admired them for their wondrous heroism and self-denial. The crucible of affliction through which they had passed, and their position of inferiority among the

Iroquois, tamed their proud natures. Their stubborn hearts yielded to the affectionate appeals of the priests, and they now came asking to be baptized. "The Hurons of the upper country," writes Chaumonot, "who had refused instruction, by reason of their aversion to the faith, are now bending to the yoke of the gospel, for affliction tends very much to a right understanding. Large numbers of them have already been baptized, and, with our Iroquois converts, we have, since we came here, already received four hundred and fifty into the Church, and this, notwithstanding the difficulties we encounter by reason of the continual wars in which these tribes are engaged. If we can sustain priests in this country, the whole nation will be brought over to the faith."

In a few months Fathers Ragueneau and du Peron joined the mission, and to all outward appearances the day of conversion was dawning upon the Iroquois tribes. Scattered through the Iroquois cantons there were now seven priests, viz., Fathers Ragueneau, Le Moyne, Le Mercier, Fremin, du Peron, Dablon and Chaumonot, and, if it were not for the intrigues of the Dutch, at New Amsterdam, and the duplicity of some of the leading chiefs, the whole nation would have been won to the faith. But under all this seeming appearance of prosperity and glorious hope, a deep-laid conspiracy was being hatched. On the 3rd day of August, 1657, a group of Huron captives, who had been brought to the country under protestations of kindness and sworn assurances of brotherhood, were ruthlessly slaughtered. Yet their outward bearing towards the priests and French settlers was kind, almost to affection, but Chaumonot, who knew the Iroquois character well, began to distrust them. Their former perfidy and cruelty, and their savage ferocity

in Huronia, were still fresh in his memory. He remembered, also, when they were the scourge of the infant Church, when they tortured, wasted and devoured the catechumens, buried whole towns in their own ashes, and destroyed the tribes whom the Fathers had won to the Faith. Did they not leave Huronia a wilderness of desolation where the bones of its slaughtered dead lay yet unburied. Were not the scattered Nipissings and Ottawas now so paralyzed with fear that even the imprint of an Iroquois' moccasin was, to them, a symbol of death?

He remarked to Dablon that they were in the dens of tigers, and that at any moment the beasts might spring upon them and rend them. Some time after the slaughter of the Huron prisoners it was whispered to Chaumonot that, in a secret council held among the Iroquois, the massacre of the French was settled on, and might happen in the near future. This was alarming news, and messengers were at once dispatched to the priests in the outlying missions and to the French dwellers in the country, notifying them of their danger, and warning them to gather as soon as possible at the fort which the French had erected a short time before. The Onondagas, not suspecting that their conspiracy was known to the French, viewed with considerable surprise and no little suspicion this gathering of the whites. An Iroquois band of fifty or sixty warriors threw up their wigwams around the French fort, where the French colonists and Fathers were assembled. When asked their reason for so doing, they replied they came to enjoy the society of the French. Their real object was to await a favorable opportunity to begin the slaughter. The French appeared to accept their explanation in good faith, and succeeded in convincing the Iroquois that they were entirely ignorant

of their designs. In the meantime, silently and rapidly, skilful hands were constructing two boats large enough to carry fourteen or fifteen people. They also succeeded in concealing nine canoes. Everything had to be done very cautiously, for, if the Iroquois had the slightest suspicion that they harbored a thought of escape, they would attack them at once. At last came the hour for which the French impatiently waited.

From time immemorial a superstition prevailed among the Neutral, Huron and Iroquois nations, as inexplicable in its origin as it was gross in its character. This was a feast, known to the French as *Festin a manger tout,* in which the invited guests were bound by tribal law to consume everything placed before them, however large the quantity, unless, which was rarely done, an individual was allowed to retire from the festal cabin by permission of him who gave the feast. The obligation of attending, when called to the banquet, was considered binding under grave consequences. A young Frenchman sent invitations to the Indian warriors, stating that it was revealed to him in a dream that he would surely die unless a feast was given to appease the *okis,* who threatened his destruction. The feast was prepared on the evening of the twentieth of March; the early part of the evening was spent in various amusements, till it was announced that the host awaited his guests. After gorging themselves to repletion, they begged of the young Frenchman to allow them to depart. He claimed that the *okis* were not yet satisfied, and that he would surely perish unless they continued to eat. They began anew, and, after a sustained effort and superhuman exertions, finally left off, contending that they could not positively eat any more.

Those among the French that were any sort of

musicians now began to dance and play, while the Indians sat around with bulging eyes and overloaded stomachs, watching the performance. Under the combined influence of music and undigested food, they one by one dropped off to sleep, while one of the Frenchmen continued to play soft airs to lull them to a deeper repose. When the French were satisfied that they were hopelessly buried in sleep, they embarked in their boats, and when morning dawned were already entering Lake Ontario. Thus ended for a time the labors and the hopes of the zealous Jesuits for the conversion of the Iroquois.

What the feelings of the Iroquois were when they recovered from their stupor were known but to themselves. Their surprise was unbounded, and adepts though they were at strategy, they had to acknowledge they had met their masters. Many among them believed that the "black robes" and their flock could have only escaped through the aid of spirits—walked on the water, or took wings and flew through the air. On the third of April Chaumonot and his companions reached Montreal, and on the twenty-third of the same month landed at the city of Quebec.

In 1663 Father Chaumonot returned to Montreal and established there the Society of the Holy Family, an association that, even at the present day, exerts a saving influence in the family, sanctifying homes, encouraging domestic purity, and fostering filial devotion. In the following year he was appointed Chaplain to the garrison at Fort Richelieu, built at the mouth of the River Sorel. His simplicity of manner, unostentatious piety, and manly integrity, won for him not only the love of the private soldiers, but the esteem and respect of the officers. Soon we find him again at Quebec in the midst of his Hurons, never

again to leave them until he is borne to his final resting-place.

Here at Indian Lorette he built a church, modelled after the famous holy house of Loretto, Italy, and here among the remnant of the Hurons, this servant of God spent almost a quarter of a century in the practices of piety and self-denial. He rose very early in the morning, spent hours in prayer and contemplation, passed the day in going from house to house in friendly converse with young and old. When night came it found him in his chapel offering up prayers with his tawny converts, and dismissing them for the evening with his benediction and a prayer for their welfare. In 1689 he was fifty years a priest, and on that day Montcalm, the Governor of Canada, in the presence of a large congregation in the Cathedral of Quebec, received Holy Communion from the hands of this heroic servant of God. He died in November, 1692, calmly as a child, after passing fifty-three years in the priesthood. His funeral was attended by every prominent man from Fort Frontenac to Tadousac, and the unanimity of opinion which proclaimed him a saint was unbroken by a single dissentient voice.

Father Chaumonot was the last of the Huron veterans. Garnier, Chabanel, Daniel, Jogues, Bressani, Brébeuf, Lalemant, all were dead—heroes of the Cross—saints and martyrs whose names are forever blazoned on the calendar of the imperishable Church of God and on the pages of Canadian history. Rich men in virtue whose memory is in benediction and whose remembrance shall be sweet as honey in every mouth and "as music at a banquet of wine." The study of the lives of these wondrous men is, in itself, a sublime sermon, carrying to man a nobler conception of his own dignity and the possibilities of the human will.

Their lives were an edification and their deaths supremely great. Indifferent to a climate to whose severity they were strangers, inviting famine, hourly suffering and the horrors of tribal existence, superior in the magnificence of their faith and love for perishing souls, to mutilation and martyrdom itself, sustained by a fortitude more than human and a supreme patience, these wonderful priests added nobility to our human nature and dignity to our human wills. To fearlessly face the horrors of savage life, the agonizing suspense and ceaseless insult, the torch, the scalping knife and the martyr's end for the love of Jesus Christ and souls for whom He died, demand a courage and a devotion of a supernatural order, and belong only to supernatural men.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE SULPICIANS

Early in the year of 1636 a young priest left the country parish where he had spent a laborious week in missionary duty, and set out on his way to the city of Paris. He was only twenty-eight years old, but his fervent piety, his intense religious zeal, and his learning and ability, had already introduced him to the notice of a venerable prelate, who, for eight months, pleaded with him to become his coadjutor, with the right of succession. This young ecclesiastic was now on his way to consult his friends, St. Vincent de Paul and Father de Condron, general of the Oratorians, as to what answer he should return to the bishop. After having submitted his case for their consideration, he entered the neighboring church of St. Germain-des-Prés, to commune with God in prayer and ask His help in this crisis of his life. It was the second of February, the Feast of the Purification; and while on his knees pouring out his soul in fervent prayer, his frame suddenly trembled with emotion. The habitually calm and peaceful expression of his face passed away, and there came, to take its place, one of intense seriousness and wonder. Then he heard a voice speaking to his heart, "You must become a light to enlighten the Gentiles." Mass was being celebrated, and, as if to emphasize the message, at that moment the choir took up the Simeonian prophecy, and the church was filled

with the anthem, "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of thy people."

The young priest arose to his feet, and, as he passed out into the world and on through the busy streets of the large city, the absorbing voice gave him no peace. St. Vincent de Paul and Father Condron advised him not to accept the Episcopate, and, as he retired from their presence, it dawned upon him that the supernatural voice spoke a command to bear the message of salvation to the savages roaming the wilderness of New France. Then he left the city, and the following morning entering the neighboring Château of Meudon to say his daily mass in the chapel of that old building, he saw a man approaching him. The two gazed upon each other for a moment, and the next, impelled by they knew not what uncontrollable impulse, warmly shook hands and embraced each other, as long separated brothers. They had never met before—never, in all probability, heard of each other before—yet they were now in each other's arms, the one calling the other by his name, with every demonstration of tender affection. "Monsieur," exclaimed the priest, "I know your project, and I am now going to say mass to commend your design to God," and he went at once to the chapel, vested, and began mass. This young man was John James Olier, afterwards founder of the Sulpician Order, a providential, a saintly man, whose memory the priests of the Catholic Church forevermore will hold in reverence and benediction, and to whom the Catholics of Europe and America owe a debt of deep and lasting gratitude. It will take him a full half hour to say his mass, which will give us ample time to learn something about him.

As he stands at the foot of the altar and begins the *"Introibo ad altare Dei,"* we notice that he is of mid-

dle height, with features cleanly chiseled, yet bearing traces of prolonged fasts, nightly vigils, and severe penances. His eyes are luminously bright, with a fire and vivacity, tempered with engaging sweetness. He speaks with a clear resonant voice, and utters every syllable with a noticeable distinctness. His brow is broad and ample, indicating serious thought and much of it. His face is not at all handsome, but the outlines are regular, and on his pleasing and attractive countenance there reposes an air of grace, dignity and modesty. His whole appearance is that of a refined, intellectual and well-bred man. John Olier was the son of wealthy parents who had outlined for him a brilliant career in the world; but, to their regret and disappointment, he entered the priesthood, and gave himself up to the poor of the city and country parishes. From his childhood he seemed destined to sanctity and greatness. His spirit of prayer, of self-mortification, of complete abandonment to God's holy will, raised him to the plane of holiness, and he became all to all, that he might gain all for Christ. "A holy priest," say the annals of the Congregation, "whose memory is in benediction among all good men: a pastor who was animated with a zeal equal to his virtue, to maintain the honor and worship of God in all the churches which Providence had placed under his control."

The other, whom he had so strangely met in the hall of the château, assisted at his mass, and, when the communion-bell rang, he left his place and knelt before the priest. After he received Holy Communion, he returned to the body of the chapel, and, buried in his thanksgiving, became dead to his surroundings. This man was Jérôme le Royer de la Dauversière, receiver of taxes under the King, who had come from his home at La Flèche, in Anjou, to

Paris on governmental and other business. He was a layman, intensely pious, conscientious, and of an honesty and uprightness beyond suspicion. He was married, and was the father of eight children.

One day while at his devotions, he and his wife, Jeanne de Beaugé, consecrated themselves and their children to the Holy Family; that is, they placed themselves in a special manner under the protection of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, pledging themselves to do what they could to make these sacred names honored and respected among men. After he had registered this resolution, Dauversière heard an inward voice ordering him to become the founder of a new order of hospital nuns, and to establish on the island of Montreal, in Canada, a hospital, to be attended by these sisters. Furthermore, it was told to him that his devotion to the Holy Family would become a special feature of the religious life of this colony. He rose from his knees, greatly perplexed, for while at his devotions there passed before him in panoramic view, the island, the rivers, the surrounding land and forests, and as it was a wilderness it first had to be colonized before anything could be done. Moreover, he was a man absorbed in business, having a wife and family depending upon him. Though he had no doubt of the supernatural nature of the command, yet when he consulted his confessor, the Jesuit Father Chauveau, his recital was received with incredulity, and his project branded as chimerical. Still Dauversière pondered the revelation, and the more thought he gave to it the more was he convinced that it came from God. He therefore set out for Paris, to supplement the means at his own disposal and to solicit assistance in carrying out the task assigned him.

From Paris he went to Meudon, and, moved by an

unaccountable impulse, entered the château, where the extraordinary interview between himself and Olier took place. Impelled by inspiration, they knew each other at once even to the depths of their hearts; saluted one the other by name, as we read of St. Paul the hermit and St. Anthony, of St. Dominic and St. Francis, and ran to embrace each other like two friends, although they had never met before. After mass these two men walked together in the grounds about the château, discussing for three hours the particulars of their messages and the plans they would adopt. They were thoroughly in harmony one with the other, and the result of their long conference was to found at Montreal three religious communities: one of priests, for the conversion of the savages and direction of the colonists; one to be composed of a number of sisters, whose duty it would be to care for the sick, the old and the infirm; and the third, a community of nuns to teach the children.

When they were separating, Olier, who was of a wealthy family, handed five hundred dollars to the other, remarking that he wished to assume half of the responsibility of the work. They parted, Dauversière to carry out his part of the contract, and Olier to found the great Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris, and gather around him ordained auxiliaries for the foreign missions.

Joining to themselves four others, among whom was the wealthy Baron de Fancamp, they formed the nucleus of an association known as the "Society of Notre Dame, of Montreal," and between them they subscribed seventy-five thousand dollars. The next move was to get possession of the island, which belonged to M. de Lauzon, former president of the great company of the Hundred Associates, and which was

ceded to him on condition that he would establish there a colony. Lauzon at first declined to part with his seigniory, but when Father Lalemant, who was then in Paris, added his entreaties to those of M. Olier, he finally yielded, and for a consideration deeded the island to the Society. A confirmation of the grant was obtained from the king, and the Society was now empowered to appoint a Governor and establish courts.

Their title assured, they now began to mature their plans for the settlement of the island. In the selection of the colonists they were very careful, choosing only those of good morals and acknowledged respectability. They invited Paul de Chomedey, Lord of Maisonneuve, a man of undisputed courage, who had served in the army in Holland, and whose character for probity and honor was untainted, to take charge of the expedition. Maisonneuve, contrary to the wishes of his parents, embraced the enterprise. To the objections of his father he replied, "Every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting." Forty families were now got together, under the leadership of Maisonneuve, with instructions to hold themselves in readiness to embark for New France on short notice. While these preparations were going on, a young woman called one day upon Father Olier. This was Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance, a lady well educated, of a good family, and unimpeachable piety and virtue. In her interview with the distinguished priest she claimed to have received a Divine intimation that her future life was to be associated with the colony to be settled at Montreal. Father Olier, after searching inquiry, approved of her design, and gave her letters of introduction to

Maisonneuve and his companions. All was now ready, the ships set sail, and, after a stormy voyage, arrived at Quebec August 24, 1641.

Olier, Dauversière, and Fancamp remained in France to do what they could to procure assistance for the infant colony. At home the Society, to the number of about forty-five, met in the Church of Notre Dame, Paris, and with solemn ceremony consecrated the island of Montreal to the Holy Family. Henceforth it was to be known as Ville Marie de Montreal, under the special protection of our blessed Lord, St. Joseph, and the mother of Jesus. Maisonneuve and his party wintered at Quebec, and the following May, 1642, reëmbarked, and, sailing up the St. Lawrence, safely reached their destination, and took possession of the island in the name of the Associates of Montreal. Thus was laid the foundation of the largest city in the Dominion of Canada.

In the meantime Father Olier had established the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, and was now educating young ecclesiastics for the foreign mission. At his request the Jesuit Fathers at Quebec consented to attend to the spiritual wants of the colonists till such time as he would be able to send them priests from St. Sulpice.

"On the 17th of May, 1657, a vessel sailed from the harbor of Saint-Nazaire, carrying to the shores of Canada three priests, Gabriel de Queylus,* Gabriel Souart, Dominic Galinier, and M. d'Allet, a deacon

* Gabriel de Queylus, according to the historian Father Le Clercq, was a priest distinguished for his piety, learning and great zeal. He was the descendant of an aristocratic family of Rouergue. Though from his childhood he was in receipt of a large annuity, he spent it in charity. He was appointed vicar-general when leaving France to assume the Superiorship of the Sulpicians at Montreal, and was nominated for the see of Quebec, which he declined.

soon to be raised to the priesthood, and, on the 29th of July, cast anchor before the now prosperous and historic city of Quebec. After a most courteous and friendly reception from the Jesuit Fathers, by whom they were hospitably entertained, they proceeded on their way, and safely arrived at Ville Marie, their journey's end. For fifteen years the Jesuit Fathers ministered to the spiritual wants of this frontier village, among whose names we find those of our old friends, Fathers Poncet, Du Péron, Druillette, Le Jeune, Le Moyne, and Pijart. On the 12th of August, 1657, Father Pijart, after his morning mass, surrendered the care of the parish to M. de Queylus, who appointed Gabriel Souart to succeed Father Pijart as pastor of the parish of Ville Marie, and thus, after fifteen years of honorable and faithful service, the Jesuit Fathers retired and the *Fathers of the Foreign Missions,* now known as the Sulpicians, entered upon their labors.

These four, just mentioned, were the pioneers of the Sulpician order, which in Canada and the United States has exerted such a beneficent and salutary influence in the formation of the character of the priesthood of America. "The light to enlighten the Gentiles," that was ringing in the ears and buzzing in the brain of the great and saintly Olier, was in the Providence of God, destined to illuminate the minds and hearts of millions. Not, indeed, as thought the mortified man, the red hordes that swarmed in the forests of Canada, and were already doomed to annihilation, but the sons of Japheth, that were now entering upon the possession of the promised land, and who were to increase till they would "outnumber the stars in the Heavens." From the halls of the Sulpician seminaries, in Baltimore and Montreal, there

have come priests fashioned, molded, and formed by the Sulpician Fathers, who, by their lives and preaching, have excited the curiosity, and then the admiration, of the gentile. In the populous cities, in the scattered villages and the remote districts of this great continent priests of the Catholic church, trained by the Sulpicians, have saved the faith where it was in danger of perishing, and brought into the Church thousands who were born outside of it. Eleven years after the landing of de Queylus and his party, René Bréhant de Galinée and Francis Larcaris d'Urfé, Dollier de Casson, Michel Bartholmy, and M. Trouvé arrived. In 1665 a truce was patched up between the French and Iroquois, permitting the Jesuit Fathers to reopen the missions established some years before by Chaumonot, Dablon, and others. Three years after the Fathers had renewed their missions with the confederated tribes, a large number of Cayugas, with many adopted Hurons, left Western New York, crossed Lake Ontario, and settled on the shores of the Bay of Quinté.

Early in the autumn of 1668 this tribe sent a deputation to Montreal asking that priests be sent to them, as the Fathers with the Iroquois were too few in numbers to attend to their spiritual wants. Bishop Laval had already relaxed his rule which confined the Indian missions under his jurisdiction solely to the Jesuit Fathers, and, in 1667, we learn that two Sulpician priests were already for some time laboring among the Ottawas and other Algonquin hordes. The Bishop now invited the Sulpicians of Montreal to assume charge of the Quinté missions, and, in obedience to his wish, Fathers Fenelon * and Trouvé left La-

* Father Fenelon was brother of the great Archbishop of Cambraie, and was the son of a noble family. He devoted himself to the early

chine for the Bay of Quinté, arriving there the 28th day of October, having been thirty-five days on the voyage.

They were received with hospitable welcome, began their labors without delay, and were filled with hopes of encouragement for the future. That a spirit of affectionate cordiality between the Jesuits and Sulpicians existed even at this early day is evident from what we read in the Relation of Father Le Mercier, written in 1668: "Two fervent missionaries of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Fathers Fenelon and Trouvé, were dispatched this year to the family of the Iroquois called the Oiogouens (Cayugas), who for some time had been camping on the northern shore of Lake Ontario. These people require pastors to confirm in them the spirit of Faith, which for two years we fanned and kept alive."

The priests met with comparatively little success in the conversion of the adult population. They were consoled, however, in being permitted to baptize the daughter of the chief, the children, and many of the grown people on their death-beds. The Senecas at this period occupied four villages. Keint-he and Canagora were situated twenty-five miles south of Lake Ontario, some distance north of the Bay of Quinté. The villages of Tiothatton and Candenada were five miles southward of these, necessitating the priests to be continually moving amid incredible hardships and fatigues. In 1669 Father Fenelon, worn out with labor, but still full of zeal, went to Quebec,

missions much against the will of his relatives, who, by their influence and the prestige of his family, anticipated a mitre for him. He was scholarly and accomplished, of a friendly and generous nature, which assured him the friendship of all those with whom he came into association.

making his first call upon Bishop Laval, that he might pay the tribute of respect and reverence due to the great prelate and his exalted office; after a most affectionate and fraternal greeting, his lordship questioned him concerning his apostolic labors, intimating that he wished to preserve the details of his work among the Episcopal archives. "My Lord," replied the saintly priest, "the greatest kindness you can show us is to say nothing at all about our work."

He was accompanied on his return to the Bay of Quinté by Father Lascaris d'Urfé,* who, in preparation for the life of a missionary, wished to learn the Iroquois language and become familiar with the habits and methods of life essential for one who was to devote himself to the Christianizing of the savages. As soon as Father Fenelon arrived at Quinté a deputation of the Cayugas, representing the Indians of Gandaseteiagon, near the present town of Whitby, waited upon him, asking that he would open a mission at their town. Leaving Fathers d'Urfé and Trouvé at Quinté, he accompanied the deputation and passed the winter ministering to the spiritual wants of the people of this place. Fathers d'Cicé and Mariot now joined the mission, and flying churches were opened all along the northern shore of Lake Ontario and beyond, even to the Grand River. Dollier de Casson passed on to the Ottawas at Lake Nipissing, and Michel Bartholmy followed a wandering detachment into the forests around Rice Lake. But the restless nature of the

* Lascaris d'Urfé was the son of the Marquis d'Urfé, and on his father's side was a descendant of a noble family. His mother was descended from one of the most ancient and illustrious families of Greece, one member of which sat upon the Imperial throne. He was also related to the Brehants, a princely house whose motto was, "The pledge of a Brehant is better than gold." The great Colbert was his uncle. The Bay d'Urfé above Montreal is named after him.

tribes, or the pursuit of game, was continually compelling them to change their quarters. After years of indescribable labor and fatigue, joined to an apostolic zeal, they had made comparatively few converts.

It is true they baptized a great number of children and many dying adults, and in doing so they considered themselves well rewarded for all their labors. They found, however, that it was impossible to follow and minister to the detached bands and parties that were continually roving from place to place. They consulted together and resolved to construct central mission buildings similar to those built by the Jesuits years before at St. Marys-on-the-Wye, and, if possible, to settle the Cayugas permanently in their neighborhood. A large quantity of material for this purpose was ordered from Montreal and was already on its way, when they all received instructions to return to Montreal.

Here they were informed that the Récollet Fathers had come back to Canada, and, at the request of the king, Louis XIV., were appointed to the Canadian missions. Fathers Louis Hennepin, Luke Buisset, and Francis Wasson, now entered upon the Quinté missions and labored for some time with the heroism of martyrs, but apparently reaped only a harvest of tares. Most of the Cayugas returned to the southern shore of the lake, a handful that remained, scattered themselves among the inland lakes, and in 1687, all traces of the missionaries, and, it may be said of the Cayugas of the Quinté district, disappeared from the pages of history. Many years afterwards Father Francis Picquet, a Sulpician priest, built his famous "Reduction" at Sokatsi, now Ogdensburgh, from which place he hoped to be able to send missionaries to the Iroquois

lying to the south, and to the Mississaugues settled around the shores of Rice and Mud lakes.

This extraordinary priest in four years succeeded in settling in his neighborhood over three thousand Indians, and opened missions at La Galette, Sokatsi, L'Isle au Galope, and L'Isle Picquet in the River St. Lawrence. Such was his great success that the Bishop of Quebec made an official visit in 1749 to the central mission accompanied by his retinue, and spent ten days examining into the details and working of the large establishment. In the month of June, 1751, Father Picquet made a voyage around Lake Ontario, and instructed the few Indians that still lingered in the Bay of Quinté district. He then crossed to Niagara, and in the chapel of the fort preached to the Senecas, and, returning home by the south shore of the lake, reached La Presentation, Sokatsi, where he was received with affectionate tenderness by Algonquins and Iroquois. When Quebec was captured by the English in 1759, Father Picquet had already converted large numbers of the Pagan Indians, but the unsettled state of the country precluded, for a time, the hope of continued success. He was compelled to abandon his mission, and on the eighth of May, 1760, he left Ogdensburgh for New Orleans, from which place he sailed for France.*

* The Indians now on the Quinté reservation around Deseronto and Adolphustown are chiefly Mohawks, and were settled here by the English government after the war of 1812. They brought with them, when they moved from Schoharie Creek, the silver Communion Service of five pieces, which were presented to them in 1712, by Queen Anne, when she built a chapel for "her children, the Mohawks." They number about one thousand souls. Father Jogues was killed in their village about a mile or so east of the mouth of Schoharie Creek. The present village of Auriesville occupies the site of the old Mohawk town. "The praying Indians," principally Senecas and Mohawks, settled at Caughnawaga and St. Regis on the St. Lawrence, are the

descendants of the converts of Father Chaumonot and other Jesuit missionaries. They number nearly three thousand. The Six Nations on the Grand River are descendants chiefly of Mohawks and Tuscaroras, who were driven out of North Carolina in 1712, and joined the Iroquois league the same year. They number three thousand four hundred. The other Indians in Quebec and Ontario are principally of Algonquin descent. The Indian population of Ontario, according to the Dominion Report for 1892, number, all told, seventeen thousand eight hundred. In the Province of Ontario there are 9,077 of these Indians Protestant, and 6,474 Catholics. In the Province of Quebec there are 437 Protestants in a total population of 13,000.—*See Census Report, 1890.*

CHAPTER XXVIII

VOYAGE OF DOLLIER DE CASSON AND GALINÉ

In the winter of 1668, Fathers Dollier de Casson —an ex-cavalry captain of Turenne's army, and Michel Bartholmy joined the Fathers already at Quinté. Missions were now opened at Ganeraskè near the present town of Port Hope, at Gandaseteiagon, near the existing town of Whitby, at Teioagon at the mouth of the Humber river, just west of Toronto, and in a few other scattered villages. De Casson, after a short stay at Quinté, left for Lake Nipissing, and passed the winter with a roving horde of Ottawas, who had come together after their dispersion by the Iroquois, and settled for a time on the shores of the lake. During his stay with this tribe, he shared the wigwam of Nitarikyk, in whose service was a young slave captured by the Iroquois during their war with the Illinois. This young man was sent down to Montreal by his master for ammunition, and while there, on the advice of de Casson, he visited Father de Queylus, the Superior of the Sulpicians, and from the graphic description the Indian gave him of his own country, the populous tribes that dwelt there, their kindly dispositions, and generous qualities, de Queylus resolved to make an effort to open a mission among them.

He now sent for de Casson, who, with Galiné, generously volunteered to enter upon the great under-

taking. They next consulted Bishop Laval at Quebec, who highly approved of the work they were about to enter upon, and in a letter written by his own hand, authorized them to proceed to the distant tribes, at the same time wishing them every success. In this letter, dated the fifteenth day of May, 1669, the illustrious Bishop pays a high compliment to the Jesuit Fathers, when he requests the two Sulpicians to conform as much as possible to their practice in dealing with the tribes, and when convenient, consult them in their difficulties. He then dismissed them with his blessing. By a singular coincidence, the great explorer La Salle, who was now on his seigniory at Montreal, was preparing to start on an expedition of discovery to the same regions fixed upon by the Fathers. In the autumn of 1668, a deputation of the Seneca tribe visited Montreal, and incidentally spoke to La Salle of a great river which entered into the sea. They called this river the Ohio, and stated that a journey to its mouth would occupy eight or nine months.

They evidently meant the Mississippi, into which the Ohio empties itself.* La Salle, fired with enthusiasm, now began to make preparations for his voyage to this distant river, and when de Courcelles, the Governor, heard of the contemplated mission of the Sulpicians, he asked them to unite with La Salle and form one party. Father de Queylus, who was intimately acquainted with La Salle, had his own misgivings touching the probabilities of continued harmony for the expedition. He believed La Salle to be of a

* De Casson says that the Iroquois always called the river which was known to the Algonquins as the Mississippi the Ohio; and the Abbé Faillon, in his admirable history, tells us that the two words referred to the one river; Ohio in Iroquois means beautiful river, and Mississippi in Algonquin is the grand or great river.

changeable nature, of fearless courage and determination, but possessed at times of a disposition moody and irritable. He therefore advised his brother priest and Galiné to make tracings of their route, so that they could find their way back in the event of any misunderstanding between La Salle and themselves. The party, consisting of twenty-four men in all, set out in seven canoes on the seventh of July, 1669. The time, apart from the season of the year, could hardly be said to be auspicious, for it was only a few weeks before that a Seneca chief was foully murdered by some soldiers stationed at Montreal, and, as if to add to the seriousness of this murder, two members of the Oneida tribe were robbed of their furs and killed by three Frenchmen, who escaped into the northern forests. The soldiers were tried at Montreal, condemned to death, and in the presence of a number of the Iroquois, were shot, the Indians accepting their death as a satisfactory atonement for their own loss.

Accompanying the expedition were the Senecas, who told La Salle of the existence of the Ohio. They sailed by the Thousand Islands, skirted the southern shore of Lake Ontario, and, after thirty-five days on the water, reached the mouth of a small river, but a short distance from a neighboring Seneca village. On the invitation of the Senecas, Galiné and La Salle, bringing with them eight of their men, started on the morning of the twelfth of August, and arrived at *Sonnontouan,* the principal Seneca town, before the setting of the sun. They expected to be able to purchase one or two slaves of the Illinois tribe, held captive by the Iroquois, to accompany them as guides on their way to the Mississippi. They were greeted on their arrival at the Seneca village with demonstrations of friendship, and were harangued by an old chief, on

behalf of the tribe, in language the warmth of which surprised the Frenchmen. Neither La Salle nor Galiné knew the language of the people sufficiently to make themselves understood. The Jesuit Fathers had, some years before, opened missions among the Iroquois, and in this village Father Frémin had already built his chapel and made many converts. When La Salle's party arrived, they found, to their great chagrin and disappointment, that Frémin had gone to Onondaga. They learned, however, that a French lay-brother, who was the companion of the Father, was in the neighborhood and might easily be found. This man, on his return, explained to the Senecas the object of La Salle's visit.

They were detained here a month, awaiting the fulfilment of a promise made to them, that they would be furnished with a guide to conduct them to the Ohio. During their stay in the village, a war party returned, dragging with them a young prisoner, and, for the first time in his life, Galiné beheld a spectacle that filled him with horror. The prisoner was tied to a stake and tortured for six hours, and when he was dead the body was cut up and devoured. Galiné pleaded in vain for his life, offered to buy him at any price, but the Senecas laughed at his humanity and generosity. La Salle noticed that the Iroquois were beginning to change towards himself and his party. The murder of the Seneca Chief at Montreal was thrown into his face, and the relatives of the dead man threatened to kill the Frenchmen in reprisal. These threats were accompanied with insulting epithets, till at length matters became so serious that Galiné and La Salle recommended their men to hold themselves in readiness for an attack, and, as a measure of precaution, sentinels were appointed for night duty. To add

to the seriousness of their position, the Seneca warriors frequently got drunk on whiskey purchased from the Dutch, and, under the influence of the liquor, were subject to frightful outbursts of passion. Father Dollier, unaccustomed to the hardships and privations of life among the Senecas, became seriously ill. Galiné did what he could for him under the circumstances, regretting he was but a deacon and not yet ordained that he might administer the sacraments to him, if there should be danger of death. "I am satisfied," replied Father Dollier, "to abide the will of God, and, if necessary, to be deprived of all help for body and soul, if, in His providence, He so wills it. If it be more pleasing to Him, I would rather die in the forest than in the midst of my friends in the Seminary of Ville Marie."

Fortunately, Father Dollier recovered, and the party, despairing of obtaining a guide, enlisted the assistance of an Iroquois, whose village was at the head of Burlington Bay, and who promised to show them a way to the Ohio. They left the Senecas, and in a few days arrived at the mouth of the Niagara River. "A short distance from here," writes Galiné, "there is one of the most beautiful cataracts or fall of water that exists in the world. Even from where we are now, we can hear the noise of the falls, though they are twenty miles away." They coasted along the southern shore of the lake, and at length reached the foot of Burlington Bay. Here they landed, unpacked their baggage and started to visit the eastern town of Gandagaro, some eight or ten miles away. They remained there a few days, and leaving the village on the 22nd of September, 1669, arrived on the 24th at the town of Tenaoutoua. Here they met the explorer, Joliet, who was returning to Montreal, after failing to

locate a copper mine on Lake Superior, which he went in quest of in obedience to the order of Courcelles, the Governor.

The meeting was of a very friendly nature. Joliet, in his youth, had studied for the priesthood, but, seduced by the fascinations of a forest life, he changed his mind, and became an indefatigable explorer and venturous fur trader. He drew for Galiné a tracing of those places in the Upper Lakes which he had visited, telling him, at the same time, that the Pottawottomies of the upper region were a friendly people, and that if they visited them they would receive a hospitable welcome. La Salle now declared that the state of his health would not permit him to continue the journey, and, fearing that a winter's voyage would result disastrously, resolved to return to Montreal. On the 13th of September, 1669, Father Dollier offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, at which the greater part of the expedition received Holy Communion. La Salle now endeavored to persuade Dollier and Galiné with their party, to return with him, but they declined to do so. La Salle, accompanied by his own men, returned to Montreal. Dollier and his party left the village, sailed down the Grand River, and, reaching Lake Erie, found it too rough to embark.

They now encamped on the site occupied by the present village of Port Dover, but at the end of fifteen days deemed it prudent to change their quarters. They retired some distance into the woods, and here, on the margin of a small stream, threw up a large hut, which they loop-holed, as a precautionary measure against attacks. One end of this building was reserved for a chapel, where Father Dollier celebrated Mass three times a week, and was consoled with the reflection that he was the first priest who ever offered up the Holy

Sacrifice on the shores of Lake Erie. He tells us that the members of his party regularly assisted at Mass, often went to confession and Holy Communion. On Sundays and festivals, High Mass was chanted and a sermon delivered. Every night and morning they had prayers in common, and sometimes during the day joined in pious exercises. Fortunately for them, the winter was comparatively mild. "If our winter was as severe," they write, "as it was at Montreal, especially in the month of February, 1670, we would all have perished with the cold. Our axes were almost useless, so that if the wood, which we collected for our fires, was frozen as hard as it ordinarily is at Montreal, we would not be able to split it."

They remained here five months and eleven days, and before their departure planted on Passion Sunday, a huge cross, and, after the example of Jacques Cartier, took possession of the country in the name of Louis the Fourteenth, whose arms they attached to the religious emblem. They also fastened to it the following inscription: "We, the undersigned, certify to having affixed on the shores of Lake Erie, the arms of the King of France, with this inscription:—'In the year of Grace, 1669, Clement the IX., occupying the chair of St. Peter, and Louis the XIV., King of France, M. de Courcelles, being Governor of New France, and M. Talon, Intendant for the King; there arrived in this place two missionaries of the Seminary of Montreal, accompanied by seven other Frenchmen, who were first of all Europeans to winter on this coast, which they have taken possession of, as of a land unoccupied, in the name of their King, by the affixing of his arms which they have attached to the foot of this cross. As a guarantee of good faith, we have put our names to this certificate.

"'FRANÇIS DOLLIER,
"'Priest of the diocese of Nantes, Brittany.

"'DE GALINÉ,
"'Deacon of the diocese of Rennes, Brittany.'"

The next day, the Feast of the Annunciation, they resumed their voyage, and after a stormy time landed on Peleé Island, worn out with exhaustion. As they were greatly fatigued, they left their canoes at the edge of the water, and retired to rest. A storm swept the lake during the night, and carried off some of their canoes. Fortunately, one of the party awoke and aroused the others. When they had saved what they could, they found that the canoe containing their sounding lead, trinkets for the Indians, and their portable chapel, was lost. This was, for them, a serious disaster, for without the gifts they were carrying, they could do nothing among the tribes; moreover, Father de Casson could no longer say Mass, so they determined to go back to Montreal and from there begin anew their journey.

As the route by the Ottawa seemed to them as short as by any other, they came to the conclusion to pass on to Sault Ste. Marie, where they hoped to join some of the Algonquin flotillas, that from time to time went down to Montreal. They sailed away, made the first recorded ascent of the Detroit River, and entering Lake St. Clair, passed up the river and floated out on to Lake Huron. They paddled on till they reached Georgian Bay, sailed between the Great Manitoulin and the northern shore, and, on the 25th day of May, reached Ste. Marie, where they were hospitably welcomed by the Jesuit priests, Fathers Dablon and Mar-

quette. For the first time in a month and a half, Father de Casson said Mass, and from his hands Galiné received Holy Communion. To their surprise they found here a chapel, a house and a quadrangular fort, loop-holed and picketed; quite an extensive farm was under cultivation, and already sown in corn, wheat, peas and other crops. They were now nine hundred miles from Montreal, and as their intentions were to continue their mission to the Mississippi tribes, they resolved to return home immediately. Engaging a guide, they took an affectionate farewell of Fathers Dablon and Marquette, and left on the homeward voyage, May 28th.

They entered French River, crossed the Nipissing into the Matawan, and sailing down the Ottawa, reached Montreal on the eighteenth of June, having made the journey in twenty-two days, up to that time the shortest on record. Soon after their arrival, Galiné drew his famous map of the Upper Lakes and the first that was ever traced. Father de Casson also wrote the history of the voyage, but unfortunately no copy is extant. This famous voyage of Father de Casson and Galiné, though barren of conversions, stimulated to an extraordinary degree enthusiasm for discovery, and in the following year Talon sent out expeditions to the Hudson Bay, the Southern Sea, and into the Algonquin country of the north. When we add that many of the French and English exploring expeditions dated from this voyage, we are not claiming too much for the effects produced by the heroism and writings of these Sulpician priests.

THE END.

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